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THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

BY THE REVEREND THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

THE Third Annual Convention of the Religious Education Association was held in Boston from February 12 to 16 of the current year. So important was this gathering, both from the position of those who participated in the various meetings and from the nature of the topics discussed, that a brief survey thereof will assuredly interest all readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It may be stated at the outset, by way of explanation, that this association came into existence in Chicago in February, 1903. At that time the American Institute of Sacred Literature, one of the many organizations affiliated with the Chicago University, called a meeting of prominent educators to consider the grave moral problems dealing with the modern training of the young. Over four hundred persons, eminent in many walks of life, accepted the invitation, and for three days closely discussed the moral needs of our times. The outcome of these meetings was the formation of the Religious Education Association, which was planned to meet the ethical difficulties of our time in somewhat the same way as the National Education Association strives to meet the nation's educational needs.

The charter membership of the association was 1,276, each member paying a $1 enrollment fee and $2 annual dues. By

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the close of the first year the membership had reached over 1,600. The Second Convention was held in Philadelphia, March 2 to 4, 1904. During this session one hundred addresses on religious and moral education were delivered by men and women of national reputation and influence. By the close of the second year the roll-book showed a membership of 2,000, made up of leaders and workers in every branch of religious and moral activity. Since then there has been a steady advance in number, until we may say that the association represents the highest form of non-Catholic thought on this weighty subject. I say non-Catholic, because the few Catholics who are members of this organization are not strong enough to influence the general views held by the majority of the members.

The meetings in Boston showed a steady increase in numbers and a deep note of earnestness. This open interest in matters of religious thought is all the more consoling on account of the prevalent indifference which meets us everywhere. Of the members who took an active part in the lectures and discussions, nearly all had achieved distinction in some line of mental or moral activity, and hence a peculiar weight must be attached to their utterances. Moreover, by far the larger number of those in attendance were men and women whose age bespoke mature judgment and broad experience. In this respect the meetings of the Religious Education Association were in marked contrast with those of the Christian Endeavor Movement in which the youthful element was so prominent. Among the distinguished men present were Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University, Dr. Lawrence, the Episcopalian Bishop of Boston, Professor Peabody, of the Harvard Divinity School, L. Wilbur Messer, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a number of others who have helped to create a healthy public sentiment and to vitalize practical plans for the bettering of the race.

For us Catholics the importance of the meetings will be weighed by the nature of the subjects discussed. A glance merely at the titles will be sufficient to show us that these, indeed, were matters in which we have a more than ordinary interest. Take the following, for example:

"How can we bring the individual into conscious relation with God?"

"The place of formal instruction in Religious and Moral Education."

"What Co-operation is now possible in Religious Education between Catholics and Protestants?"

"Educational aims of the Church."

"The Foundations of Religion and Morality."

"Tested Methods of inculcating Religion and Morality."

"The Training of Sunday-School Teachers."

"The Boy in the Country."

"The Boy in the City."

While much that was said was very superficial, much that was sentimental, nevertheless there ran through the greater number of the addresses two dominant notes, which must be especially gratifying to us, because they are an implicit admission that our contention with regard to the education of the young is not only the correct view, but the only one which will safeguard the country in the perils which threaten its very existence. These two notes were a frank acknowledgment that our present system is a failure from many standpoints, and that the only sound system is that which combines religious instruction with training in secular branches. It was perfectly evident from the speeches of these able men and women, that there is something radically defective in the present methods of training our future citizens. The anomalous plan of dividing the child, as it were, into several compartments, and of endeavoring to develop one, while neglecting the others, was amusingly and pointedly described by Bishop Lawrence in a speech singularly thoughtful and suggestive:

> There is a tendency in all work and enterprise to a division of labor. Even the child had been divided into parts. Family prayer had been largely dropped, and the teaching of the religious life had been driven into the Church basement.
>
> A little while ago it was discovered that, in the division of labor, patriotism was forgotten. Then flags were run up on the schools. Patriotism is now associated with the schools. Then it was felt that temperance was not properly taught in the home; so the schools took in temperance.
>
> Now what we are discovering is that the child is not built in compartments; and that compartment building, on the whole, is weak. The thing falls to pieces. The child

needs unity. You can no more separate the religious element from the intellectual element, or from the physical element, than you can tear apart a rosebush and divide it into color and fibre and scent.

The home must work with the Church, and the Church must work with the school; and you can no more keep religion out of the school when you send a Christian teacher into the schoolroom than you can keep intelligence out of the home when the children come back with their books under their arms.

. . . Religion and mental powers interlace. It is true, is it not, in the nation? Why is it that we are sometimes afraid of the enormous increase of wealth? Why, increase of wealth is one of the great opportunities of this country; and we ought to glory in it and rejoice in it, just as any man ought to rejoice in the increase of his physical strength, provided he has got the mind and the heart and the character to handle his physique.

And so with the country, provided it has the intelligence and the spiritual force and the character to handle its wealth. The bigger the giant, the greater the man, provided the character be gigantic and refined and inspired.

What this nation needs is a realization of the unity of human life. It needs, also, not to fear the increase of wealth, but to fear the loss of the inspiration of religion and of the intelligence which ought to go with it.

Not less emphatic were the statements of a leading Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, of the able Professor Frank K. Sanders, of Yale University, and of Professor Clyde W. Votaw, of the University of Chicago, all of whom represent large and important sections of the country. In fact, Professor Votaw declared that he saw no difference between the terms education and religious education, except that the latter phrase is a protest against the limitation of methods of training to one part of the child. "Education," he said, "is a unit. It stands both for morality and intellectuality, and it is impossible to separate one from the other in any system which aims to give a harmonious development to the child's entire nature. . . . It is most unfortunate that the 16,000,000 children who attend the public schools of the country are failing to receive that moral and spiritual education to which they are entitled."

It is impossible, when reading the addresses delivered during this gathering, not to be deeply touched by the wail of grief over the sad results and over the incompetent methods of modern American training. Equally striking is the absence of all reference to principle in these speeches. It does not seem to have occurred to any one of the speakers to go back to the principles which should guide a nation in the solution of the problems of education. Yet one would naturally think that, if the present arrangement is so defective, as results undoubtedly show, it must rest on a false principle, since it would scarcely be possible for true principles to lead to so unsatisfactory an end. In this point there is a wide difference between the consideration of this topic by Catholics and by non-Catholics. Take, for example, the thorough and fundamental treatment of principle involved in the education question by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, in a recent number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; by Father James Conway, in his excellent booklet, *The Rights of Our Little Ones;* and by the many writers whose able productions are to be found in *The Messenger.* No lasting remedy can be applied until the principles underlying the whole matter are accurately defined and established.

A matter which will interest all thoughtful Americans was that discussed by the eminent Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University, under the title: "What Co-operation is now possible in Religious Education between Catholics and Protestants?" The straightforward and clear consideration of this extremely knotty problem demands reflective reading, and for that purpose we give a considerable portion thereof:

> Religious education with Catholics is something positive, systematic, and exclusive, in accordance always with the doctrines and precepts of the Church. It is impossible to establish any system of immediate co-operation in religious education with those who cannot accept these doctrines and precepts, or the authority of the Church by which they are maintained. Experience has shown the futility of intermediate combinations made up of concessions, or based on mutual minimizing and sacrifices. In the matter of religious doctrine everything is in one way or another essential, or may be easily made to take on that character. We should find it, therefore, impossible to construct manuals of religious

doctrine that would satisfy both Catholic and Protestant parents and authorities.

But it does look as if we ought to be able to produce a manual of morality that would express certain principles and criteria of conduct that have long been looked on as our common inheritance, either from the Jewish law or from immemorial Christian experience. Roman Catholics believe firmly that there is no variable morality without religion, without doctrinal convictions, and apart from the sanction and co-operation of the Church. They could not accept as final the authoritative handbooks of morality constructed in the sense and temper of Theism, or of an artificial and colorless Christianity, without a foundation in facts, and, therefore, without influence over the hearts of men.

The large proportion of Hebrews in the public schools of our great cities is making it daily more difficult to provide any manual of religion and morality that shall satisfy the general Christian conscience and not offend a people which does not accept, as such, any principles of Christian belief or life. The impossibility of an immediate co-operation seems still greater when we come to consider the teacher. The teacher is the necessary interpreter of all things taught, the very pivot of the school. Whatever formulæ of religion or morality we might, hypothetically, agree on, would have to be explained and illustrated by the living voice of the teacher.

"There is one other reason, perhaps not quite so insuperable, why an immediate co-operation in religious education is impossible between Catholics and Protestants. I refer to what may be called the school atmosphere. In our modern life, for many reasons, the school has come to stand in loco parentis. For a multitude of children it takes the place formerly filled by the home; for too many it is the only approach to a home, in the traditional sense of the word, that they will ever see, at least, in childhood. For this and other reasons we believe that the entire school, in all its elements and workings, should exercise a continuous influence of a religious and moral character.

Everything about the school should be calculated to evoke and confirm those natural but weak germs of religiosity and ethical sentiments that are in the heart of every child, but only too easily get crushed or crippled amid ruder contending forces. We find in the public schools too marked and exclusive an attention to the material and the temporal

interests of life, the purely transitory and inferior elements of education. But if an immediate co-operation be impossible in the matter of religious education between Catholics and Protestants, is there no form of mediate or less close co-operation that would be acceptable? As a matter of fact, such a co-operation does exist in Germany and Austria, in Ireland and elsewhere. The schools are national and common, the pupils, Catholic and Protestant, attend the same scholastic courses and are taught by the same teachers, who are legally appointed without regard to religious preference, and after fulfilment of all civil requirements.

But the religious instruction is furnished according to the expressed wishes of the parents, by ministers of their faith, at fixed hours, and all children are required to attend the instructions of their own religious denomination. In some places, as at Frankfort, there are occasionally two professors of history, so that in this important matter, the delicacy of the child's conscience need not be violated.

In places where the political and social contact of Catholics and Protestants has been and is very close, ways have been found of co-operation for the common welfare in the matter of religious and moral education. The attitude of the Catholic authority is not so absolutely uncompromising as has been sometimes stated. In all those delicate questions that belong to the borderland between the Roman Catholic Church and the civil society, her supreme authority will always be found quite moderate and conciliatory, bent on saving the essentials of Catholic interests, but willing to go a long way in order to encourage and confirm national and municipal concord and amity in all temporal matters.

In the present temper of the great majority of our American people we shall all have to go on as we are going, thankful that there is nothing in our written constitutions or in the habits of our people to interfere with the natural and rightful liberty of the parent-citizen to educate his children as he sees fit, without any interference from a doctrinaire bureaucracy. We can emphasize our many points of agreement among the broad and fundamental considerations that confirm this general thesis of the great need of scholastic reform in the sense of religious and moral education. We can habituate ourselves to recognize a common peril in a dechristianized American soul, equipped as man never was before, with all the powers and opportunities that our mighty State has called forth and developed, or rather has only begun to call forth and develop.

> We can teach with more earnestness the common and traditional Christian doctrines concerning God, the soul, the moral law, sin, moral responsibility, prayer, divine providence, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the traditional character of the Scriptures.
>
> We can insist upon the worth of a Christian discipline of character, even for the affairs of this world, on the sacredness and seriousness of human life, on the Christian constitution of the family, on the duties of parents in general and in detail, on the obligation of a public worship and the Sunday rest. We can instruct ourselves first, and then instruct others, on the true and solid reasons why abortion, suicide, divorce, corrupt conduct in business and politics, inordinate greed of wealth and distinction, personal arrogance and contempt of the poor and lowly, are wrong and conducive to the detriment of the State and society,

We owe Dr. Shahan a deep debt of gratitude for this lucid statement of our position and for the suggestions made anent possible arrangements, in view of the complicated conditions which we have to face in the United States. It is very helpful to have the truth brought home to the thinkers of the country that a solution of this problem is not only possible, but has actually been adopted in the leading nations of Europe.

The peculiar difficulties which beset boy life in our days received careful consideration, though the remedies proposed were of a somewhat hazy nature. How little the members knew of the effective methods adopted by the noble-hearted Catholic gentlemen of New York in their boys' clubs. An address that attracted notice was one upon "The Problem of the Country Boy," in which among other wise remarks the speaker said:

> The electricity in him constitutes the boy problem, and this problem besets the village no less than the city. Self-reliant when lost in the woods, the country boy is awkward or terror-stricken in a crowd. His vitality suffers from scarcity of boyish avenues along which to travel; and he is, in consequence, often an adult before his time. Peril comes to the country boy from the drifting possibilities of a nature where the physical has outstripped in development the imaginative and idealistic. He does not attempt enough things either good or bad. To save the country boy you dig new channels

> into which his surging strength can be directed. A badly started boy goes to the bad as readily in a sequestered valley as in a turbulent metropolis.
>
> The most alarming feature of the country boy problem is that for the most part it is as yet a problem unattacked. The country boy has neither been systematically studied, nor has altruistic enthusiasm annexed him to its province. For him there are no boys' clubs, gymnasiums, game centres, free baths, juvenile libraries, social settlements, or trade schools. The towns are slower than the metropolis; the majority of them neglect both grass and boys. Something or some person must be found capable of fulfilling the promoter function for the boy-power of our country towns. There are agencies already on the field, but they are not coping with the problem. Either new agencies must be devised, or else the now-existing agencies must be increased in efficiency.

It must be confessed that grave as are the difficulties attendant upon boy life in cities, the difficulties in remote and sparsely settled districts are far graver and call for the exercise of great ingenuity, vigilance, and self-sacrifice. The other speeches, while containing many excellent ideas, do not seem to warrant special notice in an article which purports to touch upon certain points only. In taking a general view of these meetings we cannot help regretting the fact that, as stated above, so little attention was paid to principle, and that the speakers seemed so indefinite with regard to the specific nature of the remedy against existing evils. These evils were frankly admitted and deeply deplored; but the reader will search the addresses in vain for a definite outline of a plan, or for practical suggestions for coping with present miseries. It was this vagueness, this uncertainty, that made Dr. Shahan's paper, in which everything was so precise, so luminous, so pointed, most welcome. For Catholics, however, the work of the association must, in general, bring joy. For its members are, in great measure, battling for the principles which are of so much moment to us, and they carry on their campaign under extremely favorable conditions. That Americans are strongly wedded to prevailing educational methods is so well known as to need no comment. To the majority it seems to be a perfect system, and the mere suggestion that it has grave

defects, or that a better system could be devised, is sufficient to call forth a volley of abuse, especially when the critic is a Catholic, who is sure to be saluted as a traitor, as a person about to undermine the basis of free government. The position of the majority of the members of the Religious Education Association saves them from this imputation. They are not directly connected with us, and hence their remarks are received without suspicion. On this account they are able to secure a friendly hearing and to give testimony where our own would be rejected. There is no point in which our people need to be educated so much as in the principles of a true and solid education. Turning aside from the natural and divinely appointed custodians of the child's welfare, the parents, many have come to regard the State as the sole authority in matters of education, as though the parents in this momentous matter had no voice whatever. Moreover, blinded by the display of a merely material equipment, and of inflated language, too many have come to regard these as of primary importance forgetting that after all nothing can take the place of a well-planned systematic development of mind, body, and will, nothing can supply for a rigid training in sound reasoning, and in the general knowledge that must be the basis of all intellectual excellence. It is the peculiar mission of the Religious Education Association to unfold the defects of the national favorite, and to convince our people that not only is it not accomplishing its duly-appointed task, but that, as matters now stand, it is really a source of danger to the country. The immortal Washington left us a sacred legacy, when in his farewell address he said: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles."

A FURTHER ANSWER TO DR. McKIM.

BY THE REVEREND BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

IN Dr. McKim's first letter to the New York *Sun*,* he declares that the members of the late Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church "would also be in hearty agreement with your (Cardinal Gibbon's) further statement that 'the only effective remedy is to go back to the Gospel.'" But as Dr. McKim belongs to a Church which officially † denies, as Luther ‡ did of old, the sacramental character of marriage, it follows logically that he also considers the marriage contract dissoluble. With regard to our Savior's teaching on this point, he writes: "But when your Eminence goes on to say that the Gospel prohibits all divorced men and women, who are validly married, from entering into second nuptials, they (*i. e.* the men who voted for the compromise,§ divorce canon) would find themselves unable to follow you, because on two of the three occasions when our Lord spoke on this subject (recorded in the fifth and nineteenth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel) it appears‖ that he laid down an exception to the rule of indissolubility, when he said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another committeth adultery," he added, they urge, this exception, "except for fornication."

Dr. McKim forgets that our Lord spoke on the subject of divorce not on three but on five occasions: Matt. v. 31, 32; Matt. xix., 3–9; Mark. x. 2–9, 10–12; Luke xvi. 18. This omission is especially suggestive, when we reflect that, in three of these instances, our Savior's testimony is clear and explicit regarding the absolute indissolubility of the marriage bond.

The words are these: "And the Pharisees coming to him, asked him: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?

* New York *Sun*, January 8, 1905. † Article XXV.

‡ Walch's edition of Luther, Vol. XIX., p. 113.

§ *The Living Church*, November 26, 1904, and December 10, 1904, p. 204.

‖ This does not appear to other Protestant Episcopalians—*The Living Church*, April 23, September 24, October 1, 1904.

tempting him. But he answering, saith to them: What did Moses command you? Who said: Moses permitted to write a bill of divorce, and to put *her* away. To whom Jesus answering said: Because of the hardness of your heart he wrote you that precept. But from the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female. For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother; and shall cleave to his wife. And they two shall be in one flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Mark. x. 2–9).

Words could not express more clearly the unity and indissolubility of marriage. Our Lord reminds his hearers that the Mosaic bill of divorce was merely a temporary concession granted "on account of the hardness of their hearts," that went counter to the primitive perfection of marriage. He then lays down the new Christian law, and restores the primitive indissolubility of the marriage contract. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

The disciples, thinking that perhaps they may have misunderstood his public answer to the Jewish teachers, questioned him again privately "concerning the same thing."

"And in the house again his disciples asked him concerning the same thing. And he saith to them: Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery" (Mark x. 10–12).

By these words our Savior clearly teaches his Apostles that the Mosaic bill of divorce is abolished forever, and that the Christian man and wife cannot remarry after being divorced without being guilty of adultery.

The Gospel of St. Luke sets forth the same doctrine: "Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery" (Luke xvi. 18).*

Could the condemnation of divorce be put more strongly? A (the husband) is validly married to B (the wife). If A divorce B and marry C (another woman), this second marriage is declared an adulterous union; if D (another man) attempt to

*It is interesting to find both these texts quoted by the 113th Protestant Episcopal Council of South Carolina to show that the Gospel confirms the State law against remarriage after divorce—*The Living Church*, September 24, 1904.

marry the repudiated wife (B), this union is also declared adulterous.

Before discussing the disputed passages in St. Matthew's Gospel, let us first consider St. Paul's inspired commentary on the Savior's teaching. Surely his interpretation is of more value than that of the modern schismatic Greeks, or the leaders of the Anglo-German revolt of the sixteenth century, whom Dr. McKim and his school follow.

St. Paul says: "But to them that are married, not I but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart (*i.e.*, if she be divorced from bed and board on account of adultery, or some other grave cause), that she remain unmarried, or (if she choose to condone the offense) be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife" (I. Cor. vii. 10, 11).

In the same letter he teaches that the consummated Christian marriage can be dissolved only by the death of one of the married couple. "A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die, she is at liberty; let her marry to whom she will; only in the Lord" (*Ibid.* 39).

He teaches the same doctrine in his letter to the Romans: "For the woman that hath an husband, whilst her husband liveth is bound to the law. But if her husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore, whilst her husband liveth, she shall be called an adulteress, if she be with another man; but if her husband be dead, she is delivered from the law of her husband; so that she is not an adulteress, if she be with another man" (Rom. vii. 2, 3).

It is a universal law of Scriptural interpretation, that obscure and doubtful passages ought to be viewed and interpreted in the light of clear and certain texts.* Bellarmine† pointed out long ago that the early Christians, who possessed only the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke (and we may add the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians), would surely have been deceived by the Evangelists if, as the modern Protestants maintain, the marriage bond was dissoluble.

It may be well to state that Catholics do not pretend to arrive at their infallible certainty on this important doctrine by mere critical arguments or mere private opinions about

*This principle is maintained by *The Living Church*, October 1, 1904, p. 719, in view of these very texts.

†*De Mat.*, Cap. xvi. n. 6.

certain Bible texts. The history of the past four hundred years is ample proof that the Bible interpreted by the individual can be brought forward to deny in turn every single teaching of Christianity and theism. As Mr. Mallock once said: "To make it (the revelation of God) in any sense an infallible revelation, or, in other words, a revelation at all, *to us*, we need a power to interpret the testament that shall have equal authority with that testament itself."* With an interpreter divine, infallible, and authoritative, even as Jesus Christ was, Catholics alone can have divine certainty on this question of divorce.

We have seen† that from the earliest ages the Fathers of the Church were unanimous in declaring that adultery did not dissolve the marriage bond. The same doctrine was taught by innumerable councils—provincial and general—from the fourth century till the sixteenth, *e. g.*, Elvira, 313 A. D., Arles, 314 A. D., Milevis, 416 A. D., Hertford, 673 A. D., Soissons, 744 A. D., Friuli, 791 A. D., Florence, 1439 A. D., Trent, 1545–63 A. D.

But as our Protestant brethren will not admit the existence of an infallible guide to interpret the Sacred Scriptures, let us meet them on their own ground, and see if the two obscure texts of St. Matthew's Gospel cannot readily be reconciled with the Savior's teaching in St. Mark and St. Luke. The first text, Matt. v. 31, 32, is as follows:‡

"And it hath been said: Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a bill of divorce. But I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting for the cause of fornication, maketh her to commit adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery."

Some interpreters§ have called attention to the fact that in both the classical Greek and the Greek of the Old (Septuagint) and New Testament the sin of unchastity before mar-

* *Is Life Worth Living?* Ch. xi. p. 267. Putnam, 1879.

† *Cf.* CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1905.

‡ It may be interesting to quote the views of some of the members of the Protestant Episcopal Convention, who hold the Catholic interpretation: "The passage in St. Matthew, taken on its face, gives permission for divorce for one cause only. It gives no permission for a man or woman to remarry under any circumstances" (Rev. Dr. Oberly, of New Jersey). "A proper reading of Matt. xix. 9 will show that our Lord did not make an exception by implication of adultery as a cause of divorce" (Rev. Robert Richie, of Pennsylvania).—*The Living Church*, October 22, 1904, p. 847.

§ Dollinger, *The First Age of the Church.* Appendix.

riage is generally called *porneia*, and after marriage *moicheia*. As the word *porneia* is used in the above passage, they maintain that our Lord, speaking only to Jews, told them it was lawful to put away a wife who was found guilty of ante-nuptial sin. With the Jews this was not regarded as a dissolving of the marriage bond, but as a declaration of nullity, for among them marriage with a virgin was alone regarded as valid.* When Christ, however, laid down the Christian law of marriage (Mark x. 2–12; Luke xvi. 17), he forbade divorce under all circumstances.

The most common and most natural interpretation, however, grants that *porneia* does mean adultery, and that our Lord was speaking of marriage in general, and not merely of marriage under the Jewish law; but it declares that he does not speak of divorce with the right to remarry, but divorce in the sense of a perpetual separation on account of adultery. The meaning of Matt. v. 32, therefore, is: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and refuse absolutely to live with her again, which he may not do unless she is an adulteress, maketh her to commit adultery, by exposing her to the danger of living with another in an adulterous union."

To realize that this is not a forced interpretation, let us consider the scope of our Lord's teaching, and the context. Now it is evident that Christ is opposing a new and higher legislation to the old Mosaic law of divorce. ("It hath been said."—"But I say to you.")

But if according to our Savior's teaching adultery is to dissolve the valid Christian marriage, wherein lies the superiority of the new law? On the contrary, it would appear to be far more lax than the old. The Mosaic law permitted divorce only to the husband,† and decreed death to the adulteress.‡ The Christian law, from the Protestant standpoint, would allow both husband and wife to sue for divorce, and would put a premium upon adultery, by declaring the adulteress free of the bond that had become irksome to her.

Dr. McKim would, no doubt, object to this last statement, and maintain that the guilty party has no right to remarry. But we remember that he quoted with approval the following in *The Living Church* of July 30, 1904: "Adultery is the one

* The same idea is held to-day by the natives of the West Coast of Africa.

† Josephus. *Antiq. Lib.* XV., c. vii. n. 10. ‡ Deut. xxii. 22.

cause which destroys marriage physically by confusion of blood. It is the one cause which takes away the very ground of the mutual contract, and makes its continuance impossible. It is the one cause which destroys the social or civil contract, etc."

But if "adultery destroys marriage," and makes the continuance of the mutual contract impossible, why illogically teach that the innocent party is free to remarry, while the guilty one is not free? Surely this modern theory is fraught with strange consequences. For suppose that a man commits adultery without his wife's knowledge, and still continues to live with her—no impossible case—it would follow that she a good woman is, despite herself, living in adultery with one whom she supposes to be her husband. Her children born after her husband's adultery would be also illegitimate! * This is surely a *reductio ad absurdum.*

Again, if we carefully consider the context, we will discover that the Savior plainly declares the marriage bond unbroken after the separation for adultery, for he says that the repudiated wife who remarries is guilty of adultery ("maketh her to commit *adultery*"), and the man who marries her is also an adulterer ("and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth *adultery*").

Does it seem probable that our Savior would desire to favor an adulteress rather than an innocent wife? Yet on the Protestant hypothesis, he would have done so. For if an innocent woman be put away without cause by her wicked husband, she would be denied the right to remarry, whereas to obtain that privilege she has only to commit adultery. Such a doctrine is unworthy of the Son of God.

The other alleged exception is found in Matt. xix. 3–9: "And there came to him the Pharisees tempting him, and saying: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? Who answering, said to them: Have ye not read, that he who made man from the beginning, *Made them male and female?* And he said: *For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife and they two shall be in one flesh.* Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. They say to him: Why then did Moses

* *The Living Church*, September 10, 1904.

command to give a bill of divorce, and to put away? He saith to them: Because Moses by reason of the hardness of your heart permitted you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery."

Here our Savior replies to the Pharisees' question, by teaching that marriage was in the beginning absolutely indissoluble; indeed so much so that husband and wife formed one moral unity ("in one flesh"), which no human power could dissolve. When the Pharisees objected to this doctrine, which went counter to the teaching of both their schools,* and pointed to the Mosaic bill of divorce,† our Lord replied that divorce was only a temporary concession of Moses, granted "by reason of the hardness of their hearts," and contrary to the primitive law, "from the beginning it was not so." The whole context is unintelligible, if our Savior allowed divorce. The words of the disciples also prove clearly that they found this new severe law against divorce very hard to flesh and blood. "If the case of a man and his wife be so, it is not expedient to marry." Christ does not correct them, but repeats his teaching, as he always did when his audience understood him correctly: "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given."‡

The meaning of the disputed passage therefore is: "Whosoever shall put away his wife (which shall not be lawful, except for fornication), and shall marry another, committeth adultery." By these words, our Savior permits a man a perpetual separation because of adultery, but the right to remarry is denied, inasmuch as the marriage bond still holds.

The fact that the Greek Church allows divorce for adultery, instead of weakening the Catholic position, only brings out more clearly the absolute inability of a schismatical or heretical body to enforce the divine law and doctrine of Jesus Christ. Only the one divine society that is governed by the infallible vicar of Christ can give faithful witness to the Gospel, and command the respect of its followers. It is, however, not true to say that the Greeks allowed divorce "from the earliest times." On the contrary, the early Greek Fathers held the

* Keim, *Geschichte Jesu*, II. 248. Schuerer, *The Jewish People in the Time of Christ*, Vol. IV., p. 123. † Deut. xxiv. 1. ‡ Matt. xix. 10, 11.

absolute indissolubility of the marriage bond; it was only after the Greek Church had become subject to the State—as the Anglo-German phase of Christianity did in the sixteenth century—that the Roman civil laws of divorce became the norm of their unchristian practice.

Perrone,* shows clearly that in all the negotiations for reunion between the East and West this question never was brought into controversy. When the Reformers strove to obtain the support of the Easterns, Jeremias the Patriarch of Constantinople, plainly set forth the Catholic teaching, although the weakness of schism ever prevented the Easterns from enforcing the law of Christ on this point.

Unlike other ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who give due meed of praise to the Catholic Church for her firm and decided stand on the divorce question, Dr. McKim seems determined to deprive her of all claim to the world's respect on this point. We remember how Luther of old railed against the ecclesiastical laws of marriage, calling the Church's impediments and dispensations "impious human laws," and the Pope anti-Christ for declaring marriages contracted with diriment impediments null and void.†

Dr. McKim writes: "To our mind it appears that the distinction‡ between these numerous cases of annulments of marriage, and the dissolution of marriage, is *theoretical* rather than *practical*. . . . Such a principle seems to us to strike at the very heart of the family, etc." Catholics who are accustomed to the vagaries of private judgment in the Protestant Episcopal Church, are naturally prepared to find anything, from the infallibility of the Pope§ to the denial of the divinity of Christ, appear true "to the mind" of the individual member of that denomination. But surely the average logical mind can see both a theoretical and practical distinction between a contract declared null and void on account of some inherent defect and a perfectly valid contract set at naught by some incompetent authority.

For example, the Church's declaration of the nullity of a marriage may be compared to the State's declaring a contract

* *De Mat. Christ.*, Vol. III., p. 393 *seq.*

† *Lutheri opera latina*, 7 vols. *Vitebergæ*, 1539. Vol. II., p. 86.

‡ Of course other Episcopalians do not agree with Dr. McKim—*Living Church*, October 1, 1904, p. 719.

§ Advocated by the editor of *The Lamp*, Garrison, N. Y.

of sale null and void because the vendor is proved to have had no legal title to the property in question; whereas, the Protestant dissolution of a valid marriage may be compared to the usurped power of a persecuting State confiscating a man's rightfully possessed property, because of his non-conformity to the State religion.

The difference, therefore, between the Protestant divorce and the Catholic annulment of marriage is one of principle; the true Church of Christ can forbid, and for centuries has forbidden, the dissolution of a valid marriage; she cannot, either as the interpreter of the natural law, or as the divine society instituted by Jesus Christ, prevent the possibility of marriage being sometimes invalidly contracted.

And first, with regard to the natural law, let us consider the diriment impediment of force and fear. The efficient cause of marriage is the *mutual consent* of the two parties. If, therefore, it be judicially proven that a woman was forced to go through the marriage ceremony through the grave fear of death, the canon law* following the dictate of reason must declare the contract null.

The marriage of the Duchess of Hamilton, often brought forward as an objection in the Question Box during our missions to non-Catholics, is a case in point. She asked for an annulment of her marriage on the ground of fear destroying her consent, and in the trial of her case the Ecclesiastical court sustained her contention. Leo XIII. himself examined her case, and declared her marriage contract void from the beginning.

But Dr. McKim seems rather to object against the diriment impediments that are enacted by the Church, viz., consanguinity, affinity, spiritual affinity, difference of worship, clandestinity, and the like. These especially appear to his Protestant private judgment "to place the great Church in a rather equivocal position," for "these various annulments are no better than so many divorces."

Of course we can readily see that a human society, which denies the sacramental character of marriage, has no right whatsoever to legislate regarding the validity or non-validity of the marriage contract. But the Catholic Church claims the right, as the sole representative of Jesus Christ, and the one

* *Grat.*, C. xxxi. q. 2. *Decretal, Lib.* I., XL., and IV. Cap. 6, 13-15, 21, 28.

divine guardian of the unity and perpetuity of the sacrament of matrimony, to declare under what circumstances the marriage contract can be validly performed. Her laws are not arbitrary, but are made to safeguard the welfare of the individual and of society.

A moment's reflection will convince a fair-minded man of the Church's wisdom in her impediments of consanguinity and affinity. She wishes to keep essentially distinct the love a man has for his wife, and the love he has for his kinsfolk, and consequently forbids his future marriage with one who, through the close ties of blood or marriage, happens to live under the same roof with his family. Besides she knows from experience that close intermarriage is frequently harmful to the mental and physical well-being of the children born of such unions.

When she prohibits the marriage of one baptized and one not baptized,* she is prompted solely by her great love for souls. She knows the evils caused by the husband being a practical pagan, and the wife a practical Christian. She as the representative of Christ is bound to prevent as far as possible this woman's apostasy, and to safeguard the faith of her children. How can true peace reign in a household, when a father maintains the right of race-suicide, while the Catholic mother detests it with her whole heart, and believes, with St. Paul, that a woman is "saved through childbearing."†

But when Dr. McKim professes to see no practical difference between the annulments of such marriages, can it be that he is ignorant of the fact that when the necessary dispensation is granted by the bishop for such marriages, they are thereby validated, and hold till death? If a Catholic marry one unbaptized in presence of a minister or alderman, he has himself to blame if he is living in concubinage. It is the penalty he incurs by deliberately violating the law of the divine society to which he belongs.

It is false to state "that a powerful school of Roman theologians regard Protestant marriages as simple concubinage." If two baptized Protestants are married in England, Scotland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Ireland, or these United States, their marriage is always recognized as valid, and no Catholic

* Some Protestant Episcopalians consider such marriages "not invalid, although unlawful," Mortimer, *Christian Faith and Practice*, ii. 40, while others declare them invalid unless the necessary dispensation has been received, Percival, *Digest of Theology*, p. 160.

† I. Tim. ii. 15.

theologian would dream of styling it concubinage. It is true, of course, that the Tridentine law of clandestinity does apply to all babtized Christians in Belgium, Italy, Central and South America, etc. *

This may seem a rather stern law, but it rests on the principle that baptism renders one a subject of the Church of God. The law was passed by the Council of Trent only to counteract the great evils of clandestine marriages. The principle is set forth by the early Fathers and writers. St. Ignatius says: "It becomes both men and women who marry to form their union with the approval of the bishop, that their marriage may be according to the Lord, and not after their own lust." † And Tertullian: "Accordingly, among us, secret marriages also—that is, marriages not first professed in presence of the Church—run the risk of being judged akin to adultery and fornication." ‡ To run this risk is one of the penalties of schism and heresy.

In a word, the diriment impediments are all based on the highest possible reverence paid by a divine Church to a divine sacrament, whereas divorce rests on an utter contempt for the sacramental character of marriage, and substitutes for the simultaneous polygamy of the pagan or mormon the successive polygamy which is just as heinous in God's sight. "Beware how you enter into so sacred a state," says the Catholic Church, "for it is a union that holds till death." "Do not worry," says the non-Catholic, "for if you find the bond irksome, you can easily be freed from the yoke."

Dr. McKim brings forward the annulment of Napoleon's marriage with Josephine, by an incompetent ecclesiastical tribunal, as proof of the Catholic Church's approval of the emperor's adulterous union with Marie Louise of Austria. Does the learned doctor forget the annulment of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Catharine of Aragon by an incompetent Archbishop of Canterbury, which gave rise to the Protestant Church of England. Let us quote the Protestant writer, Gairdner:

"On Good Friday, April 11, the new Archbishop of Canterbury (of course under secret orders) wrote to the King, humbly requesting to be allowed to determine his matrimonial cause in a court of his own. Needless to say, he received a com-

* *De Sponsalibus et Mat.* De Becker, p. 121.
† Epistle to Polycarp, Ch. v. ‡ *On Modesty*, Ch. iv.

mission to do so. . . . On the 23d he gave sentence that the king's marriage was invalid. Then, by a like mockery of law and justice, he held a secret inquiry at Lambeth, on the 28th, as to the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn, which, of course, was found to be lawful. On what evidences he came to this conclusion, the world was not informed. . . . On July 11 the Pope pronounced Henry excommunicated, and his divorce, and remarriage null."*

The facts in the Napoleon case are these: Napoleon was married to Josephine de Beauharnais March 9, 1796, by a civil ceremony only, which was invalid because of the Tridentine law of clandestinity, which required the marriage before the parish priest and two witnesses. On December 1, 1804, the day preceding the coronation, Josephine mentioned this fact to Pius VII, who had shared the common belief that she had been married according to the laws of the Church. Napoleon was greatly incensed at this, but was obliged to consent to the religious marriage, which was performed by Cardinal Fesch with the needed dispensation of the Pope. Metternich, the Austrian prime minister, asserted afterwards that Napoleon had never been sacramentally united to Josephine, but that was a diplomatic falsehood, to cover the shame of the Catholic Hapsburgs in allowing Marie Louise to live in an adulterous union. Prince Jerome Napoleon says: "Napoleon and Josephine, who had been only civilly married in the time of the Directory, were united religiously by Cardinal Fesch, in order to satisfy the scruples of Josephine, on the evening preceding the consecration, in the presence of Talleyrand and Berthier, in the Chapel of the Tuileries. I know this from the traditions of my family." †

The subservient French bishops who declared the diocesan officialty of Paris competent in the case, had no authority, and well knew that the Pope was the judge in the matrimonial cases of sovereigns. At this mock trial, Cardinal Fesch declared that he had received the necessary dispensation from the Pope,‡ which should have settled the matter at once. Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc testified they had heard Napoleon say he only intended to go through a mock ceremony

* *A History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century.* Joseph Gairdner, pp. 141, 242. *The First Divorce of Henry VIII.* Mrs. Hope, p. 308 *seq.*

† *Napoleon and his Detractors.* ‡ CATHOLIC WORLD. Vol. II. p. 14.

to please the Pope and Josephine. On the testimony of these naturally interested witnesses, who were acting under orders from their imperial master, this incompetent ecclesiastical court declared that the consent necessary to a valid marriage was lacking, although, as a matter of fact, they declared the marriage with Josephine null and void on account of the absence of the parish priest and the needed witnesses. They, an inferior court, declared that the general dispensation granted by the highest ecclesiastical court, the Pope, was not sufficient! Of course the metropolitan officialty confirmed this decision, and the final decision of the Lyons court was naturally favorable, the Archbishop being Cardinal Fesch.*

Dr. McKim fails to state that Napoleon purposely saw to it that Pius VII. should not give sentence, although he was the only one competent to do so. He also fails to mention the fact that thirteen of the French cardinals absented themselves from the marriage, as a protest against this travesty of canon law. He also fails to mention that when Napoleon wished Pius VII. to annul the marriage of Napoleon's brother, Jerome, with Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, the Pontiff declared the marriage valid in the sight of God.

Napoleon did have a precedent in the case of Philip Augustus and his wife, Ingelberga. This valid marriage was also annulled by some subservient French court prelates, but it is well to recall the fact that two popes, Celestine III. and Innocent III. declared the marriage valid, even though all France had to be placed under an interdict to force the king to take back his lawful wife.†

As for Dr. McKim's insinuation that the homes of the Catholics of Mexico, South America, the Philippines, France, Spain, and Italy are not "purer and better than the average (Protestant) home in England and the United States," we will remind him that the ignorant days of old A. P. A.ism are over now, and that thinking men are not influenced in the slightest by the hearsay evidence of a certain unknown "gentleman of the highest character who lived in Rome thirty years," or the *ipse dixit* of an ordinary Washington rector. *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur* is a good old maxim. We might ask the learned doctor whether he or his friend ever read Rev.

* *Divorce et Second Marriage de Napoleon.* R. Duhr.
† Alzog, *Universal Church History*, Vol. II., p. 577.

Mr. Seymour's *Evenings with the Romanists.* If so, we would recommend as an antidote to the poison, the discussion of the morality of the city of Rome as found in Father Young's book on this very question.*

Dr. McKim declared that his aim in writing an open letter to Cardinal Gibbons was, "incidentally, to vindicate his Church's claim to be as conscientious and effective a guardian of the home and the sacredness of the family relation as any Church on earth." We ask the doctor to ponder over the following words in one of his own Church papers, that go counter to his statement: †

"We feel that the Church (the Protestant Episcopal) *has seriously lowered the moral standard that she ought to hold up*, so long as by canon she permits her marriage office to be used for the joining together of persons who are forbidden by that office itself to be married. Having prevented this, the Church will have stamped her disapproval upon such marriage. She will no longer be in complicity with those who unlawfully enter the marriage state. When her children are turned away from her Church doors with the statement that they cannot twice be married with her sanction, until death has first separated husband from wife, she has given her warning to them not to venture into such a union."

It is needless to say that this writer's call to a "higher moral standard" was of no avail at the late General Convention, and in future, although some individual ministers, like the rector of Trinity, New York City, may refuse to perform what they deem adulterous marriages, the Protestant Episcopal Church, as a whole, sanctions them with a religious ceremony. Of course in this matter it is consistent with the teachings of Luther and Calvin, who denied the sacramental character of marriage.

Only one Church—the Church Catholic—dares teach clearly and authoritatively on this burning question of the day, and command her children, under the penalty of eternal loss, to be absolutely faithful to the words of the Savior: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

* *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, p. 533, *seq.* *Cf.* CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1869.

† *The Living Church*, September 17, 1904, p. 678.

"IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"A tree hath hope: if it be cut, it groweth green again, and the boughs thereof sprout. If its root be old in the earth, and its stock be dead in the dust; at the scent of water it shall spring, and bring forth leaves, as when it was first planted. But man when he shall be dead, and stripped and consumed, I pray you where is he?" *(Job xiv. 7-10).*

THE woman in the hovel was ill. At times she could sit up, but for the most part she kept her bed. She had been ailing thus for years. For two years had she spent each day alone, never stirring beyond the hovel door.

Her husband was away all day, and both her daughters worked at the factory. At noon they returned to have their dinner and to tend their mother; then they hurried back to the jam factory, leaving the sick woman to her lonely vigil. She was waiting for death.

The door of the hovel was always bolted. She preferred it so—to be locked in with her thoughts; she said it felt safer. For her nerves were wrecked with suffering and she feared what lay beyond. So the weeks and the months crept by; and still the angel tarried.

Sometimes she used to wonder, as she sat with her eyes fixed on the one grimy window that faced the blank wall, if death had not forgotten her. He had knocked at other doors down the Court. Why did he never beckon to her? She was weary of watching.

There was not much sunshine in the alley. The blank wall opposite was always gray; but in the twilight it became grayer, and then black—pitch black. It shut out the stars, that dreary blackness, and it crept into the hovel, filling it with night. Then the woman knew that another day had passed. There was nothing to choose between them; one day was the same as the last, and each was twelve hours long. Then the darkness came and swallowed it; and the jaws of eternity stood agape for the morrow. She could just see it from where she lay. First the blank gray

wall with the shadows creeping up and then blotting it out; and lo! the passing day was gone—gulped down by Time, the devourer.

It was an eerie occupation, to watch the passing of the days; but the sick woman had nothing else to do. She was always glad when twilight fell—glad, because that day could never return. But after awhile the darkness in the hovel would frighten her. It used to twist itself into horrible shapes, while flaming eyes would glare at her through the bolted door, and ghastly arms endeavored to entwine themselves round the lonely brain. Then the woman would cower down trembling and cover her head. At such times she felt forsaken of God and man. How long, she murmured, must she keep tally of the days? Must she watch forever the gray shadows creeping up the blank wall? How many nights more must she listen to the human curses and the staggering footsteps that filled the evil Court. With a sigh of utter weariness she turned her face to the wall and sobbed. The tears helped to shut out the darkness. She felt less lonely when she cried; and in another hour her daughters would return to her.

But if there was sin in the Court there was also charity. I was passing through the alley one day when I saw a woman listening outside the door of Number 5. It was a wild, blustery day and the woman's ragged dress was blown in the wind.

"'Tis fancy, p'heps," said the waiting figure, "but whin the wind do be rough, seems like as if I 'ears the sound o' sobbin'. An' Gawd 'elp 'er! she's all be 'erself, poor soul!" The woman jerked her thumb over her shoulder; "an' mebbe she'll die, wid n'er a priest, an' niver a friend by 'er."

"And the door is always locked?"

The woman nodded. "If 'twasn't fur thet, the neighbors wud look arter 'er, an' tidy up the place a bit."

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.

"Well, I was thinkin' as mebbe 'tis yersilf as cud git in. I've see'd yer knockin' more'n once," she added, "but thet ain't no manner o' use. But look 'ere! You tell me wot day yer'll come, an' I'll git 'er 'usband ter leave the door on the latch. Fur I'd wish yer jes' to see 'er. It's like on me mind as no one never comes nigh 'er. An' 'tis likely," said the woman under her drawn shawl, "as we're all nearer death nor we think fur."

I nodded. "When shall I come?"

"Say yer come fust on Sund'y," she suggested, "an' see 'er 'usband, too? I'll tell 'im—yer kin trust me. Twelve o'clock. An' yer won't be late? fur they'll be expectin' yer."

So I promised.

On the following Sunday morning a church clock was striking when I knocked at the hovel door. But, as usual, no one came. And in the length of the alley there was no sign of life.

It seemed a fruitless enterprise—getting to the other side of that door—and I was about to give up the attempt. Then softly the door handle turned from within. And after a minute or two the door opened a few inches, and a girl peered out.

"May I see Mrs. McDermott?" I asked.

With vacant eyes the girl stared at me through the aperture.

"I have an appointment with her, and I promised not to be late."

Still the factory hand said nothing.

Puzzled at her seeming indifference, I wondered if I had mistaken the door. But just then I saw "Number five" scrawled in white chalk over the entrance.

"She does live here, does she not?"

"No; she don't." The answer was brusque and the girl's eyes hard fixed. "She's dead, thet's wot she is." She opened the door and stared vacantly at the blank wall Then she undid the neck of her dress and did it up again. "Dead," she muttered. She passed her hand across her forehead and paused. "*Dead!*" The cry rang out through the alley and the girl burst into a wild flood of tears.

So this was the dead woman's daughter—the girl from the jam factory, who hurried home at noon to tend her. And now she stood in the doorway and leaned her head against the doorpost, sobbing as if her heart would break.

I waited until her sobs had lessened, and then I asked her to tell me about it. It seemed a relief to unburden her grief, and bit by bit, with the tears trickling down her cheeks and her voice broken with sobs, she told me of the end. For the last few days, she said, her mother had been better. Only that morning she seemed almost well. 'Twas but an hour ago that they thought she was sleeping. . . . But the sleep

was of death and the dream eternal. And the factory girl leaned her head on her arm and sobbed again.

In the tiny room above, the dead woman was being laid out by a neighbor; for in the Devil's Alley no one lays out their own dead. This is the last service; the inalienable privilege of friendship; nay more—it is the hallowed tradition of Mark's Place.

And because one of their number had that day left their ranks—gone forth at the summons to join the great majority—the East End Court was hushed, and the living spoke in whispers. For the Angel of Death stood in the alley; and the shadow of his wings reached from end to end.

It was a fortnight later when I again went down the alley. This time it was to inquire for the living. So I stopped at Number 5.

In the open doorway sat an old man. He was chopping sticks with a kitchen knife. There were hard lines about his face, together with a week's stubble, while on his head was a dilapidated bowler hat that came down over his ears.

"Are you Mr. McDermott?" I asked.

"I am," said he curtly. And he went on chopping sticks.

As a first meeting it was not promising, and I was rather at a loss how to proceed. It was not for a stranger to offer sympathy. So I stood and watched him while the sticks fell on the paving stones, and the alley was filled with silence.

"I believe you are an Irishman," I said presently. The remark was thrown out more or less as a fly to a salmon. I hoped he would rise to it. This he did with unexpected vigor. Indeed, had I lighted a dynamite bomb the explosion could hardly have been greater.

"An Irishman, is it?" he ejaculated—and the half-chopped stick dropped from his hand. "An Irishman! Shure I am that; an' glory be ter God fur the same. 'Tis fr'm the County Cork I am, an' divil take the North!"

The old man threw back his head and looked at me defiantly. Standing in the doorway of the hovel with the flash of Celtic fire in his eyes, and the kitchen knife in his hand, he stood for the country that still struggled to be free.

To him I was one of the Saxons who had accompanied Strongbow into Ireland. Worse than that, I was a follower of Cromwell, who had murdered their women and children at

Wexford and Drogheda. And, hardest of all to the old man, I represented the race that had framed the penal laws. Was the persecution of centuries to be wiped out by a morning call in the alley? It was not thus with the Celt. So the son of Erin stood in his doorway and glared at me.

"Yis; 'tis from Ireland I come," said he with rising patriotism, "the land o' heroes an' o' saints. An' 'tisn't me that 'll be denyin' me religion neither," he ejaculated, "fur I come fr'm the old stock as suffered an'—"

"And pray, where do I come in?" I interrupted.

The effect was instantaneous. Checked midway in a flight of patriotic eloquence, he gazed at me open-eyed, as if I had dropped from the clouds.

"'Tis niver fr'm—?"

I nodded.

"Musha! musha!" His tone was incredulous. But as the novel position dawned upon him, the hard lines softened and the scowl gave place to a smile.

"Theoretically," I said, "I'm from Tipperary."

"Shure 'tis a fine part," he murmured. "'Tis almost as good as Cork."

"Hush man!" I said, "you must have seen Tipperary in the dark!" There was an answering light in the old man's eye.

"No matter," said I; "which ever part it is, there's no other like it."

"Thrue fur yez!" He held out his hand and seized mine. "God save Ireland, sez we." And then—with some difficulty, for it seemed like part of his anatomy—he doffed the dilapidated bowler. It was Cork's tribute to the County Tipperary.

"Fur 'tis theer," he said generously, "that the finest boys an' the handsomest girls come fr'm."

Here my heart smote me sore, for that I had not been born on Tipperary soil, but had inherited my nationality as a family heirloom.

"May the Almighty have ye in his keepin', an' may the hivens be yer bed!" It was thus, with a lavish hand, that he scattered blessings upon me in the deserted alley, while my sympathy went out to the old man who stood at the hovel door where death had so lately been.

Then he told me of himself and of his sorrow; and because

of the death of his wife how his life was overshadowed with his grief. He was silent awhile; after which he tried to throw off his gloom.

"Come along in," he said, "Come in—an' welcome! An' 'tis yersilf as 'll be surprised whin yer see."

So picking up my skirts I stepped over the sticks that strewed the doorway, and followed him in. As I did so I wondered if it were a corpse or a writ I was to be shown that day. But having given a cursory glance round the poor little room, I could see nothing worthy of note.

Then the old man turned round. And with a comprehensive sweep of his hand, which took in the room in general and nothing in particular, he asked with some majesty:

"What d'ye think o' that, now?"

In truth I knew not what to think—still less what to say. A false step here, and even the County Tipperary could not save me. The ice was dangerously thin, and forthwith I commended myself to the saints.

Hoping for an inspiration, I took another glance round the hovel and my eye fell upon two gaudy oleographs—one of Robert Emmet, the other of St. Patrick. Meanwhile the old man stood immovable, waiting for the verdict, while I, trembling, hesitated. After all, I reflected, I can but fail. Ah, but if I failed, the hovel door would never open again, and I should have lost caste in the alley.

"What d'ye think, now?" reiterated my fellow Celt.

"Mr. McDermott," I answered, with vague impressiveness, "your taste is uncommon."

"Ah!" said the man from Cork, "now yez have it!" and he beckoned me across the grimy floor. First he introduced me to Robert Emmet, whose hair was brushed up until it shone; and then he led me to where St. Patrick occupied the place of honor.

It was wonderfully realistic, this print of St. Patrick. First there were tufts of shamrock starting out of the red brown earth, and right on top of these stood the saint. He was arrayed in a green cope and a mitre that was greener, and under his foot he held down a snake. This particular snake, I fancy, must now be extinct. It was of indigo blue, mottled with orange. Given wings it might have flown about the Garden of Paradise. But it had no wings. And in view of its

orange markings, I was inclined to think it had crawled down from "the North"—the artistic talent being as assuredly fostered in "the South." Be that as it may, St. Patrick and the blue snake shared between them the poor frame—together they divided honors in the gaudy oleograph.

"Have yer ever seen the like of it?" The old man stood beside me.

"Never!" said I. And it was the truth.

My friend was satisfied. As he turned towards me his voice rose in a rich crescendo.

"Now," said he in honest self-appreciation; "now yer kin form some idea of the man as stands afore yer!"

He drew himself up in silent hauteur, and it seemed to me at that moment as if the converging lines of all the Irish kings had met in one point—all focussed into the person of Mr. McDermott, of Mark's Place.

"I suppose," I said hesitatingly, "that you are the greatest art connoisseur in the alley?"

"Shure, that's the very word," answered the essence of the Irish kings—without knowing in the least what the words meant. "An' well may ye say it," he added as he gazed at the two precious prints. He walked first to one and then to the other, musing as he went.

Under one of the pictures there was a ricketty old chest of drawers, on top of which stood a candle-stick; it was broken, but in its socket there was a half-burnt candle. Nor was that all; for the tallow had guttered, and down one side clung "a wraith."

Knowing something of the old superstition I noticed it and smiled. Not so the old man. No sooner did he see it than his mood changed. His eyes glistened feverishly, and his fingers trembled as they detached the tallow appendage; this piece of curled up wax was blown by no mortal gust. For the wind may blow down the chimney, and the candle may gutter every night of the year, but it cannot make a wraith. This is a sign from the spirit world. To the material mind there are no pixies; neither do faries dwell in Irish dells; but the Celt is a visionary, he sees what is hidden from the cynic. And on a stormy night, when the peat fire burns bright in the mountain cabin, he can hear the pixies flitting across the bog, and his flesh creeps when they blow through the chinks of the

cabin. It is then that they whisper in his ear. For though no mortal eye may look upon a pixie, they can speak o' nights to humans. And sometimes the good people give a sign. What! does the Saxon not believe it? Then look at the wraith on the candle! See the old man bending over the piece of curled up tallow.

"'Tis the winding sheet," he whispered. And placing it gently in the palm of his hand, he uncovered his head out of respect for the unseen. Then he listened.

Hark! what sound was that? Was it the soughing of the wind? or the wail of a banshee down the alley?

It was getting dark in the hovel. And as I watched him in the half light, I wondered if the "wraith" was potent to foretell misfortune, or merely to chronicle disaster? Whether the old man saw in the sign his own approaching end, or whether in his eyes the winding sheet enveloped the dead wife he had recently buried?

"In the shroud is death," he repeated softly.

And while the twilight shadows were filling the Court, the old man stood in the hovel lost in reverie. For the winding sheet lay in his wrinkled hand, and his thoughts were with the dead.

PESSIMISM IN ITS RELATION TO ASCETICISM.

BY M. D. PETRE.

THE title of this article was one of the main themes of a great philosopher, who has largely influenced modern thought, even though he may not be, at least by English and American writers, directly read and known in proportion to this influence. The philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer has so filtered into the general mind, from a thousand different sources, that there are many who talk Schopenhauer and who think Schopenhauer, though they may hardly know his name. For the benefit, however, of those who have no immediate acquaintance with his works, we will preface our theme by a brief account of the leading ideas of his system, in particular of those which directly bear upon the subject of the following pages.

Under all the varying phenomena of the universe, from inert material existence up to the highest forms of organized life, Schopenhauer believed that there lay one great reality, one "Ding an sich—Thing in itself," of which all these changing forms were but the objectification or manifestation. This great reality was *Will;* not will as most of us have been taught to understand it, a higher spiritual faculty inseparably connected with intelligence; but a blind irresponsible force, a "will to live" without any regard to the consequences of living. The world with all its phenomena is subject to the law of causality, to the conditions of space and time; the "Will in itself" lies behind and beyond all such laws and conditions. It works its way blindly and ruthlessly throughout the universe; reckless of all individual joy or suffering; caring only for the species, nothing for the specimen. In the world of the inanimate, and likewise in vegetable and brute nature, it follows its purpose without any possibility of opposition. The individual brute lives, begets brutes of its own kind, devours brutes of another kind, and passes away to make room for what is to follow; all without any intelligence of the end it is serving. According to its limited knowledge it labors for itself, but

the real end of all its efforts is the life, not of itself, but of the type to which it belongs, and, through that type, of the blind Will of which it is the plaything. Only in man does intelligence at last come on the scene, and reveal, though dimly and imperfectly, the reality and purpose of the whole dreary comedy.

But man too, like the rest of the universe, is governed by this blind will to live, at any cost; and he, too, rushes on to his own misery and destruction in obedience to its behest. But, in a greater or lesser degree, man can come to know the fate to which he is subjected, and, by knowing, can conquer it.

How, from blind, unintelligent will, can come forth knowledge and intelligence, is one of the many inconsistencies of Schopenhauer's philosophy, which his friends acknowledge as well as his enemies. The whole of his beautiful and most illuminative theory as to ideas and knowledge, art and contemplation, is, in a sense, an excrescence, when we regard the tree from which it grows. We cannot here attempt any exposition of this side of Schopenhauer's philosophy, which does not directly concern the matter of this article. But this only we may say, that we owe perhaps a good deal to what may be called the inconsistencies of our philosopher, to the fact that he presented a truth as he saw it, without endeavoring to reconcile it with another truth, and that thus he has given us light on many points, even to the detriment of his own system.

To return, however, to man, as he depicts him, with the sad privilege of understanding his own deplorable condition. He is driven, on the one side, by the same blind force which manifests itself in the lower creatures; a force which seeks to live, to increase and multiply, and which seeks nothing more. On the other side, the Will in him has attained to a certain consciousness of itself, and through this consciousness deliverance is to arise.

What is this deliverance? Here again we are met by evident contradictions; the haven of rest seems, at one moment, to be pure nothingness, at another an existence of light and knowledge, which is at last freed from the restless strivings of the unenlightened will. In all this part of his teaching, Schopenhauer is largely influenced by Oriental philosophy. But, on the whole, it is the more positive aspect which pre-

vails, and his hints of immortality represent him more truly than that notion of pure extinction, which would be the legitimate outcome of the sum of his teaching.

But the means of deliverance he has stated with all the plainness and force of which he is capable, it is deliberate, enlightened "denial of the will to live" as opposed to the blind assertion of that same will. Man, through intelligence, comes to recognize the endless trouble and misery and wretchedness of his life and condition; he sees how he passes, successively and repeatedly, through the two conditions of want and weariness, or ennui—as want is satisfied, tedium supervenes—and at last he takes his destiny in his own hands, and denies the blind will by which he has been governed. And thus he opposes to the "will to live" the "will not to live," and reaches the state of the blessed. Not many attain to such a height, he who does so is the "saint," a man of perfect detachment from all selfish desire.

Needless to say we might indefinitely prolong our account of this philosophy. But we want only to indicate so much as is necessary for the understanding of the theme which we have chosen, and this theme is, mainly, just that of the "denial of the will to live" as opposed to the "will to live," and opposed also, we may add, to the "will to die," which latter wins no praise from the pen of Schopenhauer. The "will not to live" is the achievement of the saint, the "will to die," expressing itself in suicide, is but a dressed up presentation of the brute "will to live," in its inverse form.

Not that Schopenhauer would have condemned suicide for the standard reasons of the Christian creed; such arguments would have lacked foundation in his philosophy. But suicide would be foolish and cowardly, because futile and inadequate. Impregnated as he was with the Buddhist philosophy, he saw that creatures too weak to *control* their own destiny, could hardly be endowed with the power of *ending* it; that the force which brought them into one life could bring them into another; and that their condition might be equally helpless and more miserable if death proved, not the end, but only the passing away of one set of circumstances and the beginning of another.

Hence, for Schopenhauer, as for the Eastern sages, victory lay in the spiritual mastery of our destiny, and not in the

destruction of our physical being; the "denial of the will to live" resulted in asceticism and not in suicide.

All bodily and outward self-denial is only of value in so far as it is the consequence or cause of a more real and spiritual self-denial; a self-denial which consists in the checking and controlling of the most intimate sources of life. Hence this self-denial was finally directed, in the system of our philosopher, to a consummation even more solemn than the end of earthly existence. For Schopenhauer's last aim was the extinction of personality itself, an extinction which was to be obtained not by the cutting of life, but by the quenching of desire. To destroy the life of the body is to destroy what is merely accidental, but to eradicate the very desire for life is to dry up individual existence at its source. A continued individual post-mortem existence is, in his eyes, a conception both absurd and monstrous. It would be the prolonging of just that which it is most desirable to end. The characteristics of personal life are alternations of want and tedium, and if we do not realize the full wretchedness of our condition, it is only because "most men are pursued by want all through life, without ever being allowed to come to their senses," and "in middle-class life ennui is represented by the Sunday, and want by the six week days."*

Hence that you and I should desire a continued personal existence is just a part of that universal illusion which it is the object of the philosopher to dissipate.

"For blessedness it were by no means enough to transpose man to a 'better world,' but it were also needful that a fundamental change should take place in himself, so that he should no longer be what he is, but should become what he is not."†

When Schopenhauer's saint, the man of lofty mind and strong soul, comes to realize all that human life signifies, when he sees that he is being forced on by unreasoning desire, to his own continued misery and the unhappiness of others also, whom he strikes and wounds in the heat and violence of competition, then, at last, he makes the supreme effort, and frees himself from his thraldom, by a deed more deadly and supreme than any corporal suicide.

As we have already said, it is difficult to get a clear con-

* Vol. I. *The World as Will and Idea*, pp. 424, 426. † *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 578.

ception of what Schopenhauer conceived to be the actual result of this great "Denial." That it was positive annihilation we can certainly refuse to believe, and he refers continually to that life of the *species*, that endurance of the *Idea*, which are independent of all personal forms.* There is a life within us which cannot die, whatever may be our individual fate. This is the life we share with men and beasts, free from struggle and competition; a life whose conditions are not material and limited, not lessened by universal participation. But whatever may be the definite character and nature of the immortality at which he hints, it is, at least, not immortality in the Christian sense; it is strictly impersonal. To him, the great crime of individual man is to have been born; in the words of Calderon which he loves to quote:

"El mayor delitto del hombre es de haber nacido."

The brute will, which we all feel stirring within us, and which the Christian is called upon to hold under, to check, to guide, to control, is, to Schopenhauer, the very personality itself; or rather, the latter is its mere objectification. To become holy is to become impersonal, and the final achievement of sanctity is to free us altogether from our own selves.

The element of Christianity which so strongly appealed to the sympathies of Schopenhauer, and which distinguished it, in his eyes, so markedly from Judaism, was its frank acceptance of the sorrow of life, with its corresponding call to renunciation. And, all said and done, is it not to be feared that we have too much watered down those words of Christ, in which he tells us to hate and lose our own soul, if we will find it again? Have we not often thought to satisfy the great command of renunciation by surface acts of denial, followed by prompt and liberal compensation? Yet the demand is fundamental and admits of no half fulfilment. We can set it altogether aside, we cannot bargain with it. For there is in truth, in the centre of our very being, and diffused through every part of it, a "will to live" which must be denied, even though

* "My philosophy assumes a negative character as it reaches its climax, it ends with a negation. For at this point it can only deal with that which we *deny* and *renounce;* as for that which we *gain*, we can only term it *nothing*, though we may add a hope that this nothingness is relative and not absolute."—*The World as Will and Idea.* Vol. II. "Denial of the will to live."

we still rightly desire an everlasting personal existence. This is a "will to live" which is reckless of the consequences of living, indifferent to the moral and spiritual worth of life, absolutely selfish, and utterly immoderate in its desires. Its colossal egoism is, as Schopenhauer most truly tells us, a result of the conjunction of the boundless with the finite; the hunger of all nature is within us, while our rights and capacities are limited.

In ordinary work-a-day life we pass quietly from one occupation to another, there is nothing to make us realize the force that is slumbering below. But a moment arrives when some cause, external or internal, works on the hidden depths; the soil is upheaved and riven and it is given us to gaze into the abyss beneath. And then we ask ourselves, is it indeed my own soul into which I am looking—this seething caldron of fierce pride and voracious self-love? We are terrified at ourselves; or, rather, at this force within us that seems to be more than ourselves. Can we control it? Is it our own to control? Or is it indeed, as Schopenhauer tells us, that power itself in virtue of which we are what we truly are, but in relation to which our petty personality is as the foam which the ocean casts up and reabsorbs?

Nothing explains Schopenhauer's theory better than an experience like this, and it is an experience which those who live with any spiritual intensity must at some time undergo. It is the meeting of the limited with the unlimited, of the little with the immense. We are in contact with a force which seems to be of us and yet beyond us, and we are bewildered and terrified at the monster we seem to have begotten. This is indeed the "will to live" that must be quelled, and which cannot be quelled by the death of the body, but only by the harder and sterner death of self-mastery and self-denial. For it is, in itself, truly a *brute* will, without care for anything but its own immediate good. It has no regard for the place of the person in the universe, the relations of the person to the universe, the work of the person in the universe. It would enfold all within the rim of the individuality in which it is manifested; to it all creation is little, but the ego is great. It knows of no check to its voracity, but will lust, devour, and kill with a sole view to its own separate well-being. Only in isolated and awful instances has this will found the exter-

nal opportunity to show itself as it really is. There have been monsters in whom the waves of this inward hell have boiled upwards, filling the heart and soul, and deluging the rest of mankind. As madness is the completed fulfilment of countless slighter mental weaknesses and aberrations, which are to be found in all of us, so this colossal selfishness is the completed presentation of that inchoate voracity of self-love which slumbers within every soul. To men, such as Nero and Napoleon, all other men are puppets for the accomplishment of their designs. And if they meet with a power capable of resisting them, whether it be of God or man, they will rather dash their own being to pieces against it, than accept its hostile existence. The brute will to live will pass into the brute will to die; the intellect will add to the animal passions that force they need to carry them on to their own destruction.

In its lesser, its daily, and ordinary manifestations, this will follows the same course, but not with so great violence. It is neither reckless enough, nor passionate enough, to burst through the moral law, and startle humanity by its crimes. But, in its quiet, mediocre way, it also finds in itself a god, a supreme god, and all the rest of the world is but its creature. It cannot destroy its enemies, it is too puny to do so; but it does the next best—ignores everything but itself. To it all creation is a cathedral, of which itself is the central shrine. And if the veil of self-illusion be torn, if it come to realize that much exists which cannot be enclosed within its own narrow compass, then, though it will not dare the path of violent self-destruction, it will, in its own way, be transformed into a "will to die"—an indifference to its own life and sustenance; like the monstrous specimens, it will refuse to take its own place in relation to the rest, and will die of inanition though not by violence.

At the opposite pole of our being we meet with an analogous, yet directly contrary, experience. For it is given us sometimes to feel the pressure of infinite love, as at other times we have felt the pressure of infinite hate. There are moments when we are conscious of more light than our sight can absorb, more love than our heart can hold. As we fell back in terror from the black abyss of brute passion, so we strain forward with longing to those golden heights of knowledge and love—they too are in us and yet beyond us—there

is a spring bursting up into life everlasting, as there is a whirlpool which would suck us down into its depths; in presence of both we stand weakly amazed, wondering at the force within us, fretting at our own powerlessness to deal with it.

"It was," says a modern writer, "as if the principle of life, like a fluid, were being poured into her out of the vials of God, as if the little cup that was all she had were too small to contain the precious liquid. That seemed to her to be the cause of the pain of which she was conscious. She was being given more than she felt herself capable of possessing."*

To Schopenhauer, as the former experience was the manifestation of universal will in limited personality, teaching us that the one great achievement of which we are capable is to end the strivings of that will by quenching the personality in which it has embodied itself, so this latter experience is impersonal and superpersonal, culminating in pure contemplation, in which distinction is effaced, and subject and object are one. We dare not, in this limited space, enter upon this most beautiful side of his philosophy. But here again we may be grateful for his profound and delicate analysis of the experience, though we differ from him, at least in part, as to his conclusion. He has roused us to a fuller sense of the perennial struggle between the finite and the infinite, a struggle of which our poor personality is the field; he has raised life from the ignoble and the commonplace, and made us realize the extremes between which we continually waver, tottering from side to side like men who are drowsy or drunk. But though we may sigh, with him, to be delivered from the body of sin and death, we may still believe that our "Redeemer liveth," and that "in our flesh we shall see our God."

Schopenhauer dwelt on the restrictions of personality, until he came to think that personality consisted only in those restrictions. Nor is this a strange and unlikely conclusion for a man of his stamp, whose soul was at once tormented by the forces below, and enamored of the truth above. It was not because he was a lesser creature that he felt the torment of all brute creation surging in his nethermost depths, while his soul was, at the same time, inundated with the light of glory from unattained mountain summits. He longed to be freed

* *Garden of Allah*, p. 430.

from the tyranny of the former, he yearned to compass the joy of the latter, he desired old age that his passions might be weakened, he sighed for death that the soul within him might be freed.

The average man will not fret against his personality and its limits, because he may perhaps never, in the course of his plain and placid life, feel the tumult of hell from below, nor catch any glimpse of the glory of heaven from above. He feels not the pressure of the infinite, which strives to burst the walls of his narrow self from within, and to batter them down from without. The restless discontent of a nature like that of Schopenhauer is, to him, disease and madness. But if we are to save the idea of personality, in its nobler sense, it is not by the philosophy of the commonplace. Our salvation will not be in the shallow optimism, which has never explored the depths of life, any more than in the pessimism which has never looked towards its heights. Only the man who has drunk deeply of life, both in its sorrows and its joys, can say at last if life be worth living or not; and only he who has felt both the narrowness and weakness as well as the power of personality can say if this personality is worthy to be preserved or not.

Schopenhauer was right, in so far as the limitations of personality are the death of personality if they become fixed and permanent and rigid; but he was wrong in thinking that those boundaries could not be dissolved without personality itself vanishing along with them. It is restricted because it is not infinite; but it could not be, in any sense, aware of its restrictions, unless it have some relation to the infinite. It is a special, a unique life, a "will to live," if Schopenhauer will have it so, but a will to live, not only in the whole universe, but in this individual mind and heart and soul. In this mind is a never-to-be-repeated view of the infinite; in this heart is a unique love of it; in this soul a particular striving towards it. It is not by where it *ends* that it is to be judged, but by where it *is* and *continues*. The beauty of a statue is not in its lines regarded as outer terminations and boundaries, but in those lines as an expression of the meaning and life within. The end of anything is a spatial conception, a qualifying of a being from its outward aspect; its true form springs from its own intimate being and qualities. It is because our faculties are sense-bound that we understand a thing by its termina-

tion, and not by its essence; and it is for the same reason that we distinguish things according to their proportions of lesser and greater, and not by those qualities which bear no comparison, because in each one they are unique. Finite, indeed, is each human personality, but, none the less is it made up of thoughts no other has thought, deeds no other has done, love no other has felt. To destroy the personality, even though the infinite that was behind it should remain, were to blot out of the universe a chain of spiritual events which could never be lived again, for to rob them of their personal element would be to rob them, not of a mere accident of their being, but of their source and intimate qualification. It was because I was so that I acted so, and because I acted so that I became so; I am a sequence, however broken and uneven, and the infinite in me is also the personal; the two are inextricably interwoven.

There was an idiosyncracy in Schopenhauer which made his doctrine more bearable to him than it could be to many other men, and that was the fact that personal love and friendship played but a small part in his life. To those who love, the instinct to defend the existence and sacredness of personality is far more than doubled; it is a struggle of life and death. Perhaps, quite unconsciously, Schopenhauer's intense hatred for women was based on his instinct that this was a point on which they stood ranked in solid opposition to him. The instinct of a woman is to be personal, too personal, in all her conceptions; and a widely-spread instinct, even were it an irrational one, should find due recognition in a large-minded philosophy. Schopenhauer was weary of himself, and he cared little for others; his doctrine brought him salvation from that misery, out of which alone his self-knowledge had been evolved. He regarded his best moments as his impersonal ones, and this was, in great part, because his best moments were those of pure thought, in which the heart had no share, or at least, to him, no conscious share. His was a divided nature, with strong contrasts of good and evil. He made the unhappy mistake of devoting his intellect to the highest and abandoning his heart to the lowest instincts of his nature. Had his contemplation been blended with love his philosophy would have been at once more human and more personal.

But what is the great lesson we can learn from Schopen-

hauer, in spite of all these important differences? It is the doctrine of renunciation, which he has put in a way all his own, but, just for this reason, peculiarly emphatic and impressive. The "denial of the will to live" is, in a certain sense, a commandment of Christ as well as of Schopenhauer. We have to resist those brutal instincts which would compress the infinite into the narrow space of our limited personality, which would efface and destroy, at least as far as self is concerned, everything that cannot be thus contracted. We must break down the barriers of self-love to let in the larger life, and be rather everlasting pilgrims, in pursuit of the infinite and eternal, than petty lords of whatever we can cram into the limits of our narrow capacity.

And thus the "denial of the will to live," becomes not a will to die, but a denial of all that would obstruct and contract the infinite power of living; fixing it within narrow and selfish limits; giving a short-lived peace with eternal dishonor.

It is a denial which will imply not less but more activity and intensity of personal existence. It will result in a "will to live," not at all costs or on any terms, but to live for the highest and die for it too, if need be. We shall be ready to take up our life, but we shall also be ready to lay it down; we shall live as members of a greater whole, and we shall bring the blind forces within us into subjection to our personal knowledge and love of that whole. We shall not attempt to confine the infinite within our own narrow limits, but shall make of our personality a point of never-ending tendency, an everlasting response to God and all creation.

THE CURÉ OF ARS.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

T has been fittingly reserved for Pius X., a Pontiff of peasant parentage, and once a country parish priest, to raise to the honors of the altar one who, like himself, was peasant born and had charge of a country parish. There is a sympathetic association in this linking of two personalities illustrative of the essentially democratic character of the great Christian Republic, which unites in a certain equality before God princes and peasants, peers and proletarians.

Even more than this is implied in the beatification of the Curé of Ars. Sprung from peasants, and born at a time when the neglect of the agricultural classes was one of the causes which hastened the downfall of the Bourbon monarchy, involving the hierarchy and clergy, as well as the aristocracy, in its fall, the Curé of Ars was to illustrate in his own person and by his own action the best methods—the only methods—by which the Church is to win back the democracy, many of whom have long been estranged from it. *Reinstaurare omnia in Christo*—the keynote which Pius X. struck with no uncertain sound in his first encyclical—was the keynote of the life, action, and influence of the Curé of Ars.

Though the fury of the great revolutionary storm, which had swept away throne and altar, had somewhat abated, and though some of the proscribed priests and religious had stealthily returned, the state of the country was still more or less disturbed when Jean Baptiste Vianney, the son of a small farmer of Dardilly, near Lyons, was growing up. He used to tell in after years of the loaded wagons of hay drawn up against the door of the barn which served as a chapel, to screen the worshippers from malicious observation. The description his biographer, the Abbé Alfred Monnin, gives of these secret religious services forcibly reminds one of the Masses in the mountains and glens of Ireland during the penal times.

"The altar," says M. Monnin, "encircled only by the parents and some few friends, upon whose fidelity entire dependence

could be placed, was usually prepared in the granary, or some upper chamber, to be out of the reach of observation. There, before daybreak, in the strictest secrecy, the Holy Sacrifice was offered. There was something in the precautions necessary to keep suspicion and hostile observation at bay, and in the mystery which accompanied all the preparations for the great day, which told of a time of persecution, and breathed of the air of the Catacombs. The soul of the young communicant could not but be deeply and permanently impressed by all the circumstances attending his first participation of the Bread of the strong in those days of trial and apostasy."

Ars, a small sequestered village in the midst of the wooded vales of Les Dombes, dominated on the North by an old feudal castle, reminiscent of the far-off days when the Dombes constituted an ancient principality, was in a poor way when the Abbé Vianney arrived on February 9, 1818, to take over the pastoral charge in succession to the Abbé Berger, who had been appointed Curé on the restoration of religious worship in France. "Go, my friend," said the Vicar General; "there is but little of the love of God in that parish; you will enkindle it."

The new Curé, who, after his ordination in 1815, at the age of twenty-nine, had been formed to the sacerdotal life while curate to the saintly Abbé Balley, parish priest of Ecully, came in most apostolic poverty, without script or staff or money in his purse. When he first caught sight of his parish, he knelt and implored a blessing which it sorely needed; and finally the village did prove worthy of it. When the good Curé arrived it was in a state of utter spiritual destitution, and its people were noted among the neighboring villagers for their headlong and reckless passion for pleasure. He found his little Church as cold and empty as the hearts of the worshippers, he made it, by self-denying labors, not only a model parish—a model to France and all the world—but a place of pilgrimage, a sanctuary, a source of spiritual life and light. The noisy revelry of the tavern and the dance, and the desecration of the Sunday, were gradually abolished, the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, frequent Communion, and confraternities were established; the people were brought to love the beauty of God's house, and the place where his glory dwelleth, and to delight more in sacred melodies than in secular songs. "Only grant me the conversion of my parish,

and I consent to suffer whatever thou wilt for the remainder of my life," was the prayer the Curé addressed to our Lord.

That prayer was answered. Success—astounding success—was purchased by sufferings equally astounding. The Curé predicted that a time would come when Ars would not be able to contain its inhabitants, and that prediction was likewise amply fulfilled, when, for thirty years, pilgrimage after pilgrimage added innumerable multitudes to its congested population. The influx of pilgrims necessitated the erection of houses, the building of new roads, new public conveyances by land and water, and a packet-boat service on the Saône. It was calculated that, on an average, more than twenty thousand persons visited Ars every year. During the year 1848 the omnibuses which plied between the village and the Saône deposited eighty thousand. Pilgrims came from all parts of France, Savoy, Belgium, Germany, and England. They numbered all sorts and conditions—the blind, the lame, and the halt; all, in fact, who were suffering in soul or body,—drawn by the strange tidings that miracles were wrought by an obscure country priest in a little village near one of the chief cities of France, and in the midst of a sceptical age which denied the possibility of miracles. The origin of these pilgrimages is chiefly ascribed to the Curé's prayers for the conversion of sinners. "The grace which he obtained for them," says Catherine Lassagne, his co-operator in the foundation of the "Providence," an asylum for orphans and destitute girls, "was so powerful that it went to seek them out, and would leave them no rest till it had brought them to his feet." But the Curé himself ascribed them, and all the graces and wonders which contributed to the celebrity of the pilgrimages, to his "dear little saint," the child-martyr, St. Philomena.

One of the secrets of the Curé of Ars' power, if secret it could be called, was that he thoroughly identified himself with his parishioners "All his thoughts," says the Abbé Monnin, "were concentrated upon them; their peace was his peace; their joys his joys; their troubles his sorrows; their virtues his crown." It was this thoroughness, this identification, this total absence of any aloofness or mere perfunctory performance of duties, this wide sympathy with all, that made the people at once recognize in him the type-priest, the true shepherd of the flock of God, not the hireling. The Curé realized that the

parish is the unit of the Church and the priesthood the sum of Christianity. "Leave a parish for twenty years without a priest," he said, "and it will worship the brutes. When people want to destroy religion, they begin by attacking the priest; for when there is no priest, there is no sacrifice; and when there is no sacrifice, there is no religion." It was with this thought in his mind that he devoted two hundred thousand francs to the work of missions, and provided for a thousand annual Masses at an expense of forty thousand francs.

"This poor priest," says M. Monnin, "so poor that he used to say that he had nothing of his own but his 'poor sins,' enriched all the world around him by his bounty. Gold and silver flowed into his hands from France, Belgium, England, and Germany, by a thousand imperceptible channels. He had but to will it to obtain immediately the sum necessary for a foundation or a work of charity." It was generally believed that he supported a number of families, who had fallen from better circumstances. To relieve the poor he would sell every thing he possessed, even his clothes. The twenty thousand francs he got for his share of the Dardilly farm was used to buy the house in which he established the "Providence"; and when the orphans increased, and it became necessary to build, he made himself architect, mason, and carpenter. He made the mortar, cut and carried the stones with his own hands, and spared himself no labor, only interrupting his work to go to the confessional. The Curé was, in very truth, a martyr to the confessional, where he spent sixteen hours a day. He never began his labors later than two o'clock in the morning, often at one; and when the numbers waiting were very great, at midnight. Except when saying Mass or preaching, or snatching a hasty, frugal meal, he lived almost entirely in the confessional, remaining there from midnight or early morning till nine at night; then retiring to say his Office; and giving only a couple of hours to rest. Penitents would lie all night on the grass, fifty at a time, either in order to gain the earliest admission to the Church and the confessional, or because the houses in the village were overcrowded. For more than thirty years the Curé heard no less than a hundred penitents daily. This was labor enough, and more than enough, for one man; but there were sick to be visited, spiritual direction to be given, and daily catechetical instructions to the pilgrims

from various countries; instructions full of unction and deep insight, in which truths as old as humanity were presented in a new light, the maladies of the soul diagnosed, and the science of moral therapeutics unfolded by one whose penetrating glance read and revealed what was hidden in consciences. Such was the illuminating influence of grace upon intellect in this poor priest who, as a student, was so deficient in the necessary studies that, but for the intercession of his friend and teacher, the Abbé Balley, he would have been sent back to till his father's fields.

When Lacordaire, who deplored the fact that there were so few great souls and prayed God from the pulpit of Notre Dame to send France a saint, visited Ars in May, 1843, to find his prayer answered, the learned Dominican disdained not to ask and receive the oracles of spiritual science from the lips of the lowly village pastor, and the most eloquent pulpit orator of the day listened in silent reverence to words of wisdom uttered in the rustic patois of the peasant's son.

A distinguished, but somewhat sceptical, philosopher exclaimed, with an enthusiasm inspired by the Curé, "I do not believe anything like this has been seen since the stable at Bethlehem!" "The philosopher," observes the Abbé Monnin, who heard the remark, "was mistaken; he had not read the history of the Church; but he spoke truth in this sense, that the life of the Curé of Ars, as the lives of all the saints, was but the continuation of the life of our Lord. One of the never-failing notes of this continuity is the evidence of the truly miraculous, the evidence that the power delegated by Christ to the Apostles is inherent in the Christian priesthood. We do not wonder, then, that the miracle of the marriage feast at Cana was repeated in the life of the Curé of Ars, or marvel when we read of the multiplication of loaves to feed the eighty hungry orphans."

"The one great truth taught us by the whole history of the Curé of Ars," said Cardinal Manning, "is the all-sufficiency of supernatural sanctity." Those who think that the best way to combat the intellectual forces marshaled against Catholicism in this age is to appeal solely to the intellect by logical arguments, and not to move and to win the sympathies of the heart; to be content simply with meeting higher criticism on its own ground, or to abuse scientists of the delusion that the Church is opposed to science, might study the life of the

Curé of Ars with advantage to themselves and to others. What the age wants is not so much theology or philosophy in learned disquisitions, but theology in action as we find it in the life of the Curé of Ars and of the saint he most resembled, the Saint of Assisi; for assuredly the most Franciscan personality of the nineteenth century was Jean Baptiste Vianney. A favorite saying of his was: "When the saints pass, God passes with them." Among the many mendicants who came, one sultry July day in 1770, to beg food and a night's lodging from his charitable parents—for the Vianneys were noted for keeping open house for the poor—was the beggar-saint, Benedict Joseph Labré, canonized by Leo XIII., a Franciscan tertiary like the present Pontiff. St. Benedict Labré was a member of the Archconfraternity of the Cord of St. Francis, and the Curé of Ars was a tertiary priest, born in the course of the very year when miracles were wrought at Labré's grave. The spirit of St. Francis possessed him. "We will eat the bread of the poor—the friends of Jesus Christ—and we will drink the good water of the good God," was his greeting to a few friends when he invited them to what he called "a feast," at which he regaled them with some of his favorite black bread. Does not this bring to mind the incident of St. Francis and one of his companion friars resting, after having begged their food, by the side of a well, drinking the pure water out of the hollow of their hands, and eating what he called "the bread of angels"?

Hearing the birds singing before his window, the Curé exclaimed with a sigh: "Poor little birds! you were created to sing, and you sing; man was created to love God, and he loves him not!" "One spring morning," says the Curé again, "I was going to see a sick person; the thickets were full of little birds, who were singing their hearts out. I took pleasure in hearing them, and I said to myself: 'Poor little birds, you know not what you are singing, but you are singing the praises of the good God.'" How forcibly this reminds us of St. Francis preaching to the birds! And when the Curé was dying, in 1859, and they wished to drive away the flies—for it was a sultry August—he would not use a fan, considering it a luxury, but said: "Leave me to my poor flies." "Our good God has chosen me," he said, like another St. Francis, "to be the instrument of his grace to sinners, because I am the most ignorant and the most miserable priest in the diocese. If he could have

found one more ignorant and worthless than myself, he would have given him the preference."

Catherine Lassagne said any one who met the Curé going through the streets, with his little earthen pipkin, would take him for a beggar who had just received an alms. "Are you the Curé of Ars, of whom every one speaks?" asked an ecclesiastic who had gone to Ars on purpose to see him, and, to his great astonishment and disgust, met him thus eating his dinner as he went along. "Yes, my good friend," he replied, "I am, indeed, the poor Curé of Ars." "This is a little too much," said the priest. "I had expected to see something dignified and striking. This little Curé has no presence or dignity, and eats in the street like a beggar. It is a mystery altogether."

Like the Poverello of Assisi the Curé was small in stature. His face was pale and angular, his gait awkward, his manner at first shy and timid, his whole air common and unattractive; nothing in his appearance, except his asceticism and the singular brightness of his eyes, impressed an ordinary observer. When the congregations began to desert the neighboring churches, and to frequent that of Ars, the other priests became alarmed and jealous. Some threatened to refuse absolution to any of their parishioners who should go to confession to the Curé of Ars; others publicly preached against him. "In those days," he said himself, "they let the Gospel rest in the pulpits, and preached everywhere on the poor Curé of Ars." This was his *crux de cruce*, the opposition of good but mistaken men—priests like himself. But, like St. Francis, a true lover of the Cross, the Curé rejoiced, rather than repined; and when one day he received a letter from a priest who wrote, "when a man knows as little of theology as you do, he ought never to enter a confessional," he immediately replied: "What cause have I to love you, my very dear and very reverend brother! you are the only person who really knows me. Since you are so good and so charitable as to take an interest in my poor soul, help me to obtain the favor I have so long asked, that, being removed from a post for which my ignorance renders me unfit, I may retire into some corner to bewail my miserable life." The writer of the letter afterwards repaired his fault by asking on his knees the holy man's pardon. Still, some of the most influential of the clergy met and resolved to make a formal complaint to the Bishop

of Belley, "of the imprudent zeal and mischievous enthusiasm of this ignorant and foolish Curé." One of them wrote to the Curé himself in the bitterest and most cutting terms. "I was daily expecting," said the Curé, "to be driven with blows out of my parish; to be silenced; and condemned to end my days in prison, as a just punishment for having dared to stay so long in a place where I could only be a hindrance to any good." A letter of accusation happening to fall into his hands, the Curé endorsed it with his own name, and sent it to his superiors. "This time," said he, "they are sure to succeed; for they have my own signature." They only succeeded, however, in throwing into brighter relief his saintliness, deep-rooted in humility and detachment.

All were not color-blinded like these French ecclesiastics. The late Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, who visited Ars in May, 1854, has left on record, in his *Pilgrimage to La Salette*, his impressions of the Curé who made his parish famous all over the world. "The first object on which my eyes fell," he says, "was the head, face, and shrunken figure of the Curé straight before me; a figure not easily to be forgotten." Having heard him preach for twenty minutes, the bishop adds: "It was as if an angel spoke through a body wasted even to death. If I had not understood a syllable, I should have known, I should have felt, that one was speaking who lived in God." Men of the world accustomed to the power of far different spells, have acknowledged that, after they had seen him, his image seemed to haunt them, and his remembrance to follow them wherever they went. "It would have been difficult, indeed, to image to one's self a form more clearly marked by the impress of sanctity," writes M. Monnin. "On that emaciated face there was no token of aught earthly or human; it bore the impress of Divine grace alone. It was but the frail and transparent covering of a soul which no longer belonged to earth. The eyes alone betokened life; they shone with an exceeding lustre. There was a kind of supernatural fire in M. Vianney's glance, which continually varied in intensity and expression. That glance dilated and sparkled when he spoke of the love of God; the thought of sin veiled it with a mist of tears; it was by turns sweet and piercing, terrible and loving, childlike and profound." And this was a man whose only fear was of appearing before God "with his poor Curé's life," who wanted to go into a corner to weep

over "his poor sins," and twice tried to get away from his parish!

The Curé's life was passed in six phases of French later history. Born under the First Republic, he lived through the transition epochs of the First Empire, the Restoration, the Citizen Monarchy, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire. He had witnessed the efforts under the Restoration to stimulate a Catholic revival, when the zeal of many outran their discretion. He doubtless saw that there was much in the movement which was superficial, if not artificial. He went deeper, and, by his example, showed that there was yet a more excellent way. As it was not learned scholiasts and the syllogistic method which moved the mediæval world and effected a wide-reaching and much-needed reformation in the ecclesiastical and social order, but a small group of self-denying men in the Umbrian Valley, bareheaded and barefooted, and clad in the coarse, humble garb of the Apennine peasantry, so it will be priests, modelled more or less on the Curé of Ars, men who will regard the priesthood as an apostolate not as a profession, who will cause the Church in France to triumph over antagonistic elements within and without and restore that now Masonic-ridden country to the place it once occupied in Christendom, when Christendom was a solid, concrete fact and not an empty expression.

"It is a wholesome rebuke to the intellectual pride of this age, inflated by science," observes Cardinal Manning, "that God has chosen from the midst of the learned, as his instrument of surpassing works of grace upon the hearts of men, one of the least cultivated of the pastors of his church." At the seminary the fellow-students of the Curé at first treated him as a simpleton, and he failed in his entrance examination at the great Seminary of Lyons, but as he was even then universally regarded as a model of piety, the Vicar General, M. Courbon, in admitting him, predicted that "divine grace would do the rest." His whole life was a justification of that judicious forecast. Through all its harmony we hear the same ground-tone; through all there breathes the same spirit, sweet as an angelic strain; through all strikes the same keynote, the dominant note of *simplicity*—simplicity in the spiritual sense of the word, the vital essence of holiness.

It is this salient chararteristic which so often suggests a parallel between him and St. Francis, as the lives of the sera-

phic saint of Assisi and his first companions have been likened to those of our Lord and the chosen Twelve. The Curé's life, almost from start to finish, was lived amid scenes of pastoral beauty and simplicity like Palestine and Umbria. The dawn of his vocation, when he thought "If I were ever a priest, I would win many souls to God," was marked by an incident which reminds one of the son of Pietro Bernardone. On his way one day from Ecully to Dardilly, the Curé met a poor man without shoes; he immediately took off a new pair which he had on, gave them to him, and arrived at home without any, to the great dissatisfaction of his father, who, charitable as he was, was not inclined to carry things quite so far as his son.

It was in the clear light vouchsafed to those who view things, particularly the higher things, with a simple eye, that the Curé perceived, with intense appreciation, the sanctity required in priests. "If you want to convert your diocese," he said to Mgr. Devie, "you must make saints of your parish priests"; "albeit," he remarked on another occasion, "that the breviary is not overburthened with canonized curés." Simplicity was likewise the characteristic of that unclouded, unhesitating faith which made itself so manifest in his extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, in his preaching and method of direction. "What a man this is!" exclaimed one of the world, who began by declaring he had no faith, and ended by making his confession, "what a man this is! Nobody ever spoke to me in this way before."

"Go to Ars," said the Parisian litterateur to Louis Lacroix, "and you will learn how Christianity was established, how nations were converted, and Christian civilization was founded. There is a man there in whom dwells the creative action of the saints of old, who makes men Christians as the Apostles did, whom the people venerate as they did St. Bernard, and in whose person all the marvels are reproduced which we know only in books." Lacroix went, saw, and was conquered, and the spectacle he witnessed seemed like a page out of the Gospels, penetrated to his heart's core, and affected him even to tears.

We have often heard priests discuss the question, how to win the people, as if it was some difficult recondite problem of which they were seeking the solution. The solution is to be found in the life of the Curé of Ars.

THE SON OF MAN.

BY THE REVEREND JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

IT is a solemn moment when the soul awakens to a sense of its spiritual possibilities. Something of awe, of course, attends all beginnings—whether the launching of a ship, about to venture forth into seas unknown and brave the measureless furies of the tempest; or the first shot of a war, ringing round the world, and warning men of mighty interests and precious lives destined for sacrifice; or the faint little cry of a new-born infant, setting out on that most perilous of all careers called life. And whatever suggestion of sublimity there is in any of these beginnings, recurs—in an intense degree—at the solemn hour of a soul's moral awakening, in the moments

> "Sure though seldom,
> When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprise it, if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing."

These, indeed, are the awful moments of life; they are fraught with terrible dangers and immense responsibilities; they determine whether God's image in a man shall be made or marred.

Whatever the occasion may be, therefore—the turning of an unbeliever toward the God he has denied, or the entrance of a convert into the Church he has ignored, or the first long, deep breath of new resolve in the heart of a Catholic on whom the true ideals of life are at last commencing to dawn—whatever the occasion be, it is a solemn crisis when we heed the trumpet-call, gird ourselves, and step forth to the making of a godlike man.

It would truly be a hard fate, had we to carve out the

pathway of progress alone, and guess unaided at God's ideal; or had we only the men and women chance throws in our way to reveal to us the high possibilities of human nature. Every creature we meet falls short of that perfection which the least of us is justified in striving for; from no man do we get the full measure of inspiration that we need. But God has given us a model about whom all agree—One who is perfect, flawless, without defect. Every noble life is a needle pointing to him; every pure soul an image of his; every good deed a gem that gleams and sparkles in the shining of his light. Our homes are radiant with the glow of a beauty he created; his peace is in our hearts; his holiness is beaming from our innocent children's eyes. He is God; he is perfect as God; and still behind his forehead throbs a human brain, and a human heart is beating in his bosom. He can recognize each emotion of ours in some feeling of his own; in the longings of his heart echoes a response to every noble aspiration of mankind. Yes; if it be possible to receive what we looked and hoped for, if it be, indeed, the plan of Providence that one from heaven should come and lead us Godward, our hearts assure us that Jesus Christ is he—the Son of Man, God's ideal of a man.

Very striking in the life of Christ is the vivid contrast between the Jewish anticipations of him and the reality. The chosen people had learned to cherish a vision of physical majesty as the picture of the Messiah; he was to ride forth to battle at the head of an army of kings and conquer all the earth,—to beat down the nations under his iron hoofs and blind them with the glory of his brightness; he would reign from sea to sea, so that the dwellers of the wilderness would bow down before him and all peoples serve him; he would rule over the nations with his iron sceptre, and dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel; he would restore Israel's greatness and give heavenly splendor to a new Jerusalem, the mistress of the world. Purple and cloth of gold and jewels and fine linen would adorn his person; and neither for him nor for his people would there be weakness or tribulation any more.

With all this expectation contrast the fact. Christ brought no material comforts and no adornments; he steadily refused to secure them. Though faint with fasting, he would not turn stones into bread. He had not whereon to lay his head. Austere himself, he wished none but austere followers;

and to those drawn by his teaching he said: "Give what you have to the poor." He won no mind by the display of external magnificence; he regarded the cities of all the world as an offer to be spurned. He wore no crown; he held no sceptre; the only cause he was ever heard to plead was the Kingdom of God within the soul. Those who watched him saw no miraculous crushing of the enemies of God and Israel, but patient submission to buffeting and scourging and death. For homage he had insults; and thorns for a diadem. The spittle cast upon his brow signified in what esteem men held him; his triumphal procession consisted of a weary march under the cross up the hill of Calvary; and the angelic legions of Michael were replaced by the ruffian soldiers of brutal Rome.

The contrast was intensified by the evidence that Christ possessed the power to reverse all this. He himself said that he had but to ask his father and all he desired would be granted him. Already, as was clear, all the resources of nature lay at his command. From a few loaves he created food for five thousand; with a word he stilled the tempest; he burst the bars of death and called forth the buried from the tomb.

So striking, indeed, was the contrast of expectation and reality in Christ's life, that did we not know John the Baptist well, we would almost be led to fancy we could detect an echo of the popular disappointment in the blunt question his messengers put to Jesus: "Art thou he that art to come; or look we for another?" But while that question did not express the disappointment of John, it did furnish the providential opportunity for an answer which was a key to the enigma of Christ's life, and a solution of the problem already beginning to puzzle the earnest minds among the Jews: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

When men heard this, they could understand the mission of the Savior as never before: he had come in human form that they might have a visible image of the gracious God to study and love and fashion themselves upon. He revealed the divine perfection in an aspect and with a clearness which rendered mistake impossible; which made it plain that to be like God man must love his fellow-man—the neighbor, the poor,

the stranger, the enemy. "Love your enemies," he said, "that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven." Those who were closest to him during life caught that lesson and gave it forth again to all who would listen, as the distinguishing mark of the Gospel message: "Religion pure and undefiled before God the Father is this, to visit the widow and the orphan, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." "If we love not our brethren, whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?" "If any man say I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

What did it all mean? What but this—that as we must be religious before being Christian, so we must love man before we can love God! Who will venture to affirm such a principle? Who will dare lay down that a man offering his gift at the altar and remembering that his brother has something against him, should leave there his gift before the altar and go and be reconciled with his brother, and then come and offer his gift? Who will dare say that? Who, indeed, but the Lord Christ? And upon his lips the words are found. O Man! force your way into the Federal Treasury, with its locks of brass and its bars of triple steel; storm a modern fortress, with its mines and entrenchments and monster guns; defy and overcome the very laws of nature if you can; but never suppose that the love of God can be driven into a heart where the love of man does not dwell. O Priest! preach the need of intellectual training and the observance of external forms; but remember that he who loves his neighbor is not far from the kingdom of heaven and not altogether unlike Christ, God's ideal of a man. The heart and centre of religion is the heart and centre of humanity, love. And God is love. Man can resemble God only when his life is a life of love.

A wondrous picture of such a life do we receive from Christ! When shall time dim the beauty of the scenes he stamped so deeply on the memory of the human race!—The Good Shepherd traversing hill and dale in search of the lost sheep and carrying it home in his arms; the Good Samaritan, going to the helpless traveler that Priest and Levite had passed by, binding the wounds of the unfortunate and caring for him at the inn; the Father of the Prodigal Son, receiving back again the reckless boy whose health and youth and

fortune had been wasted in the ways of sin, welcoming him home with a father's loving kiss, killing for him the fatted calf, robing him in splendid vestments, and circling his finger with the ring of peace and joy.

When shall the human heart cease to thrill at the echo of the words Christ spoke to those who listened for his revelation of the ideal! "Blessed are the poor!" "Unto these least!" "As one that serveth!" "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "Receive ye the Kingdom of God as a little child."

Have we forgotten—can we ever forget—the story of the Magdalen and of those who spurned her?—the men who pointed the finger of scorn as she passed through the market-place; the women who swept by with a rustle of skirts, then as now loathing the sin and the sinner! Ah! the grace and the tenderness and the love of him who went to this creature, and made of her a glorious saint of God! And then, the thing he did and the words he said when, at another day, they set him up as judge face to face with a woman taken in adultery! Bring back to mind the pardon he gave the penitent thief in the hour when his own body was shattered and his soul wrung with torture! See his face shine as he is kissed by the traitor Judas! Hear him whisper a prayer for his executioners. In truth, it is but one long, uninterrupted lesson of love for man that we learn from the whole story of his goings out and his comings in; his healings and his cleansings; his comfortings and his pardonings. O Christ! if thou art indeed he who is to come, and thy name is indeed Messiah, then truly art thou the strangest king that ever reigned—and the hardest to dethrone. Thou dost save others; thyself thou wilt not save. From thee we learn that to live and die for another is always nobler than to live and die for self. To do things for men; to do hard things; to do them for the worst and meanest of humanity,—this is the burden of thy words and thy example. Service unremitting and unto death,—this is thy measure of nobleness. This then, is God's ideal of the relation between man and man.

It is almost needless to say that such an ideal could scarcely have found a lodging place in the breasts of the Israelites of olden time, whose conduct offers so strong a contrast to that of Christian saints. The records of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and

their contemporaries, leave us, if not puzzled and dismayed, at least convinced that such men could not easily have assimilated Christian ideals. Their conception of duty toward neighbor and wife and brother and fellow-townsmen, and especially their view of the attitude to be adopted toward stranger and enemy, indicate the great development that had to precede their acceptance of the standard of Christ. As we go along through the centuries we see, like occasional gleams of light, the intimations that this growth is taking place. The days of the Philistine wars give place to the sympathetic relations of the captivity and the restoration; the savage necessities of the early settlements to the high ideals prevailing in the schools of the prophets. Ruth and Tobias and Elias and Eleazar appear like the glimmering rays that precede the dawn. As the whims of the wandering tribes fade into oblivion, we have the noble conceptions of Job and the Psalms and the last chapters of Isaias. The road was a long one and hard to travel; many fell by the wayside during the march, and not a few forgot the new lessons soon after learning them. Selfishness and sensuality worked against the leaven wherewith God was leavening the mass. But in the end the leaven prevailed. When the time was ripe, and the people ready, the heart of the Jew was made into the heart of the Christian, and the zealots of the law became the vessels of election of Christ.

That slow process of growth showed how incapable gross, sensual minds must ever be of appreciating the teachings of Christ; and the same impossibility holds now among us. Never can a selfish soul be the proper raw material of a Christian. The religion of Jesus Christ will strike root only in a heart harrowed by self-denial, worked over by the slow, painful attempts to dig up and loosen the hard soil of the natural man. The higher the type to which a soul belongs, the fitter it is to receive and to develop the seed of the Gospel message. He who would be a Christian must be no slave of food and drink; must be the master of sensual passion; must be energetic and vigilant, and industrious and brave; must be weeded free of the root of all evil, the love of money. As the man begins to be Christlike, the ape and the tiger must die; the wild beasts that prowl about within him must be tamed, if need be, even with fire. The neophyte must learn that though all creatures are for man's enjoyment, yet

the temperate use of them is a precept of the moral law. He must go through an education similar to that by which the race is taught the necessity of sternly prohibiting the coarser forms of self-indulgence, of basing the highest social institutions upon the restraint of primal appetites. The wild excesses of the youth in the first mad fling of freedom must settle down into the graver carriage and saner speech of the mature man, ere he will be trusted by his fellows; something similar must take place before the heart can become the fit dwelling-place of God. Taken all in all then, it seems we can truly say that the interval between animal standards and human laws is hardly so great as that which separates the Christian from the pagan.

Which of us shall deny that much growth is necessary for each of us before we can in very truth be Christians; that we are still children in selfishness and savages in cruelty? As we review the incidents of each day's history, we must remember that we are both largely responsible for and largely affected by our surroundings; that we are not aliens to the society in the midst of which we live; that we bear our inevitable share in the burden of its every crime. Hence rightly does a sense of shame sweep over us when we read the crimes listed in our daily press; when we visit the homes of our city poor; when we listen to tales of cynical harshness and maddening extravagance, too frequent and too well authenticated to be ignored or disbelieved.

God's ideal of a man—the selfless Christ! How strange and far away from it are we; and how clear this is in the moments when our better nature is deeply stirred. The head of the nation is shot down by an assassin and expires with a prayer on his lips; the fire demon leaps forth in a crowded theatre and, while men are hurrying to the rescue, five hundred die—an awful holocaust; an excursion steamer, with its freight of singing children and light-hearted parents, meets with a sudden mishap, and a thousand perish miserably under the very eyes of the mother city out of whose womb they all came forth. These things shock us; and for the moment we act like Christians. Great pity chokes a man; the tears well up; the human heart asserts itself in the worst of us. We go so far as, for a moment, to suspend our business, to devote our goods recklessly, to forego opportunities of gain, to risk our

very lives. For one divine instant we sound the note of charity; the music of Christ's love re-echoes in our souls as the Chicago dead are cared for and the *Slocum* victims are carried by. It is good for us thus to be moved, even though at such dreadful cost. It tells us what we could be, what we ought to be. It will remain a help to us all our lives, even though, after a day or two, the lesson seems to be forgotten. We shall do well to recall it, to multiply the moments which make us feel as we felt then, to extend something of the same spirit into the smaller and more frequent events of life; for just as truly as a surrender to our brutal instincts is a checking of Christianity's progress, so surely, to be pitiful, sympathetic, kindly, is to bring the spirit of Christ among men, and to strengthen his presence in souls. To turn away from an inviting opportunity for evil-doing, to relinquish the chance of sinful pleasure, to resist a seductive temptation, though with a pain at the heart and a groan on the lips; and to do all this because we are unwilling to hurt neighbor, race, enemy, any fellow-creature, born or unborn—this is to become for the moment, and in some little measure, like unto Christ's ideal of a man.

Yes; the love of mankind is a preparation, a necessary preparation for Christianity. It is a sentiment which measures by its development all growth of the soul; which, in its increasing purity, reveals every advance from the selfish passion of youth to the matchless sacrifice of a mother's love; which registered the progress of the Israelites from the beginning to the end of sacred history; which has marked all the stages of man's evolution from sin to sanctity, from savagery to civilization. It is a sentiment which must, at least in some degree, always be present in order that a soul may obtain even the first weak grasp of Christianity; and must grow strong and deep before any real and hearty assimilation of Christ's spirit can take place.

What would the prevalence of such love among us not imply! At its coming dishonesty and corruption would disappear, and unjust trials and unfair legislation as well; the systematic and legal oppression of the poor would cease,—so too, the crime of the betrayer who purchases a moment's pleasure at the cost of another's soul, and the selfishness that degrades marriage into a mere means of sensual satisfaction. At

its coming would flower forth the spirit which calls it wicked to save one's self at the cost of another, which lays upon the best and noblest as a supreme duty the obligation to throw away life for the sake of the meanest and weakest of his brethren; the spirit, so essentially Christian, which has kept pace with the progress of Christianity, grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, and made the final measure of a nation's advance from barbarism, its loyalty to the law which dictates that women and children must be looked after first in the fire or the shipwreck, and placed in safety before the great ones, most valuable to humanity, dare even think of saving themselves.

We may not say that the study of the spirit of Christ will at once render us able to pursue all these ideals faithfully and successfully, nor may we say that any one of us alone can do much toward making them prevail; but this is true, that only in proportion as men aim at and earnestly strive after these ideals can they hope to be fashioned into the image of God and recognized by Christ as the children of his inspiration.

But all this will interfere with our comfort, says some one. Why of course it will interfere—undoubtedly and most decidedly. And therefore Christ gave us not only an example of service, but a lesson in renunciation. He taught us that the Christian ideal can be attempted only by those who are willing to deny themselves; he made us understand that Christianity can easily be shaken out of souls which have not been made firm by pain, and tempered like fine steel in the furnace of renunciation. To do all Christ bids us do, we must be as children, indeed, but we must have more than the strength of children; for to be a Christian is a great life-work, no mere child's play. It is a crown we must win by effort, a pearl for which we must pay a great price. Much physical comfort must be surrendered by him who is striving for an ideal which is divine. Renunciation is foremost in the scheme of salvation proposed by Christ and shown in his life for our imitation. We should never forget the disappointment and failure of the materialistic Jews, brought face to face with our Lord, but having nothing in their selfish souls wherewith to lay hold of the treasure he proffered them. The same opportunity, the same danger, the same issue, is always ours. We can have Mammon if we wish—that is many of us can, and

for a time at least—but we cannot have God and Mammon. The bread of angels will not be savory to him who has been feeding on the husks of swine.

Every great institution, every nation, has its symbol: England, its Lion and Unicorn; Russia, its Great Bear; France, its Fair Lilies; the United States, its Soaring Bird of Freedom. The symbol of Christianity has ever been the Cross. Oh! it is no longer a sign of shame to be hidden and concealed. In the life of every day it meets us again and again; it jingles at the wrist of fashion; it dangles from the golden watch-chain of wealth; it hangs upon the bosom of light-hearted beauty; it stands clear-cut against the sky as it crowns the spire under which people meet to kneel and pray. But unless it be branded into the mind and seared into the individual heart, then has the soul not yet begun to be Christian.

We must remember this as we seek to prepare ourselves for growth in the knowledge of Christ, and increase in the love of him; as we pray for the grace to assimilate his spirit and to imitate his conduct. The true symbol of Christianity is the Cross. And the figure that hangs upon it, naked and suffering for the sins of others, is the Son of Man, God's Ideal of a man.

AT EASTERTIDE.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

O Thou who hast arisen now, with bloom and blade and leaf,
Thou who hast conquered Sin itself, shattered the gates of Grief,
Show me the way this Easter day to scourge mine unbelief!

Thou who has risen, calm and glad, from Death's tumultuous night,
Thou who hast triumphed over pain and made us see the light,
Let me this morn, unbruised, untorn, rise, sinless, Lord, and white!

Give me the faith of little flowers that rise amid the Spring,
Breathing the larger life and hope, silent, unquestioning;
Unloose my bars that toward Thy stars my heart, Lord, may take wing!

Thou who hast made the road to Death a way to peace and life,
The midnight an illumined joy with stars and beauty rife,
Take Thou my hand; I understand no more of fear and strife!

PRINCIPLES IN SOCIAL REFORM.

IV.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT is not to be supposed that the cause of reform enjoys universal sympathy. Many imprudent reforms will, it is true, be attempted, and many shortsighted, impulsive men will engage in reform work. But when we have eliminated these, we find still that useful, sensible reform work, undertaken in the name of the people and inspired by love of them, will meet opposition which may at times hinder it from successful issue. Hence it is well that the reformer look carefully into obstacles and resources before undertaking any work; that he adapt, for the time, the end sought to the means at command, that he plan his campaign in a way to aim at only such results as his resources promise.

The reformer is not much gifted with the talent of seeing and measuring adverse facts. He is impulsive, and very often not a trained and successful business man. Hence he may lack sense for organization and patience for detail, while both gifts are essential to any successful social leadership. We are so often sadly reminded of our divine Savior's question, when we study the history of reform effort. "For which of you, having a mind to build a tower, doth not first sit down and reckon the charges that are necessary, whether he have wherewithal to finish it; lest after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that see it begin to mock him saying: this man began to build and was not able to finish." Unfortunately, many who have welcomed failure in reform, by not reckoning the charges, have invited the ridicule that is dealt out with such depressing effect to the average reformer. The clear-seeing eye of the organizer, and the practical sense of the business man who understands human nature, are necessary in any reform work, as may be seen from even a superficial glance at the situation.

1. In undertaking any reform, one should compute in advance the resistance which one may meet.

Social laws are real laws. Bigotry, indifference, and prejudice are as real obstacles to a movement for reform, as a great rock on the track is to a railroad train, or a bolt is to one wishing to open a door. Just as the rock must be removed, or the bolt drawn, so ignorance or prejudice must be undermined or overridden, as circumstances demand, if one would accomplish a work against which they militate. To ignore these is a blunder, to underrate them is fatal. Hence the reformer should understand that social obstacles must be dealt with systematically, and he must recognize their laws without question or self-deception, if he would succeed. Some phases of the resistance to be expected are suggested here.

(a) Resistance will be met in the mere inertia of fact.

We find a clique in control of a city, saloons supreme in a town, unsanitary homes, sweatshops, carelessness of representatives and officers, and many similar conditions. Conditions are adjusted to them and the people are accustomed to them. They may be wrong and bad, it is true, but, one will say, they are there, why not let them alone? One would rather tolerate these conditions than take the endless trouble of appealing, organizing, reforming. No individual feels that he in particular suffers much; it is easier for him to let things go as they are than to take part in a movement. Thus, we find widespread indifference, which dulls ears to all appeals and deprives the good cause of the support of which it has such need. We find a similar condition in the problem of personal morality. Many men will allege, as a reason for not reforming here and now, the fact that they are doing wrong, and, while they much prefer correct life, still the effort to get into correct ways is distasteful, and they remain as they are. When a community knows the evils from which it suffers, and yields to the inertia which the condition causes, it will be slow to arise in its might and inaugurate reforms.

(b) Resistance will be met from those whose interests are attacked by the reform.

When we attack the sweatshop, we may expect antagonism from the sweater who profits by the oppression and degradation that we seek to terminate. The dealers who sell the sweatshop garment, the property owners who derive income

from the business, possibly the banks with whom all of these deal, have an interest, and may be led to oppose the intended reform. When we undertake to suppress saloons, the brewers, distillers, property owners, bankers with whom these do business, newspapers in which they advertise or hold stock, lawyers who are retained by them, are aroused. Money, legal talent, careful organization make it possible to develop a system of opposition that is much more powerful than one would imagine, and more threatening than the reformer would suspect. This aggressive opposition can easily hinder public opinion from coming to expression; it can threaten, bribe, boycott, and punish in a way to hinder almost any reform. The same may be observed in any movement which affects the material interests of any class in a community. When the reformer studies carefully, and measures accurately, the resistance he may meet, he necessarily becomes cautious. He need not withhold all activity in the face of strong opposition, but he must adapt his activity to the situation, and work to head off quietly and effectively the main forces of resistance before undertaking battle. The wisest course may be in patience, in a quiet educational propaganda, in awakening the religious leaders of a city to their real duty. One need not give up all struggle, one need only organize, plan, and learn. Such work and such wisdom, too seldom found among even the noblest reform leaders, promise as much success as one can reasonably hope for in any given time.

The rôle that lawyers play in enabling business interests to fight reform legislation, and the power against frank respect for law found in their manner of dealing with law, should not be overlooked in following out this thought. The following from *Collier's* (March 11, 1905,) is to the point:

> Are lawyers more moral than business men; ordinary men of affairs than trust magnates; journalists than politicians; and so on through the grades and divisions of society? Such questions arise constantly in discussion. Formerly the politicians were blamed exclusively for much bad legislation that is now charged in part to the business men who influence legislation. The rôle taken by the ablest lawyers in making legislation ineffective is being more vividly expounded than it ever has been before. Our laws—to take an example—forbid rebates and all kinds of discrim-

ination between shippers. The railway men in general admit the desirability of such law. Yet they, and the shippers, and the attorneys for both, devote themselves to discovering devices for outwitting the law. There is no moral standard which restrains either lawyers or business men from any secret practice intended to help them escape from laws the passage of which they favor. The public faces the necessity of contriving laws so drawn that the very ablest minds in the country can invent no trickery to beat them, but probably public opinion on such matters is being educated by all the experiments now being made. The struggle for money is losing something relatively, and moral standards slowly make a corresponding gain.

(c) Resistance will be met from the very victims whom one seeks to serve.

The laborer who does not believe in the Union is its worst enemy, and yet the Union has undeniably accomplished great results for the laborer. Those who live in unsanitary homes, surrounded by uncleanness, foul air, disease, and vice, tend to lose the very impulse of discontent which might aid the reform of such conditions. Tenants have been known to be indignant when forced from unsanitary to sanitary dwellings. In Belgium this indifference of victims is overcome by a society under the patronage of the King, which distributes annually, among workingmen's families, prizes for cleanliness, good order, and judicious use of income. Many men, if not the majority, prefer to be comfortable, and when they are adjusted to even bad surroundings, they tend to look upon the situation with indifference. If the victims in any social situation kept themselves blameless, and eagerly co-operated with those who wish to aid them, success would meet the efforts. But when one is compelled to threaten arrest or resort to violence in order to force suffering men and women to love what is noble and just and clean, and to demand it, the tragedy of reform becomes half comedy. In the whole problems or series of problems which confronts modern society, this is perhaps the most disheartening feature; the tendency of the victim to lose his higher sense and nobler aspiration; his inclination to lose his dislike of the situation in which he may be placed, the danger of indifference and then of even attachment to his degradation or deprivation, and finally, the possibility of total

loss of desire for better, loss of all sense of contrast between what he is, what he might be, and what others are. When this stage is reached, one is beyond the reach of social reform, if not beyond the reach of the grace of God.

The social danger of this tendency is not rightly measured. When any slave begins to love his chains, he will never fight for emancipation. When society is producing classes of men and women and children, whose condition presents grave social, moral, and spiritual problems, delay to improve them gives opportunity to the victims to grow contented with degradation or wrong doing, and to lose all sense of contrast. Every day that reform is delayed but adds to the difficulty of the work because of this tendency.

(d) Resistance may be met from interests and individuals which professedly stand for law and order.

If reform activity, zeal in purifying city life, tend to give to a city undesirable notoriety, and make it known generally that taxes are high, values are unstable, capital is apt to become timid. Industries may be driven from the city, and industries that might have come in may be frightened away. When this happens, business interests are apt to fall out with reform movements, and may even try to suppress them. Recent periodical literature, devoted to an exposition of the evils of city government, contain illustrations of this paradox. Scarcely a reform is undertaken against which some determined opposition from any one of many sources does not develop. One political party may not wish to see another inaugurate a successful reform; one church may be reluctant to give the quiet aid which would enable another to effect some reform to which it is pledged. There are many strong and good men and organizations which withhold aid and sympathy from reform work, simply because all such work seems hopeless. They see the problems, understand their gravity, but the impression which they receive is that of helplessness, not that of strength. They do not advocate reforms, do not support them when attempted, do not even encourage others to undertake them.

Any one who is at all acquainted with the large class of quiet, noble men and women to be found everywhere, who look for reform, hope for it, and pray for it, will surely be struck by the sense of helplessness found among them. Their

thoughts and aims are noble and true, yet they are prevented by practical insight from complete abandon to the despair which hovers around them. But they talk helplessness and feel it, and thereby show us, by inference, what great strength reform might win could the prospect of success but be held out.

It should not be forgotten that reform is sometimes unfortunate in its representatives, and that opposition to reformers is not necessarily opposition to reform. It has been said that socialism would be most welcome, except for the socialists. Similarly we find at times that reform would be welcome, except for the reformer. The lawyer, the banker, the business man generally will show, in all important transactions, foresight and accurate appreciation of means at command. Such men mistrust impulse, rarely mistake enthusiasm for judgment, await results patiently, and govern themselves by practical sense. While they may themselves meet disaster in personal affairs, they will judge others by these traits. And when, as is often the case, they find in the reformer bounding impulses corrected by no practical experience, and judgment tested by no complex problems, they are inclined to withhold the sympathy and support that might otherwise be given.

2. One should ascertain, in advance, the resources at one's command when undertaking a reform.

The thoughts here suggested are implied largely in the preceding. Not all well-minded persons, not all the moral and spiritual forces of a community, may be counted on for active support of a reform movement. It needs ability, organization, plan, money; it must educate and, if necessary, fight. Some men will give money, but not personal attention; some will lend the influence of their names, and others refuse it, through fear of injuring business. The organizing and directing of the movement is a question of business arithmetic which the leader should work out before attempting anything.

Those who read the newspapers and periodicals with any care, are familiar with the history of reform work and with the facts of life which reform aims to modify. It is gratifying to note that periodical literature and newspapers give unlimited space to news of this kind, and that the readers eagerly look for it. It is a misfortune that the people at large

have not yet acquired the habit of *interpreting* the social facts about them. Radical movements, such as socialism, are built upon interpretations of these facts. While the socialist can tell us in a moment the meaning, to his mind, of our corrupt politics, tenements, sweatshops, social immorality, and like problems, we stop with the knowledge of the fact and fail to interpret it by linking it in its relations to past and to present.

The habit of interpreting social facts, of discovering their meaning and relation to progress, will come only from judicious training. Hence, while the thought is not closely related to these papers, which have a practical aim, it may not be out of place to refer to it. A generation can solve the problems of the following generation more easily than it can solve its own. Attempts to remedy present problems will result to some extent in makeshifts. But wise foresight, careful calculation of the trend of things, will enable a generation to secure to its successor the advantages of preparation for problems to come. If this be true, education assumes at once a commanding rôle. It and religion have a specific social duty to the future. Our best wisdom, our holiest influences, our dearest treasures should be concentrated in the schoolroom, and our noblest characters, conscious of a splendid mission, should there mould hearts and minds to meet the duties of life with wisdom and strength. If Church and School and State commence to-day the solution of to-morrow's problems, we can tolerate the evils which we now see, in the hope that they at least who follow us may see goodness universal, social service a respected law, and brotherhood a fact.

A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

III.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

MY DEAR SIR:

The argument against the Bible, drawn from the existence of irreconcilable passages in the text itself, is not a new one. It had been raised before the time of St. Justin Martyr, who in treating of it wrote: "I will never dare to think or say that the Scriptures contradict themselves; but if any place in Scripture seems to be of this kind, and wears such an appearance, I, persuaded that no part of Scripture can contradict any other part, shall rather declare that I do not understand." Ever since, theologians and scripturists have followed in St. Justin's footsteps; and by recurring to some sound general principles, or, in the case of some particular puzzles, to various less satisfactory resources, they very rarely found themselves reduced to his final alternative.

The first and most inclusive fact that we may invoke is that there is no existing text which we can be sure is absolutely conformable to the original as it left the hand of the inspired author. Innumerable transcriptions intervene between us and him. Again, we depend, to a great extent, on translations. Hence many of the apparent contradictions may be the result of carelessness or ignorance on the part of the transcribers, or of inaccurate work done by translators. Such mistakes may have easily occurred, and, doubtless, did occur, especially in the case of numbers, dates, and proper names, precisely the subjects which provide most of the difficulties. The Scriptures as they exist to day,* "Have behind them a long history, and have undergone many vicissitudes. Faults of careless copyists, faults of unskilful correctors, involuntary errors, and voluntary ones, too; I know that all this sort of thing exists in the Sacred Books; I know that these variations multiply, the further we get from the originals, and that God has not intervened miraculously to prevent natural causes from introducing corruptions into the text, provided that religious

* *La Bible et l'Histoire*, p. 60,

truth is not endangered." When the Church answers for the substantial accuracy of the Vulgate, she does not assert that it is absolutely exact in every detail. This plea alone bars out many of the objections.

But others remain. The older exegetes disposed of all, by hook or by crook. But their successors, who have to deal with a well-informed, critical age, admit that many of the solutions are merely verbal, and that after all legitimate deductions are made for errors of transcribers and copyists, when all is said and done, in many cases text stands in conflict with text, and narrative clashes with narrative.

Facing the situation boldly and straightforwardly, our present scholars, as strongly convinced as were their ancestors that the Bible is inspired and, therefore, the word of God, but convinced, also, that to meet the opponents of the Bible with ineffectual denials, gratuitous assumptions, or disingenuous evasions, is ruinous to the cause of truth, have sought and found a more excellent way. As we have seen, the scientific notions reflected in the Bible cannot be reconciled with the acknowledged science of our day, nevertheless the Bible is to be held free from error, because the erroneous notions are not affirmed or taught by the sacred writer. In like manner, when approaching the places that seem to offer grounds for the charge of self-contradiction against the Scriptures, we must distinguish between what is merely related, recited, quoted, and what is categorically affirmed by the writer. We must examine whether the author is merely drawing from some document, the veracity of which he does not guarantee, or is, on the contrary, making a statement for which he assumes full responsibility.* "The historian," observes Father Prat, "does not always speak in his own name; he often relates the opinions or the sayings of others. His rôle is then confined to being a faithful reporter, and, while he is always bound to be truthful, it is not necessary that all the things related by him be true. To impute to him the errors in some false statement, which he is merely reciting on the responsibility of another person, is to ignore the laws of history, and the nature of the human mind." An instance which just occurs to me will help to bring out the idea. The other day I picked up an old book of sermons, in which texts of Scripture

* *Ib.*, p. 40.

are extensively employed with good effect. In one place the preacher says: My brethren, the Holy Ghost tells us that "*The congregation of the hypocrite is barren, and fire shall devour their tabernacles, who love to take bribes*" (Job. xv. 34). Now the ethical import of this declaration is unexceptionable; the threat it carries has, sometimes, been made good. But the Holy Ghost, or the inspired writer, does not assert it. He merely states that it was part of the equivocal consolation administered to Job by his friend Eliphaz the Themanite. Now, this preacher's method of handling this text is only a little less critical than that of many assailants of the Bible, and, if the truth is to be told, of just as many defenders. Two incompatible texts are put side by side. Behold, says the rationalist, the Book of God asserting two contradictories. No, no; replies the orthodox opponent, these statements are not contradictories —and he talks of errors of copyists and mystic meanings, falls back upon a *maybe*, or, if driven to desperation, with a fine disregard for the meaning of words, he will, to borrow the example used by Cardinal Newman, prove to you that one blind man is two blind men, and coming out of Jericho is the same as going into Jericho. Neither party to the quarrel thinks of asking whether the inspired writer makes himself responsible for the conflicting statements; and the rationalist has the best of the argument.* "The historian," says Father Prat, "makes a narrative his own only when he approves it expressly, or implicitly. When he does not thus pledge himself, the words recited may be true, they may be false; and this is for the reader to decide according to the ordinary laws of historical criticism; for 'while it is true that they were said, it is not sure that they are true.' The expression is from St. Augustine."

The principle, therefore, is old enough, in itself, but it never before received the wide application that is made of it by the new exegesis, for it is now extended to cover not only the passages and narratives which the writer explicitly declares to be citations or compilations, but many others, where no source is mentioned. An instance of each kind from Father Prat will suffice to set forth the positions of the new and of the old school, with their respective values. "An enormous amount of erudition has been spent in solving the antilogies

* *Ib.*, p. 42.

of the Book of Machabees. The intention was good, the task praiseworthy, but it might have been simplified by neglecting the objections, which fall of themselves. Is the eulogy passed on the Romans excessive, is the capture of Antiochus—entirely unknown to profane historians—controverted? Perhaps. But how will you prove that all this was not *told* to Judas Machabeus? The reputed victory of six thousand Jews over one hundred thousand Galatians appears to you incredible. Very good; but the account of this feat is found in a discourse of the commander-in-chief who speaks on hearsay, or, perhaps, with a note of exaggeration. The story about the ark and the sacred fire preserved by Jeremias smacks, we are told, of the legendary. That is of no importance. The inspired author is not responsible for it. He confines himself to transcribing a letter addressed to the Egyptian Jews by their Palestinian brethren referring to some writing—authentic, or spurious, it matters not—of the prophet Jeremias." The contradictory stories concerning the death of Epiphanes, a difficulty that floored honest commentators of the old school, disappears with the same explanation. This is a case of explicit citation.

But there are irreconcilable texts, it can be urged, in many places, where there is no mention, by the writer, of any document or oral authority. The difficulties in your friend's list are of this kind—the contradictory accounts of the meeting of Saul and David, and conflicting dates in the Books of Kings and Paralipomenon. The list might be indefinitely increased. It is true that the authors do not declare, in so many words, that they are merely citing, but, the new school holds, there are *implicit citations*. That is to say that, though very often, owing to translations and obscurities of language, and, on our part, want of knowledge that was common property in the time of the sacred writer, the indications have become almost obliterated for us, there did exist for his contemporaries ample notice that, in the places providing our difficulties, the sacred author was not making statements on his own account, but merely repeating what somebody else had said or written. The name of Cainan in the patriarchal genealogy, as given by St. Luke, is not found in the corresponding list in Genesis.* "This has been," says Father Prat, "a veritable Chinese puzzle for the exegetes; they send the reader from Genesis to St.

*Ib., p. 54.

Luke, and from St. Luke to Genesis. If they touch the difficulty, it is often to tell us that they see no way out. And that is the last word of the honest Pereira on the subject." What is Father Prat's solution? Simply that St. Luke copies from the Septuagint without offering any guarantee for the accuracy of that translation of the original Hebrew. Implicit citations is the *open sesame*, which solves the problem of historical contradictions that refuse to be got rid of in any other way.

The new school then, as you are now able to see, can meet victoriously all the attacks made on the Bible in the name of science, history, or criticism. To accept it, however, is to admit that modern criticism, much of which has been the work of non-Catholics, and even of non-Christians, has made good a great many of its contentions against traditional interpretation. No wonder, then, that with the strong tendency to conservatism everywhere dominating our theology, many should eye the new leaders with suspicion, and consider their method a dangerous concession to the enemy, if not indeed an introduction of the fateful horse within the walls of Ilium. Hence the ideas of the school have been assailed with mutterings about "Protestant infiltrations"; "disguised rationalism"; and other cognate reproaches. So the leaders when presenting their methods are compelled frequently to speak in a key that suggests the surgeon urging that some proposed operation is safe; and warning the friends of the sick man who refuse their consent that unless decayed matter is removed the patient cannot regain his health. Father Lagrange reminds the ultra-conservative that when St. Thomas introduced Aristotelianism he, too, was accused of innovation and of bringing the wolf into the fold. The Archbishop of Paris solemnly condemned the innovator, and the Dominican habit worn by the Archbishop of Canterbury did not impede that prelate's arm when he, too, launched a bolt against his audacious Sicilian brother.

Replying to a scholastic theologian who attacked him, Father Prat defines the logical situation:* "Naturally he (the theologian) will not hear of implicit citations. If the word itself is offensive to him, I shall not obstinately stick to it. But he forgets to tell us what he is to substitute for the thing, and, notwithstanding the repugnance he would feel in facing the real facts of the case, the reader expected him to do so. It is

* *Ib.*, p. 40.

not a matter for spinning phrases, for shifty tricks and shuffling, if there are no explicit citations in the Bible, there are errors. Will the learned theologian accept this second alternative?" And the critics claim the right to take into their hands the delicate and momentous task of determining, except in any case where the Church herself may have settled the question, when implicit citations are present:* "These questions belong less to the theologian and the exegete than to the critics and the philosophers, for they concern the rules of literary form and the general laws of discourse. When the critics and the philosophers will have pronounced their verdict, there will be nothing for the theologians to do but acquiesce in the decision, unless they mean to deny the assertion of Leo XIII. that the Scriptures address men in a human language."†

When discussing the legendary character of some parts of the Pentateuch, Father Lagrange, as I told you, states that the history of the fall is to be distinguished from the other histories and considered on a different plane. I need hardly tell you the reason of this discrimination. When the critic turns to this subject, he is in presence of a dogma of the Church. Such topics as Lot's wife and the Dead Sea marvels do not directly involve any dogmatic doctrine. Provided that the critic safeguards the doctrine of inspiration, he may, shod in his historical and linguistic learning, run over the whole of this field, *inoffenso pede*, in full liberty. But when he approaches the fall, from the burning bush comes the supernal voice bidding him put off the shoes from his feet, for the ground on which he treads is holy. Faithful to his duty and his professions, Father Lagrange remembers that where dogma is concerned the critic and the exegete must, before everything else, consult the Church's teaching and be guided by it. This is the specific difference, the fixed, ineradicable characteristic, which profoundly differentiates Catholic from rationalistic criticism, however frequently a careless or defective eye may fail to perceive it. So, Father Lagrange declares that he places by itself the history of original sin.‡ "Not," he adds,

* *Ib.*, p. 56.

† An able article in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, for January, from the pen of Professor Poels, a member of the Biblical Commission, advocating the views of Father Lagrange's school, concludes with the following words: "To weight Christianity with a view of biblical history which, when confronted with the facts, is at once seen to be refuted by them, is a responsibility which no Catholic would take upon himself if he realized it."

‡ *La Methode Historique*, p. 217.

"that I desire to affirm that all the circumstances of the account are historic." For his opinion on this point he refers his reader to his article in the *Revue Biblique* (1897, p. 341). As he had, in the course of his exposition, shown purely oral tradition to have very limited powers for preserving, without distortion, through a long period of time, the memory of a fact, he warns his readers not therefore rashly to conclude that, in the present matter, he denies the power of tradition to have preserved the essential fact, for he believes it quite possible that tradition may have preserved the memory of a fall for thousands of years. "But," he proceeds,* "if we suppose, for argument's sake, *dato*, non *concesso*, that such a transmission was impossible, we have then to see whether original sin, which eludes any proof by history, is, or is not, part of revelation. It is part of revelation; this is certain. We must therefore conclude that it has been revealed." And he explicitly formulates his position: "I believe, then, in original sin, because of the declaration of the Church, I believe in it, according to the sense in which she understands it; but, this dogmatic point placed on one side and established on the immovable rock of revelation, there is no difficulty in the way of assigning to primitive history its proper character, although this was not understood by the ancients."

Thus, while ready to appreciate the fruits of sound criticism, where criticism has a legitimate field, and looking to the infallible Church for direction in all that appertains to the unity of faith, our critics use the liberty which the Church accords, and, through the mouth of Leo XIII., exhorts them to exercise. They exercise it not in a spirit of wantonness, but with a sobriety befitting the sacred interests engaged, which they believe are to be best protected, to-day, by the withdrawal from circulation of a quantity of opinions that, after having long been accepted as legal tender, are now seriously depreciated. Who doubts that the process will but enhance the Church's own sterling gold, and place her credit beyond suspicion? If drafts drawn upon her have been dishonored, it can be shown that she never endorsed them.

I have dwelt on this matter in order to show you how misleading is the charge made by your friend, Professor M——, who, indeed, only repeats the words of countless others, "that the Church, from Galileo's time, has committed herself, all along

* *Ib.*, pp. 218, 219.

the line, to the veracity of the Bible as science and history." No infallible authority was compromised, we maintain, when the Inquisition declared that the theory of the earth's diurnal motion was heretical. No infallible voice ever confirmed the views of theologians, scripturists, prelates, or congregations, who taught that the Bible, from Genesis to Machabees is strictly historical, wherever it wears the appearance of history. To the instructed Catholic nowhere is there clearer evidence of the divine providence that watches over the Church than in the history of theology and biblical interpretation. When we observe that the entire world for hundreds of years accepted without a suspicion of the truth the ancient notions about the universe, and that they were woven, at a thousand points, into the network of theology; that, more than once, powerful interests strove for dogmatic confirmation of opinions that are now undermined; that councils and popes, in circumstances where the infallible prerogative was not in play, lent their names to views that have not stood the test of time; and yet, after all this age-long "clash of Yea and Nay," occurring often in an atmosphere charged with the fiercest domestic *odium theologicum*, the Church can still, with serene confidence, say to scientist and historian and critic: Which of you can convict *me* of error? When we remember all this we see the fulfilment of the unfailing promise.

Where, however, the Church has guarded silence theologians have often spoken in peremptory tones; only to provide, in the long run, demonstration that if the Church is infallible, men are not, however zealous and learned. The world at large, not having the knowledge necessary to distinguish between the infallible and the non-infallible magisterium, usually takes for granted that whatever is taught in the Church is taught authoritatively by the Church. Strangers learn, from oral exposition, or through books and publications, carrying more or less official approbation, that something or other is supposed to be Catholic doctrine. They may have had occasion to observe that some Catholic, who has ventured to controvert the point, is summarily dealt with by his superior. They understand how thorough is the organization of the Church, how great the vigilance exercised over doctrine; and they assume that the teaching in question carries the full sanction of the highest authority. All the while it may be but an opinion. It finally turns out to be incorrect, and the Church

is made to bear the obloquy. The business of showing that the Church had never sanctioned it is turned over to the next generation of apologists. Meanwhile, however, another telling fact is furnished to counsel for the prosecution in the case of SCIENCE *versus* CATHOLICISM. I shall show you easily that although sometimes attended by these disadvantages, the conservative spirit of theology, speaking generally, has been, not alone useful, but absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, however, we might with profit compare the past and present of some historically important opinion which exemplifies the process that has supplied our assailants with specious arguments against the Church. Let us take the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Bible. We shall not go back to the days when criticism was in its cradle, when Bossuet, *l'aigle de Meaux*, swooped down upon old Richard Simon and tore him to pieces for daring to publish a "mass of impieties," one of which was the opinion that Moses was not the sole and exclusive author of the Pentateuch. By the year 1885 criticism had asserted itself. Through a long series of battles with science, over such questions as the formation of the earth, the age of man, and the universality of the deluge, theologians had learned, again and again, that "to fight involves the risk of being beaten"—the expression is from Father Clarke, S.J., In that year, when Gladstone, in the name of orthodox Protestantism, was making a final and ineffectual stand, in England, for the scientific accuracy of Genesis, there appeared in France an elaborate defense of the Bible. The author, a learned member of an order devoted to the education of the clergy, professed to meet the critics of the Bible on their own ground. In the first volume of his work he announced that he would foil rationalism with its own weapons; he would, if the expression is not beneath the dignity of the subject, keep strictly to the rules of the game.* "Betaking ourselves," so ran his challenge, "to the field of battle, we shall close with our adversaries, employing the same arms as they use to attack us. They appeal to criticism, to archæology, to history; we do the same. Our rule shall be to follow the most rigorously scientific method. We shall not invoke the authority of the Church, since we have to do with those who deny it. We shall study the text itself with all the resources that are at our

* *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste.* Par F. Vigouroux. Tome I., p. 57 (Ed. 1890).

disposal, and we shall prove that, in spite of difficulties and obscurities, which are sometimes insoluble, from causes which we have indicated above, there is not a single objection solidly established against the Bible and capable of casting doubt on its divine origin." The work was hailed with joy. The author was thanked for having so victoriously accomplished the task he had undertaken. The bishop who gave the necessary *imprimatur* declared that it demonstrated how every new discovery but bore fresh testimony to the veracity of everything related by the sacred authors. Furthermore, he affirmed that the work, "sérieuse et harmonique avec les vraies données de la science," reduced the whole vain structure of criticism, English, German, and French, to a heap of ruins. The highest honors had frequently been conferred for apologetic services much less esteemed. But the rules of his congregation—in harmony with his own character—forbade any of its members to accept ecclesiastical dignities. He acquired, however, a prestige and an academic authority which has imposed the necessity of exercising extreme prudence and circumspection on later writers who do not see eye to eye with him in many problems.

Now, the very first thesis that the author undertakes to establish is that, with the exception of the account of the patriarch's own funeral, and a very few other absolutely insignificant trifles, Moses wrote the Pentateuch, "dans sa substance et dans sa totalité." Then the two hundred odd pages which contain the proof are ushered in with the strongest assurance that the question is a capital one: "The Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch is the foundation on which stands the whole biblical edifice, and, consequently, the Jewish and the Christian religion." To give it up, the author says in an amplified way, would be to abandon the entire reasonable basis of our faith at the bidding of rationalism. Christian tradition, so runs the proof, all the Fathers and all the doctors, all Catholic commentators in all ages, the Council of Trent, the Church, and our Lord himself, all testify in unmistakable terms that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch." The work passed as a satisfactory, accurate exposition of Catholic teaching; for nobody rose then to protest that the question of the Mosaic authorship is of no such vital importance to Christianity; a non-Catholic consulting it would assume that in it he had the teaching of the Church; and if he should afterwards find

that belief in the Mosaic authorship was given up by Catholics, he would note the fact as another instance of variation on the part of the Church. It has been given up; for it was a mere exegetical opinion. The composite authorship of the Pentateuch is now looked upon by our scholars as established beyond dispute. In 1900 Father von Hummelauer declared, before a Catholic congress, that even some parts of Deuteronomy were written by the prophet Samuel, that is to say, three hundred years after the death of Moses. The exclusively Mosaic authorship is an opinion that has gone to join St. Augustine's belief about the incorruptibility of the peacock's flesh. Yet the vigilant eye of the High Priest detects no rent in the veil of the Temple; no Jeremias announces that the stones of the sanctuary are scattered at the head of every street. Nevertheless, out of the incident a Draper or a White will manufacture another empty charge against the unchanging Church.

Somebody, commenting on the views presented to the Catholic Congress at Munich by our leaders concerning the composite authorship of Deuteronomy, remarked that, if one wished to take the affair *au tragique*, one might make over it a fine apostrophe to Bossuet, the gendarme of tradition. Who, however, shall say that there is not a tragic side to the drama? Literature holds few deeper tragedies than the pages in which Renan relates the loss of his faith—a tragedy not merely of an individual soul, but of countless others who have been inoculated with the virus of unbelief by the arch-rationalist. He has told the world that he lost his faith in the Church because his philological studies led him to conclusions at variance with the opinions held by his teachers upon many biblical points: "It is no longer possible," he said, "to maintain that the second part of Isaias is really of Isaias. The book of Daniel, which orthodoxy refers to the time of the Captivity, was composed in 169, or 170, B. C. The Book of Judith is a historical impossibility. The assignment of the Pentateuch to Moses cannot be sustained. And to deny that several parts of Genesis resemble myths is to commit one's self to taking as rigorously historical the accounts of the terrestrial paradise, the forbidden fruit, and the Ark of Noah." "Now," he goes on, "no one is a Catholic who departs, on even one of these points, from the traditional thesis." How far the man was responsible for this erroneous reasoning, and for the fatal step

which, he says, resulted from it, is not a question for human judges to decide. One thing is certain. If his studies proved to him clearly and convincingly that some theological or exegetical interpretation was erroneous, he ought to have concluded, not that the Church was teaching error, but that the incriminated opinion was a merely human one, for which the Church had never made herself responsible, and that, in due time, the error would be relegated to its proper place. In fact, to-day, understanding the term "resemble myths" in Father Lagrange's sense, there is not one point in the catalogue of instances above mentioned on which sound Catholic exegetes do not accept the view which Renan imagined to be incompatible with orthodoxy.*

The Scriptural interpretations of any particular time resemble theology, which, as the late Father Hogan wrote, "comprises a great variety of elements of very unequal value —dogmas of faith, current doctrines, opinions freely debated, theories, inferences, conjectures, proofs of all degrees of cogency, from scientific demonstration down to intimations of the feeblest kind." The work of sifting the chaff from the wheat, in this mass, is carried on incessantly, and with special vigor at present when new knowledge pours in on all sides. In the prosecution of this work the Catholic critic looks primarily to the Church for guidance. When he finds that some obsolete conviction of merely human origin is to be laid aside, instead of saying to the Church, as did Renan, you have misled me, his words are: They shall perish, but thou remainest; and all of them shall grow old like a garment; and as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art always the self-same, and thy years shall not fail.

We are now close upon the other point on which I promised you some remarks—the opposition of the Church to science. But they must be deferred till another occasion. Meanwhile Believe me,

Yours fraternally, —— ——

* The Benedictine scholar, Dom Hildebrand Höpfl, cites, with approval, from Father Christian Pesch, S.J., the following statement: "The question whether Judith and Esther are historical works, or merely didactic and prophetic writings in the semblance of history, is to be decided by the literary critic, and is not to be solved by any theory of inspiration." He says of Tobias, Judith, and Esther: "We should be inclined to regard them as history, out of reverence for tradition; but we should not hold out stubbornly against criticism if it proves that they are not real history."—*Das Büch der Bücher.* Freiburg im Breisgau, 1904, pp. 162, *ff.*

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

BY THE REVEREND THOMAS McMILLAN C.S.P.

AS a powerful advocate of Home Rule for Ireland, the Right Honorable John Morley, M. P., showed a commendable sense of justice, combined with an accurate knowledge relating to the welfare of the British Empire. For this reason it seems unfair to charge him with a desire to please his non-Conformist friends at any cost by a statement calculated to strengthen them in their unwise and unjust hostility to the law of England, which permits the recognition of Church Schools together with a proportionate share of the public funds. Such an accusation, however, may be fairly put forth in view of the report of his speech to his constituents after his return from America, published January 18, 1905, in the London *Times* as follows:

> Mr. Morley said there was no country where religion was more genuine or more earnest. The Common Schools of the United States were practically confined to secular instruction, yet nowhere in the world was religious knowledge more general.

This is a sweeping declaration for a man to make who knows fully the meaning of words, and is not a member of any Church. His previous studies at home and abroad have not been in the direction to qualify him for deciding on the requisite conditions to promote religious knowledge throughout the whole world. The facts of the case are against the statement made by the distinguished biographer of Mr. Gladstone; and his constituents, as honest men, should seek elsewhere more reliable information than was given to them by their representative in Parliament.

Some of the facts not discovered by Mr. Morley were stated by the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, January 29, 1905, who is a sturdy advocate of Protestant ascendancy, though quite willing to enroll Catholics among the supporters of his paper.

Evidently he had in mind abundant material based on present conditions when he wrote these words:

DECLINING FAITH, INCREASING CRIME.

Although the average of men behave better than they used to do, and although the average of right conduct makes the infraction thereof more noticeable and obnoxious, it is not to be denied that in this country, at least, the moralities are less strict than they were half a century ago. If it is objected that few of the many murders are committed by Americans, it is none the less true that a moral obtuseness is shown by Americans of a class that would once have committed suicide if discovered in the plots and rogueries which have been promulgated and shared by men of the highest financial standing. . . . We cannot close our eyes to those measures in the legislatures of the states, and even of the nation, which have for their object the personal enrichment of men who frame the bills. The revelations of moral rottenness that have been made in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia have been discouraging to preachers of the ascendant tendencies of democracy, and in our Senate seats have been notoriously bought, and held after their occupants have been repudiated by the entire body.

These manifestations have been attributed to the lax and partial enforcements of the law, but that merely shifts the blame from the wrongdoers to the bar, the judiciary, and the agencies for prosecution, reform, and punishment. The courts will be pure where the people are pure. It is the entire American people that is at fault. But it is observable that as crime has increased Church-going has decreased. This again may not instance the decay of faith, but only of discontent with Church methods, and of concessions to the world's lures that are cast out so freely on Sunday, but that in themselves imply nothing of the irreligious. It is to be feared, however, that religious faith has lost its hold on millions, and that among those millions are many who need the corrective of fear. . . .

It is hard to believe that men who sincerely believed in the felicity or the pains of a hereafter should go so low as men have done in finance, in politics, in business, for the gain of a few years. Men organize ship building trusts that are swindles, and not one of them is indicted or punished. Manufacturers of food products . . . injure the health

of the community without a seeming twinge of conscience. Men about to undertake a crime take expert legal advice in advance, and secure expensive counsel with the profits of their undertaking, and it is seldom that public opinion expresses contempt for them. Officials elected by the people prove false to their trusts, and it is impossible to bring them to trial. Graft is everywhere, and the dollar is above the Deity.

Hitherto the Churches have concerned themselves largely with matters of doctrine. . . . But now the Church confronts a real evil, and there is need of union to suppress it. Mere lack of faith does not concern the people of a free country, but crime does, whether it arises from this lack or otherwise. We want less killing, less stealing, less of Wall Street, less rowdyism and obscenity, less corruption in politics, less carelessness on moral questions in society. If ethics are a slow growth of the socialized state, their destruction is appallingly facile, and they must be reconstructed at a cost of centuries of effort, unless the moral effects of faith are restored to us. For that restoration the Churches of all faiths should work in harmony.

Similar declarations to the above have been published in previous years by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, whose editor holds a high position in the educational department of New York State. The most notable was on the occasion of an alarming exhibit of youthful depravity in a select residence district of Brooklyn, which provided the background for the following editorial:

Right and wrong in the affairs of conduct are not matters of instinct; they have to be learned, just as really in fact as history or handicrafts. Is this knowledge being imparted to our children in any efficient way and by any efficient teachers? Is the public school doing it? Is the Church doing it? Are fathers and mothers doing it? We are compelled to say No to all these queries. . . . The truth is, we are taking for granted a moral intelligence which does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there.

Our whole machinery of education, from the kindergarten up to the university, is perilously weak at this point. We have multitudes of youths and grown men and women who have no more intelligent sense of what is right and wrong than had so many Greeks of the time of Alcibiades. . . .

> The great Roman Catholic Church . . . is unquestionably right in the contention that the whole system as it now exists is morally a negation. . . .
>
> The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be sternly warned that if morality cannot be specifically taught in the public schools without admitting religious dogma, then religious dogma may have to be taught in them. For righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. And righteousness does not come by nature any more than reading or writing does. . . . We are within measurable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms and teach therewith whatsoever it lists.

The *Century* Magazine, November, 1903, published the article which contained these words:

> Indeed, the number of crimes committed by the highly educated is an alarming feature of the situation. The list of defaulting bookkeepers, bank-tellers, clerks, and college graduates constantly lengthens, reflecting a lurid light upon the theories of those who attempt to account for the origin of all sin, vice, and crime by ignorance.

Reasons for dissatisfaction with the results of the education of the negro were presented by Governor Candler, of Georgia, in his annual message. Strict justice demanding only that the negro shall have expended on his schools his own share of the taxes, the Governor attempts to show that philanthropy and interests of the State do not require greater expenditure. He says:

> If by education in the text-books taught in the schools crime was diminished, as many of us at one time hoped would be the case, there might be some reason for imposing even heavier taxes upon our people for the support of schools. But this is not true, for it is a startling fact, established by the experience of thirty years, that, while under our system of free schools illiteracy has rapidly decreased, especially among our colored population, crime has much more rapidly increased among them. . . . Ninety per cent of the crimes committed by negroes are committed by those who have had the opportunities of free schools, and only ten per cent by the ex-slaves, who are illiterate,

while ninety per cent of the property acquired by the race since emancipation is in the hands of the ex-slaves and not in the hands of those educated in the free schools.

Further testimony bearing on the point raised by Mr. Morley, on the relations between secular instruction and religious knowledge, is here given from very competent witnesses.

Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, Rector of Trinity Church, Trenton, New Jersey, December, 1902:

> Another point, which it seems to me calls for our admiration, is the supreme importance attributed by Roman Catholics to the religious education of their children. Viewing the matter from this standpoint, we must admit that they are justified in establishing their own schools, where their children may be taught the religion which they profess. The absolute necessity of inculcating the truths of religion while the child is yet in its most impressionable stage is one which is generally recognized by all parties. Bodies other than Roman Catholic attempt to do this in Sunday-School. Roman Catholics believe that such teaching of religion is not sufficient. They desire that religion shall enter into the daily life of their child, and that a knowledge of it shall go hand in hand with secular studies. Who shall say that they are wrong? Certainly the fact that they willingly bear the great expense of supporting their parish schools, when they might send their children without cost to the public schools, is the best evidence that they are animated by purely conscientious motives.

The Methodist writes editorially:

> In our judgment the denominational schools of the land, as compared with the purely secular or State schools, are on moral grounds incomparably the safer. Our State institutions, as a general thing, are the hotbeds of infidelity—not less than of vice. That unbelief should be fostered and fomented therein is not unnatural. We thoroughly believe that our Church should invest at least ten millions of dollars in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why? Because we belive this system is the AMERICAN ONE AND THE ONLY SAFE ONE.—*Literary Digest*, Vol. VII., No. 7.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association of Boston, November, 1896:

> The public school must do more than it has been doing

if it is to be a real educator of youth and an effective supporter of the State. It puts the pen of knowledge in the child's hand, but fails to open the treasures of wisdom to his heart and mind. Of what use is it to teach a child how to read, if he cares to read nothing but the sensational accounts of crime? These people who know how to read and write and cipher, and know little else,—these are the people who furnish fuel for A. P. A. fanaticism; who substitute theosophy for religion, passion for morality, impulse for reason, crazes and caprice for conscience and the Constitution.

From the *Educational Review*, February, 1898:

A little less than fifty per cent of all the children of our country frequent any Sunday-School. The meaning of these figures is simply overwhelming. More than one-half of the children of this land now receive no religious education. . . . Even this feature does not show all the truth. It seems to admit that those who attend Sunday-School are receiving proper religious instruction; but every one knows this cannot be granted.—*Dr. Levi Seeley, of the State Normal School, Trenton, N. J.*

Dr. Wallace Radcliffe (Presbyterian):

In our Church-life we recognize the Trinity: home, school, and Church, a triple cord not easily broken. The home is a school, the school is a home. It is an unintelligible Christianity which loses sight of this important factor (the school) in our Church. . . . It is something that your children go to school; it is more that they go to a school of your own religious belief. Therefore we summon you to bring up your children in your own faith. Let us establish schools . . . and teach our religious convictions.—*Washington, D. C., October 7, 1900.*

Rev. Dr. E. T. Wolf, Professor at Gettysburg Theological Seminary, before the Evangelical Alliance:

Moral training has, for the most part, been cast out of our public schools. Every faculty, except the highest and noblest, is exercised and invigorated; but the crowning faculty—that which is designed to animate and govern all others—is contemptuously ignored; and, unless its education can be secured, our young men and women will be graduated from our schools as moral imbeciles. This country is facing a grave social problem.—*The Philadelphia Press, December 4, 1901.*

Professor William James, of Harvard, received that university's degree of LL.D., and made a speech after the commencement dinner, which has attracted wide attention. The following passages have an especial interest for those who hold to Catholic educational ideals:

> The old notion that book-learning can be a panacea for the vices of society, lies pretty well shattered to-day. I say this in spite of certain utterances of the president of this university to the teachers last year. That sanguine-hearted man seemed then to think that if the schools would only do their duty better, social vice might cease. But vice will never cease. Every level of culture breeds its own peculiar brand of it, as sure as one soil breeds sugar cane and another soil breeds cranberries. If we were asked that disagreeable question: What are the bosom-vices of the level of culture which our land and day have preached? we should be forced, I think, to give the still more disagreeable answer, that they are swindling and adroitness, and the indulgence of swindling and adroitness and cant, and sympathy with cant—natural fruits of that extraordinary idealization of success in the mere outward sense of getting there, and getting there on as big a scale as we can, which characterizes our present generation. What was reason given to man for, some satirist has said, except to enable him to invent reasons for what he wants to do? We might say the same of education. We see college graduates on every side of every public question. Harvard men defend our treatment of our Filipino allies as a masterpiece of policy and duty. Harvard men, as journalists, pride themselves on producing copy for any side that may enlist them. There is not a public abuse for which some advocate may not be found.
>
> In the successful sense, then in the worldly sense, in the club sense, to be a college man, even a Harvard man, affords no sure guarantee for anything but a more educated cleverness in the service of popular idols and vulgar ends.

The influence of the Hebrew people in the secular school system of the United States has been very potent in certain places, and, owing to vigorous protests from their religious leaders, the selections for Bible reading are limited exclusively to the Old Testament. Non-Conformist advocates of the Bible, and the Bible only, in England and elsewhere, should consider

this important fact, that the children of Christians in many schools may never hear the words of Christ read aloud. From this source a more aggressive movement may be expected in the near future. According to information which has reached the editor of the *Ave Maria:*

> The school question may still be far from settlement; but interest in it is evidently becoming more intense, since Jews now array themselves against Protestants, and a Jewish editor is found to advocate some constitutional amendment for the preservation of our educational system against its Catholic and Protestant opponents.

The non-orthodox Jews, who see no reason why moral instruction should be given in American schools, are, naturally enough, opposed to any change in the existing system. That Catholics, besides educating their own children, should be taxed for the education of others, does not strike them as being in the least unjust. Their own religion is not much to them, but this does not at all lessen their antagonism to other religions.

A writer in the Chicago *Israelite*, of recent date, thus declares himself:

> The Roman Catholic Church is only fighting for the control of a portion of the money raised by taxation for school purposes; the Protestant bigots want the whole of it. The Catholic priests would be content to control the primary schools—or, rather, to give the children primary education in their own way; the Protestant pastors want to be in control of the whole educational system—primary, intermediate, and high schools, and the universities in addition. They will not accept defeat, and no sooner are Protestant religious exercises abolished in a school than they try to sneak them back under the guise of unsectarian hymns, prayers, etc. . . . It is the Protestant fanatics, with their sectarian hymns and prayers, which they insist upon children of other denominations listening to, who are a menace and a nuisance.

The editor of the *Israelite* writes very frankly in these words:

> A considerable number of Protestant Christian representative bodies have apparently come to the conclusion that their Catholic brethren arrived at some time ago—*i. e.*, that, unless they can control the primary education of the children,

they will not be able to keep up their Church membership; and are therefore seeking to reintroduce religious worship, Bible reading, singing of sectarian songs, and repeating of sectarian prayers in the public schools. In this they are less honest than the Catholics, who admit that it would be wrong to force the children of adherents of one faith to receive instruction in another, and therefore boldly and openly ask for a division of the school fund among the various sects. These Protestant bodies, who are clamoring against the godless schools, are not half so decent. They are opposed to any division of the public school fund, but they want the whole of it used for their exclusive interest, for the ultimate increase of the membership of their Churches.

The *Educational Review* for February, 1905, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, contains a notable article by the Rev. James Conway, S.J., in which it is estimated that, out of the seventy-five or eighty millions who inhabit the United States, not more than twenty-three millions profess any definite form of Christianity; and of these a considerable number are unbaptized. If the number of Catholics be deducted from this total there will remain only about ten millions who have anything more than an external bond of union with the Christian Churches. These figures should convince Mr. Morley that he was far away from the facts when he stated that nowhere in the world is religious knowledge more general than here in the United States. Such a statement, like many others made recently by returning English visitors, is not founded on correct information.

Some good men among the non-Conformists of England, who are known to have a sensitive conscience though variable in its dictates, could easily have been led astray by the rose-colored descriptions given to them of religious conditions here across the sea by those claiming to be specialists in education. In one of the most extensive of these accounts, by an English expert,* there was no adequate mention of the one million or more children educated in the Catholic Parish Schools, now officially recorded by the United States Commissioner of Education in his latest report. A manifest purpose seems to dominate much of the fulsome laudation of the "glorious system" of

* Parliamentary Reports on Educational Subjects: *Moral Education in American Schools.* By Mr. H. Thiselton Mark, of Owens College, Manchester.

unsectarian schools, described a short time ago by a loyal American as a legalized form of "endowed agnosticism."

While there has been much alarmist writing, welcomed by certain editors for reasons best known to themselves, it still remains an invincible truth that no part of the American Constitution would be endangered by a just recognition of the Parish Schools in their valuable work for public education. General taxation to secure free schools would still remain in full operation as a necessary measure of safety for universal suffrage. The acceptance of examination and inspection under State control would amply safeguard the secular studies required for citizenship. Catholic citizens stand ready to give the largest scope to patriotism, while providing for children, at their own expense, a definite and dogmatic system of religious knowledge in accordance with the teaching of Christ.

Under the direction of the Right Reverend Joseph F. Mooney, V.G., Chairman of the New York Catholic School Board, a report* has been prepared showing number of pupils and teachers, and an estimate of the annual cost of maintenance—about $500,000 for 55,629 children—and close to the sum of $10,000,000 invested for Parish School property and buildings. For the first time the official report just issued of the State Department of Education at Albany, contains a distinct mention of the attendance at Catholic Schools in New York State. This recognition has been long desired, though persistently refused. From the figures here given students of educational statistics may now more accurately observe the indications of American intellectual and moral progress, especially those coming from Europe who have formed erroneous conclusions from previous reports.

FROM CATHOLIC DIRECTORY OF 1905:

	Parish School Pupils.	*Students of Colleges and Academies.*	*Catholic Population.*
New York,	55,629	6,094	1,200,000
Brooklyn,	35,652	1,334	500,000
Buffalo,	25,112	2,015	195,000
Rochester,	17,231	323	115,000
Albany,	15,370	376	172,755
Syracuse,	5,100	688	117,500
Ogdensburg,	3,958	——	83,500
	158,052	10,830	2,383,755

* *The Parish Schools of New York.* A pamphlet of 32 pages. New York: The Columbus Press, 120 West Sixtieth Street. See advertising page for full announcement.

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MADAME.

BY CLARE SOREL STRONG.

"Unto a low sad strain he set his tale,
And sang, 'Dürch Erdenstürm nach Himmelsfricd.'"
—*Anon.*

I WANT to tell you about Madame; and about the place in which Jane and I met her. You must not look for a sensation story. There is incident, heaven knows how tragic! But all the mystery for Jane and me, and all our guesses, were of soul-story motives. I cannot bear to do more than just touch upon the tragedy.

The invalid world, at Meran, is made up of all sorts and conditions of men; but most of them have been busy, in their various ways, when sickness has laid hold on them, broken the ties of daily work and habit, and driven them off to "convalesce" here—if convalescence be still possible to them, poor souls! The butterflies of the world are not interesting acquaintances compared to these, who have led wholesome, thoughtful, human lives.

And then, in every Meran gathering, there is the shadow of a great Presence—one that sweetens and sobers society marvelously. I mean the shadow of King Death.

You see that I do not think King Death an unmixed evil. Ah, no; with me he is long a familiar presence, an accustomed thing and homely; and, moreover, he softens the manners of the crowd here as no one else can. He gives us that precious thing, a sense of proportion. To take in the notion of him widens our minds; and ever afterwards trifles have room to look small. Then, again, the Shadow almost kills that ugly form of self-love called wounded feelings; and also personal vanity, and extreme selfishness and frivolity.

They tell me were it not for this terrible, but beneficent Presence, Meran would be quite unbearable, because of klatsch (unkindly chatter is the nearest English expression to that formidable untranslatability).

But I was going to tell about Madame! Monsieur and

Madame de Belfort arrived one hot afternoon, when the grape-cure was just beginning. The sky and the distances, as you looked down the Etschthal, had what in Devonshire is called the "blueth" of Italy. The bare, protruding bones, the very frame-work of the grand, yellowish-gray mountains that hang over Meran, shimmered in the heat. I wished for a white dress for Madame; but she was warmly clad; at least, her colors were those of the quiet wood-pigeon—grays and fawns, without the touch of "livelier iris"—and that coloring always looks warm.

"A mere girl has no right to produce such an effect of sweetness and gravity," said Jane, quite indignantly. "It is time alone that mellows."

"Perhaps ill-health—" I ventured to say. But the girlish grace, the fine rose-mottled alabaster of her cheek, and a look of strength were all against my suggestion.

"She is helping some one to alight," Jane said; "a stiff old gentleman! Perhaps her father!"

"Or grandfather," I put in. He had only just come within sight of my couch in the balcony-corner.

The new arrivals, escorted with many bows by our host and his staff, were slowly entering, Madame now ostensibly resting on the old gentleman's arm.

An English guest at our hotel ran up to us an hour later on the Gisella promenade. "Do you know who the newcomers are?" she cried. "What a handsome old man! And a lovely girl! All the same, an ill-assorted couple as ever I saw! They're French, too, which makes it all the more odd. One good thing about mariages-de-convenance is that they're generally planned so that the people are of a suitable age! They're from Paris; so I suppose small bonnets aren't really the fashion. Her's is distinctly large. Our concierge told me there were more than a dozen papers or books—not letters, for I asked—waiting here for the gentleman. He has ordered his grapes, so as to begin his 'cure' to-morrow. But now I must leave you. I see Mrs. de Montfort Jones."

I did not see Madame again for many days; because, as often happens, I was not well enough to leave my room; but Jane brought me impressions from the table d'hote. The grave young beauty was like a nun, she had a quiet walk, a subdued laugh, the sweetest smile, and a concentrated, attentive air. Monsieur was full of an old-world courtesy

for his beautiful wife. They kept much apart from the other guests; but the Viennese professor often had a chat with Monsieur; and Jane found, notwithstanding Madame's perfect French, she could speak perfect English.

Madame's beauty made her the observed of all observers. A "lane" would be formed to see her leave the room. Volunteers were ever at hand to perform small services. To one and all she responded with the same gracious sedateness.

Jane's own "impression" was that Madame's greatest charm was the surprise with which she accepted kindnesses. She acknowledged politeness with a quick pleasure and gratitude, that our host, his servants, and the guests alike, felt to be a touching amiability on her part.

I next saw Madame the evening I reappeared in the Salon. Jane insisted on taking me to a sofa. We were obliged to pass by Monsieur's armchair, and he made way for me. I could not but be thankful to him, at that first moment, for making me welcome to the sofa, for even putting out his feeble hand to help me; and above all, for his gentleness; and I was so glad, so glad, when I found I could, in my turn, be useful to him!

I had a little friend, a Danish boy, and he crept past the table on which Monsieur and Madame were playing backgammon, to come to me with some story about—of all things in the world—a beetle! The child and I were often at a loss for a word, and my resource under the circumstances was to take out my tablets and draw the thing I thought he meant, to see if I were right. We chattered and laughed a good deal, you may be sure, on the sofa. Between their games, Madame turned towards us.

"I am longing to see," she whispered. "May I not?" She held out a hand. The sofa was close to their table. The queer scraps of drawings pleased her. "If I might show them to my husband?" she pleaded.

He left off arranging the men on the board, and had an undertone conference. I heard Madame say: "You must not quite forbid my asking her"; and she bent towards me. "Will you be offended?" she asked. "You must refuse at once, if the request is unreasonable. But you seem to draw so easily! Do forgive me in advance. I cannot draw at all, unhappily; and — and my husband's hand is, still, rather un-

steady. He cannot, therefore, make little illustrations that ought to be done at once. Would you do them for him? It would be a great favor."

"If only I can—" I sighed; hoping, yet fearing.

Madame glided rapidly away in search of Monsieur's unsuccessful attempts, while he made many courteous little speeches. The Danish child begged to be told if pictures of beetles were coming, and was wofully disappointed when he heard I was only going to "draw" the "patterns in stones."

A dance was about to begin in the next room, and a "jingling of piano strings" made itself heard. The polite Austrian, causing his body, by his ceremonious bow, to describe two sides of a quadrangle, "entreated the honor of a valtz with Madame."

She looked almost pained. Thanking him, she said she "had not waltzed since she was a girl—not for years."

"Years?" he repeated, not without a suspicion of vexation, or incredulity, in his tone.

"Three years," she corrected, with her perfectly candid eyes on his.

"You do not dance, and you play dominoes; Schachspiel, tric-trac, Madame," he mused, and his face expressed no vexation, and no doubt, now.

Afterwards, when we were in our own rooms, Jane said: "You declare every one is like some flower or other, or like some living creature. Madame is like two flowers—a San Giuseppe lily and a dark rose; the dear, old-fashioned Jacqueminot rose. Now, confess that is Madame in flowers."

"No; I have found something still better."

"You're provoking not to see her as white lilies and red roses. Scent is to the flower what wit is to the woman. The lily wants her richness besides being heavily sweet. Those dark roses have a spiced fragrance and freshness about them. But what do you say?"

"Lilium Auretum."

"Ah! white, glittering white, like my lily, and with dark, velvety, mixed patches of color, and the fine, penetrating scent. Your guess is not so bad," assented Jane, "but her setting is wrong. The dark gowns are unflowerlike. They're a false note."

"To the girl false as to the flower. I always want to see her in a white garment, or a diaphanous 'Undine' dress."

At first the task was easy; I had only to look carefully at his stones and put down what I saw, accentuating sundry details, according to his very clear instructions. But something harder awaited me. Monsieur had promised a learned society a paper on Animal Mechanism, and he needed large drawings to show pulleys and levers at work in the slightest movements of a cat. In vain I borrowed an excellent American dictionary, with pictures of fulcrums and fly-wheels and all the terribly unfamiliar things that I had to connect with graceful feline motion; and a big French-English dictionary too. I still could not get on without constant explanations from the learned author.

At an early stage in these almost daily conferences Jane proposed that, instead of "making audience" in my balcony, Madame and she should take some of the lovely walks that are one of the prime glories of Meran. Thus Madame, with Jane, began to see a good deal of that beautiful country.

After every excursion Jane had something good to tell of Madame, though at first she was not enthusiastic enough to please me.

"I don't, of course, mind a gossip like Mrs. Woods," said Jane, "but young girls generally marry graybeards for money; and you'll admit, it must argue ill for anybody's judgment to make so ill-assorted a match as Madame has done."

"People marry for such odd reasons, not exactly bad reasons, though strange. But pity, Jane, would be almost a fair excuse for matrimony, wouldn't it?"

"But he wasn't ill when they married," Jane objected. "However, he must have been quite old—much past sixty. Her topics are not personal; she talks neither of herself nor of him; but, as she is perfectly frank and open, one can't help putting two and two together. She left her convent-school at sixteen, three and a half years ago. Just think of the disparity."

Perhaps my ardent admiration for Madame excited, at first, Jane's spirit of contradiction. Soon, to my great joy, she became warm in her praises of the companion of her walks; as warm as even I could desire.

Jane told me that, with Madame, a prime object in the walks was to bring home what she called a story. It might be some little trait of the friendly peasants; or it might be a big bit of porphyry; or even the mere description of some country sight, such as the vintage-wagons; or a story might be some archæological curiosity, like the chapel-door-carvings at Schloss Tyrol; in short, stories were anything to amuse the invalid.

The first Saltner they met delighted Madame. The Saltner is a rarity. He guards the vines, and has a right to exact a minute toll from those who use the paths that cross his vineyards. Saltners are grandly barbaric fellows, their ruddy, honest faces surmounted by an extraordinary heap of cock's feathers, and the brushes of a dozen foxes; their knees are bare; their leathern breeches are braced with broad bands of brightest green, made in a sort of yoke; their absurdly short-waisted, snuff-colored jackets are slashed with scarlet; they have a black leather belt of fanciful shape, embroidered thickly with white horse-hair, and in one hand they hold a mediæval halberd, while the other often rests on a pistol in their capacious belts.

Madame told a Saltner story one day. Jane and herself, after paying their toll of little copper kreutzers to the guardian of the vines, and admiring the decorations (several dozens of wild boars' tusks) that ornamented his broad chest, wound their way up the steep hillside, emerging from under the trellised vines at a point almost directly over the Saltner, but very high above him. It is the way of his kind to lie low; and the gay-colored, armed man, rising suddenly close to unaccustomed eyes, is a sufficiently startling apparition. His crown of fur and feathers gives him the air of a giant; and he invariably has, at his heel, a sharp-looking dog, to make him the more formidable. As they stood upon their coign of vantage, the pedestrians exclaimed at the beauty of the view; the "greeneth" of the lowlands; the unsurpassed richness of the autumn coloring higher on the hills; the fantastic outlines of the Dolomite Mountain summits. Far below them an odd figure caught their attention. Jane said: "Is it only Englishwomen who walk, all at once, on the whole undersurface of large feet?" When lo! the Saltner emerged from among the leaves, right in the duck-like march of the wanderer, his spear

erect, the knowing dog, alert, beside him; and the air was rent by three sharp, discordant screams. Meantime, the Tyroler's rich baritone, firmly but quite respectfully pleading his right to exact "footing," reached the listeners on the height. Jane could not help laughing. Madame, making a speaking-trumpet of both her hands, called down to the stranger, in English, "not to be frightened"; it was a "local custom to claim payment from passers-by, in the vineyards"; and other words of comfort. But she cried to deaf ears. She saw the frightened dame throw something at the Saltner, then turn, and fly down the steep and rugged footway. The man doffed his plumes, and passed his hand often over his bewildered head, before he stooped to pick up the missile. He then slowly examined it.

"Oh, just see how far away she is already, and still running!" cried Jane, as her eyes followed the gauze veil that bobbed about among the vine-leaves, far down the path towards Meran.

"But she has slackened her pace a little," Madame remarked. "Shall we try and tell him that he frightened her?"

At the instant a mighty roar from the gorgeous giant, and a yapping chorus from the dog, sent the luckless intruder speeding on with renewed vigor.

The spectators could not but laugh at sight of such bootless terror. But when they saw the Saltner at last set off in hot pursuit, they would have stopped him if they could. He did not, however, heed their cries and remonstrances, possibly did not even hear them; and they watched the ill-fated gauze-clad head pursued at an ever decreasing distance by the shouting wearer of the cock's feathers, till both runners neared the leading thoroughfare of Meran. Then the Saltner dropped into a walk. In an hour the whole of the little health resort knew that a newly arrived Englishwoman had gone out among the vines nearest the town—she "liked to look about her," she said—when suddenly, "the most savage, outlandish figure eyes ever rested upon," rose before her. She heard the creature speak, and jumped to the conclusion that he demanded "her money or her life"; "for," she asked, "who but a brigand would wear those plumes and things?" Not reflecting that it would be against a brigand's interest to make himself so conspicuous!

"Of the two," she cried, "let it be my money!" And, forthwith, she flung him her purse; turning, and flying by the way she had come. She was astonished that she could be so fleet of foot, when the sharp stones hurt her so! The good Saltner, in pity and surprise, set her down for a lunatic. Being an honest man, he wished to restore her purse; hence his tremendous shout after the retreating figure. Hearing that cry, she said, she knew he wanted her "life as well as her money." Fear gave her wings; she was running, now, truly for dear life, and faster than ever. The good fellow, unwilling to lose sight of her before restoring her property, called again and again, and ran after her, till he saw her reach the hotel. There—more dead than alive—she flung herself upon the hall porter's breast, as the swing-doors closed behind her. Presently, the Saltner and our hall porter had a very curious conversation; from which it resulted that the Tyroler went back to his vines convinced that all the English were "like that," which meant, not precisely mad, as he had at first supposed. He was quite unable to grasp the concierge's notion that his feathers had frightened the lady.

"My husband would have sketched it all, long ago," said Madame, "in little, spirited, pen-and-ink jottings; a dot telling ever so much; and an artful smudge with the feather-end of his quill suggesting a whole volume. I do so long for his hand to be steady again. How our story, to-day, will amuse him. I feel grateful to you; for I am so much better able to cheer and brighten him, through these delightful walks with you. Do you think he has gained much? You know, he has made more than a quarter of his 'cure,' here, already."

Thus, between Jane's excursions and my drawing, it came about that my sister and I, of all the guests in our hotel, alone penetrated a little below the surface—had a very small part in the inner life of the French couple. The fact brought us a certain amount of undesired notice. Mrs. Woods would waylay me, in hopes of learning something to gratify her curiosity.

Jane, too, was often attacked. "What do you think?" she cried one day. "Mrs. Woods has been cross-questioning me, and I must be better worth the trouble than you, my dear, for between my admissions, and those of the concierge, she has made out the de Belfort's Paris address; and she finds

that she knows people who live in the same Avenue; so she is quite happy, as she can now write and 'get at the whole history,' she says." "Dreadful busybody," added my sister.

Madame's Austrian officer, too, would come to my wheeled-chair on the Promenade, and exercise his English. He had undoubtedly grown a much graver man in these short weeks. I think that it was Madame's unconscious influence that had put to flight a certain conceit and frivolity, his most notable characteristics when he came to Meran.

"I had not thought it possible for such a life to be," he ruminated, somewhat incoherently, one day. "I explain myself? No? Well, it is this way: The gracious lady, your friend, lives a life that I had not imagined. So beautiful; and not coquette. Is it possible? Full of brightness; can you say, brightness? Thank you. Brightness, and yet none of the feminine interests. How do you call? No toilet-arts, I mean; and no entourage; no emulations—rivalities. These are the things that are like the air that beautiful ladies of society breathe, while they are young. Is it not so? Yet, they exist not for your friend. Wonderful! Ah, yes, of course. Duty! Austrian ladies, also, feel the claims of duty. But we don't ask them to combine the rôles of wife and daughter. 'And private secretary,' you add? Merciful heavens! And 'sick nurse'? Dŭ lieber Gott! More and more unthinkable. It is admirable; and I should have believed it beyond the strength of human nature, had I not seen. Her life is full, with all the essentials left out."

"What are the 'essentials,' besides 'rivalities' and 'toilet'?" I ventured to ask.

"Gnädiges Fraülein! That I should have to instruct you!" he almost moaned. "You are of the North, all of you—cold. Love! love should be the very spirit and fount of a lovely young life like hers."

He was speaking in a low, concentrated tone. I suppose he talked because he felt he must. He was, evidently, perfectly candid. When a soul lays itself bare in your grasp, you naturally touch it gently. I told him—contradicting him, but doing it as kindly as I was able—that her life was full of love.

"Love such as one may give to one's great-grandfather," he put in, almost angrily.

"No, Herr Lieutenant; not at all! The tender love one may give to one's baby-child that wholly depends on one; and the warm affection one gives to one's best friend—and there is nothing, nothing, so close and strong as that love; and a host of loves, besides, that lie between these two distant poles of tenderness. And, remember, a human being does not live by the heart only. We have, or we ought to have, a life of the brain. If that be a full life, so much the better and happier for all of us. I am glad you talked to me. Let me ask you, very gently, did you ever before think of women as human—broadly human?"

After a long, long, pause, he said: "It may not be absolutely dull to live for nothing but the serious. Our sober German neighbors feel so!" His bright blue eyes had a cloud in them—no tear, only a reflection of mental fog. It was a peculiarity of his liquified-turquoise eyes that, when he was puzzled, their pupils vanished in a kind of misty grayness.

Again we sat silent. The noisy Passer stream hurried by us to join the Etsch, which becomes the Adige farther on, in soft-tongued Italy. There is not much need of conversation for those who rest by a brawling little river. Lower down on the Promenade the band was playing Strauss music; oxen were dragging creaking wains across the bridge from Untermaïs; and peasants, here and there, made even a braver show in their bright costumes, than the fashionable strangers, clustered about the band-stand. My chair-man smoked a furtive pipe, half hidden by a neighboring tree; and probably marveled at the long and silent visit paid me.

At last something, possibly the magnetism of my chair-man's eye, awoke a recollection in the Herr Lieutenant's mind, and he sprang to his feet, made his rectangular bow, and apologized for being "distracted, distraught, how do you say?" He thought I "was certainly going somewhere" when we met; and he "impeached, prevented. Pardon; pardon." In the courtly fashion of his nation he stooped to kiss my glove, and was gone in a trice; gone, to join my friendly Danish child, to whom the young officer was always so good, actually playing with him by the half-hour together; gone, just at the wrong moment; for Mrs. Woods came hurrying up to me, with all the importance of one bearing great news. Her gossip, for once, was deeply interesting.

"I've just heard from Paris, my dear," she cried. "I have friends actually living next door to the de Belforts. Alice Cunningham writes she has known the Vansiddarts for years, and they have a flat under the same roof with your friends. Have I mislaid Alice's letter? Ah, no; it's all right. 'I hope the old gentleman was not selfish. But I dare say he did not know how to get out of a difficulty.' Well, the long and short of it is, when the ward came home from school 'for good,' Monsieur de Belfort had been a year or two a widower; and I can see, by the way Alice tells her story, she doesn't love the Vansiddart sisters too well. She says they hoped, first of all, that he would marry the eldest; or perhaps it was rather that the eldest, and each of the others, hoped to marry him. And then they rather quarreled among themselves about him; and finally they all united in a determined effort to secure him for the youngest and best-looking. Alice says: 'They were passées, every one of them.' By way of a supreme stroke of diplomacy, Miss Vansiddart first said to Monsieur de Belfort that his ward would soon need some one to take her to parties and to matronize her generally—I'm quoting Alice almost word for word—but he wouldn't 'see it,' as people say. The next thing was that Miss Rose threw herself at the head of the ward of sixteen, cultivating the girl's friendship assiduously, till the elder sister judged the time ripe, and she went, 'as an old friend,' to suggest that Monsieur de Belfort should give the girl a companion of her own age. (The 'own age' delights Alice—Rose must have been about forty!) Well, Alice says, 'the chaperon idea did not catch on' (like most people in the very best society, Alice is fond of slang, my dear); 'neither did the youthful companion "catch on,"' (there it is again). 'Before Miss Vansiddart saw him again, Monsieur de Belfort and his ward were off to Switzerland. Pending his return, Rose had the sweetest toilets planned and put together; and her elders were rather less well-dressed than in other years. In fact they were combining their forces, you see, for an ordered attack on the old gentleman. But a great surprise awaited them. Monsieur met them immediately on his return and introduced his wife!' Alice here takes a backward glance: 'The girl and her guardian had always been the best of good comrades. In her holidays, since she had been a mite of a thing, her main delights had been pony-riding beside his cob,

and natural history—' very *un*natural for a girl, I call it, don't you? 'They were so engrossed by their pursuits that they had no time for society, except the society of some people of like tastes. It would appear,' she says, 'that he told his ward, as soon as he got her away to Switzerland, that the gossips would either separate them, or saddle them with a duenna, or marry them; and she was to take a whole fortnight to think which would be the least unpleasant solution. "Nous séparer?" cried the girl, in grief and fear. "Ah, bonpapa, won't you marry me?" and she kissed him. You see, she was the merest child. She had her fortnight to consider; but her mind was made up in that first moment. Bonpapa should not be afflicted with a duenna. That matter settled, she devoted her thoughts to the best way of disguising the regrettable fact of her youth. It was certainly wonderful what dress and deportment did in the way of aging her. She was simply the schoolgirl, with a suspicion even of the tomboy about her, when she left Paris three years ago; but she returned staid and demure, and looking three, to five-and-twenty, a month after her wedding. What do you think of that?"

"I find it pathetic, Mrs. Woods," I said.

"Oh, well, I don't know about 'pathetic'; but isn't it interesting? So, it was all news to you? With your opportunities, dear, I should have found out a good deal more than you appear to have done. Bye-bye."

A fortnight afterwards there was a sad procession to the railway station, to see our Paris friends start on their homeward journey.

It is a great mistake saying good-by; a mistake, too, seeing people off; but Jane, and the Herr Lieutenant, and the hotel proprietor, and the Viennese professor, and everybody who had more than a bowing acquaintance with Monsieur and Madame, came upon the platform.

It was absolutely true to Madame's character that she should be as watchful of her husband, as helpful towards him, as if he were her sole thought at the moment; and, at the same time, as graciously observant of her obsequious courtiers on the platform, as if her rôle were simply that of a queen on some great ceremonial occasion. For each she had some farewell word, grave, or sweet, or thankful, that the hearer received

as a thing specially, personally applicable, and therefore most precious. A manner like her's, and the power to coin her happy phrases, are royal gifts.

And do you know that we never more saw our sovereign lady?

The papers, three days later, had a telegraphic announcement of a terrible railway accident in France. The Herr Lieutenant brought it me, saying hoarsely, with his finger on the paragraph: "Is there any danger—any chance—?"

I answered with a question: "Could they have got so far? They were to stop at Innsbruck; and at some Swiss town—?"

And then it became clear to us, if they carried out their plan, they would have been in the ill-fated train! But they would only travel on, if Monsieur were not very tired. How we prayed that they might have been delayed!

There was suspense, till Gaglinani's *Messenger*, or some London paper, brought us horrible news; telling us that an old valet, himself almost unhurt, had identified Madame among the killed. She was shot out of the train, as was the servant, in the collision. He saw, and spoke one moment with her. She must, then, have gone back to try to extricate her husband, before part of the wreck of the train, which had been tottering on the edge, went rolling down with the crumbling embankment; for the rescue party found Madame's dear hand fast held in that of her insensible husband.

A month later we heard from old Victor, the valet, that Monsieur still lived, might live long, now, Dr. Berthelet said, but had wholly lost his memory, and was, in fact, childish.

The life that was taken!

And the worn, ailing remnant of life that was left!

One other thing we know; the Herr Lieutenant offered his services for the winter to Monsieur, as German and English reader or secretary. His health obliged him to seek an extension of leave. He could as well spend the winter in Nice, he said, as in Meran. Would Monsieur de Belfort make any use he could of an idle man, whose time would hang very heavily on his hands?

But Monsieur—ailing and childish—would never again need a secretary. That was the sorrowful answer Victor sent.

Current Events.

Russia.

Russia remains, as heretofore, the centre of interest. The misfortunes of the war are more striking, but are of importance only in so far as they affect the internal situation. Of the bad condition of Russia internally, there are very full and manifest indications. It is, of course, easy to form an exaggerated idea by reading the newspapers, for these give only startling incidents, and leave untold the quiet, everyday life which is led by the vast mass of the people, as they afford no material for the sensation-monger. But this quiet life seems quite impossible in Russia, so great is the misery resulting from the economical and political condition of the country. The effects of the unnatural subjection of a whole nation of millions of people to the supreme authority of one man are revealing themselves in the deterioration not so much of the masses of the people, but of those who look upon themselves as the superior classes. The dissensions in the ranks of the officers have largely contributed to the failure of the war. The worst of it is that the burden and the punishment fall upon those who least deserve them.

The following incidents are, we do not say typical, but at all events indicative of the existing state of things. They rest upon the evidence not of an enemy, but of a Russian. An officer enters a store, and asks the proprietor to let him use his telephone. He stays a full hour, although ten minutes is the allotted time, and thereby puts to great inconvenience the storekeeper and his customers. When informed of the rule he draws his sword and cuts off three fingers of the attendant's hand. No redress is possible. A little boy puts out his tongue at a Cossack officer. We cannot fully approve such conduct, but then the boy was only eight years old. The officer in this case, too, draws his sword, and hacks the little fellow's head. The boy dies, the officer goes free. The mere possibility of such events shows the degrading effects of the present system.

Over-centralization is the cause of these evils. Experience is showing that it is impossible for one man, were he even a saint and endowed with the wisdom of Solon, to be the absolute ruler, both in spiritual and temporal things, of so many

millions. For among Christian countries Russia affords the sole example of a system in which the Head of the State is also and *eo ipso* the effective Head of the Church. Before the time of Peter the Great the Orthodox Church had for its Head a Patriarch, and although the Church had been closely united with the State, it was not merged into it. But Peter, wishing to have all power in his own hands, abolished the Patriarch, constituted the Holy Synod as a special department of State, and in this way made himself the Head of the Church. From that time the Church has been paralyzed and completely under the government. Those who suffer from the State find no consolation in the Church, and hatred of the State involves hatred of the Church; wrong-doers and oppressors have made the Church their ally. In fact, the recent massacre in St. Petersburg has been publicly sanctioned by the Holy Synod, and the advocate of the workingmen pleading for justice has been excommunicated. Moreover, all teaching is in the hands of the Government and the professors appointed by it. The result is seen in the frequent disorders and tumults among the students. The wisdom of the divinely constituted order in which Church and State are distinct, the spiritual and temporal powers being in due alliance, the temporal being subject to the spiritual in spiritual things, and the spiritual to the temporal in its own proper sphere, is being manifested by the breakdown of that power where the identification of the two powers has been established. Gigantic strikes, wholesale shootings, political riots, pillage and arson, arbitrary arrests, deportation, floggings of wounded men and even of women, such are the events which form the dismal record.

How far the peasants have been affected we do not know. These constitute the main bulk of the population, and they have a tradition of loyalty to the Little Father unbroken for centuries; but they are silent, and the newspaper does not reveal their thoughts, if they have any. The disaffected are an infinitesimal fraction, a few thousands, according to Count Tolstoy, against, as he reckons, 120,000,000 of peasants. But the few thousands may include the wise men of the nation. In fact their influence is sufficiently powerful to keep the Tsar and his advisers faithful to the consideration at least and the elaboration of the reforms promised in the Rescript of last December, and even to the enlargement of the scheme. From

time to time, in the past history of Russia, an assembly has been called of representatives of the four estates—of nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants. This assembly had no legislative or controlling power; it only enabled the Tsar to find a somewhat more solemn support for his projects in troublous times, than that abject submission which is given when things go well. In it the peasant class had, on account of their numbers, a preponderating influence. It was a purely consultative assembly, summoned for some one determined purpose, and when it had given its reply, it was dismissed by the same power which summoned it. The earliest recorded Zemski Sobor—for that it was styled—was called together by Ivan the Terrible in 1550; the last by Alexis Mikhailovitch in 1653. Since that time no full assembly of the Zemski Sobor has been held. Between 1550 and 1653 it met sixteen times. From that time the Tsars have felt themselves strong enough to do without it, and the people of Russia have not had power sufficient to maintain even this semblance of a popular assembly. Yet this attenuated form of popular power is serving as an example or precedent for the Tsar in his present difficulties. On the eve of the 4th of March, the anniversary of the day on which the serfs were emancipated by Alexander II., the Tsar addressed to the Minister of the Interior a Rescript announcing the momentous decision that he "was resolved henceforth, with the help of God, to convene the worthiest men possessing the confidence of the people, and elected by them to participate in the elaboration and consideration of legislative measures." The Tsar declares himself convinced that the experience of life and the well-weighed and sincere speech of those elected will assure fruitfulness to the legislators for the real benefit of the people. The immutability of the fundamental laws of the Empire is to be preserved, and autocracy is declared to be one, indeed the chief, of these fundamental laws. It is recognized that to reconcile the old with the new will be a task of great difficulty. To effect this reconciliation the Minister of the Interior is charged with the duty of presiding over Conferences. Who are to be the members of the Conferences we are not informed.

It will be seen how great a step has been taken, what a great advance has been made. The principle of election of representatives of the people is conceded by the new Re-

script; this, however, is not strictly speaking an innovation, for the ancient Zemski Sobors were elected bodies. But the new Rescript is to confer upon those elected power to legislate or to influence legislation, and that not merely for one definite thing, but for everything which may be for the benefit of the people. Such at all events is the proposal in general, how it will appear when the details have been elaborated by the Conferences remains to be seen. The Tsar has been criticized for declaring the inviolability of his absolute power. But he was bound to do this; he could not be expected to abrogate it, any more than we can expect that Mr. Roosevelt would abrogate the Constitution of the United States. By conceding the election of legislators, however, he concedes that which, if the Russian people are worthy their salt, will *eo ipso* limit the absolute despotism.

Poland.

Of the Russian Empire Poland is by far the most Catholic part; and as usual a large part of the suffering of the present time has fallen to their lot. The manner in which they have acted is very instructive. Strong inducements have been held out to them to rise in insurrection. The leading society of Poland, the National League, was expected to lead the nation in a struggle for independence at a time which seems so favorable. The purely constitutional party, as well as the revolutionary party, wished them to adopt this course. This they refused to do, believing that the reforms necessary for Poland will be obtained by means not opposed to Christian teaching, and refusing to take part in revolutionary methods, however promising they may at first sight appear. The yoke which the Poles have to bear is rendered the heavier, because two powers, Prussia and Russia, are banded together in oppressing them; and if one of the two grants relief, in any the least degree, the other power is thereby offended. The position of the Poles under Prussia is particularly hard. So much the better do Poles succeed in industry and commerce, when freedom of competition is allowed, that they are driving out the German settlers from Poland, and becoming stronger in numbers and more wealthy. This is due to their greater energy. The Prussian Government, therefore, adopted a year or two ago very harassing restric-

tions in order to secure by force that superiority which they could not maintain by any other means; but these measures have not secured the desired results.

Germany.

Commercial Treaties have been the chief concern of Germany for some time past. The problem has been to secure a right adjustment of the conflicting claims of the industrial and commercial classes, on the one hand, and of the agricultural interest on the other. Treaties have been made with seven States securing stability for a dozen years to come, and while merchants and manufacturers complain that their interests have been compromised in favor of the landowners and the agriculturists, they yet console themselves because the question is settled; for nothing is so adverse to commercial prosperity as uncertainty. As population grows the chief interest of statesmen is in providing maintenance for the increasing numbers. This is a somewhat prosaic occupation for Kings and Emperors and Presidents, however necessary it may be. Time was when religion or conquest occupied the minds of rulers, and undoubtedly those interests were higher and excited greater attention. We may not regret the old days, but it must be admitted that it is hard to place a high value on present-day conditions when we see two Empires and a Republic contending with one another to secure orders from the Turk for the privilege and profit of making guns for him. Christians in Macedonia and Armenia are left to his tender mercies; but prompt and efficacious measures are taken when France thinks Germany is to have the privilege of lending money to Turkey—a privilege which carries in its train the advantage of making its guns which are to be employed in maintaining that loathsome domination which has for so long been the blot of Europe. The French Ambassador at Constantinople threatened to leave if Turkey did not give France a larger share of his custom, and thereby secured the Sultan's patronage. When such is the character and such the aims of Christians, it may be as well as not that the Turk should be suffered to remain, for there is not much to choose between them.

Some time ago Catholics were pleased to read of the visit paid by the Kaiser to the Holy Father and of the respect

thereby shown to the Pope. Rumors went abroad that the German ruler wished to revive the Holy Roman Empire, and to become himself its head; and that the Pope was to resume under his auspices, that relation to Europe which once was his. These rumors were of course absurd. And we now see that all the German Emperor was seeking to attain was what every politician seeks—support for his own schemes. For the Emperor has shown an equal or even greater regard to the Protestant Church by presiding at the opening of the new cathedral in Berlin. This cathedral owes its origin to the desire of the late Emperor Frederick, when Crown Prince, to erect a building worthy of Protestant Germany. Public money was voted for it by the Prussian Diet; no less a sum than two million five hundred thousand dollars. The central cupola, with the cross by which it is surmounted, reaches a height of 374 feet, nearly 79 feet less than the height of the dome of St. Peter's, and over nine feet more than the dome of St. Paul's, London. The total length of the building is 374 feet, its breadth 80 feet. Outside of the building are statues of our Lord and of the Twelve Apostles. The statues of Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and Melancthon, together with those of the four German Sovereigns who promoted the Reformation, have been placed in the interior of this Protestant sanctuary. Present at the consecration were many princes and potentates, together with a contingent of Protestant ministers from the United States. The Church of England was officially represented by the Bishop of Ripon, sent presumably by its head—the King. The papers say nothing about the Archbishop of Canterbury, whether he was consulted or not. It would be interesting to have his opinion, and to learn what his Grace thinks of this official recognition of the purest Protestantism. It would be still more interesting to learn what Lord Halifax and the English Church Union think.

The Reichstag has been discussing the proposed increase of the army; for the feeling in favor of arbitration is not strong enough to lead to any change in warlike preparations, especially in Germany, where there is little zeal for arbitration. The Catholic members, who constitute the Centre, distinguish themselves by their moderation. They aim at exercising a control over the extremists of every party, and their numbers are sufficient to give them the decisive voice in many

questions. Outside the Reichstag a strong agitation is being carried on for a large increase in the Navy, and the not very wise remarks of a member of the English Government have been used by certain newspapers as indicating the determination, on the part of Great Britain, to make an attack on Germany. It is doubtless true that of all continental countries Germany is the one which is looked upon by the British with the least friendly eyes, not even Russia, we think, being excepted. But it is not Great Britain's way to make war unless forced to do so. The existing unfriendliness serves, however, the purpose of those who wish largely to increase the number of warships. The Navy League goes so far as to demand the execution of the present navy scheme by the year 1912, instead of 1917, and to set up a further programme of a third double squadron with its complement of reserves and torpedo boats.

Austro-Hungary.

Of Austria there is little to chronicle. This is a sign that the contention of the various nationalities is for the time being suspended. A spokesman of the Pan-Germans—the object of whom is the union of all the Germans now included in the Austrian Empire with their fellow-countrymen in the German Empire—made a proclamation in the Reichsrath of the principles of the party. The German provinces of Austria are to adhere to Germany, the Austrian Emperor is to be at their head and to become a Federal Prince. Hungary is to become independent, as also the southern Slavs; for the northern Slavs special laws are to guarantee them from being Germanized. This is the scheme of adhesion to a Protestant German Empire which is to thwart the present efforts of the Austrian Imperial House to establish a purely Catholic Austrian Empire.

In Hungary the situation is very critical. In consequence of his defeat, Count Tisza resigned, but has had to carry on the government because no successor could be found. The opposition is stronger as a whole, but is divided into several subdivisions. Yet it has agreed upon a programme which is constitutional, not anti-dynastic, and which contains nothing incompatible with the existing laws. It includes neither the abrogation of the laws of 1867, nor the establishment of a

merely personal union between Austria and Hungary. Those two demands form part of the programme of the most numerous of the parties which form the Coalition majority, but it realizes that until it obtains an absolute majority these demands must be held in abeyance. The Crown, however, rejects this programme, thereby showing how far the Hungarians are from having self-government. As to what the outcome of the present state of things is to be, the answer of M. Kossuth is: "Chaos."

Norway and Sweden.

The conflicts of nationalities under one common sovereign are not confined to Southeastern Europe, the extreme Northwest has for many years witnessed a similar conflict. Norway and Sweden are united under one King. They have, however, but little in common except a Council of State for the administration of common affairs, and a single consular and diplomatic service. Each has its own parliament and ministry, its own laws and customs; each manages its own internal affairs. For Norway, however, the existing system appears to involve a want of recognition of her national dignity, and for some fifteen years an agitation has been going on for a consular service distinct from that of Sweden. Sweden is willing to concede a separate consular service to Norway, provided it can be established in such a form as not to interfere with a single united diplomatic representation; so that the two nations may be and appear to be one in dealing with foreign nations. Norway, on the other hand, demands that the arrangement shall be such as to maintain her rights as a sovereign state, and if the existent compact between the two does not admit of such a recognition then a new compact must be made instead of the existing one. Negotiations have been going on for some time, but to so little purpose that to the last answer of Sweden, Norway has replied that she has nothing more to say, and a deadlock has ensued. A manifesto has been issued by the Norwegian Arctic explorer, Dr. Nansen, who for the first time in his life intervenes in political matters. He declares that the demands of the Swedish prime minister are such as no self-respecting or self-governing country can even consider, involving as they do undisguised contempt for the sovereignty of Norway as guaranteed by the King. On the other hand

the Crown Prince, who is now Regent of the two kingdoms, in order to avoid what may prove a disruption of the two kingdoms, has issued a *communiqué* addressed to the Special Committee of the Storthing appointed to deal with this matter, in which he declares that the influence of the Crown has never been opposed to Norway's having a separate Consular service. He urges upon the Committee, in this critical season, to keep the welfare of Norway and that only before their eyes. The Norwegian ministry had resigned before the publication of this document, in order, we presume, to facilitate a settlement of the question.

Italy.

The Prime Minister of the Italian Government, Signor Gioletti, has resigned, serious ill-health being given as the reason. He had been in office for nearly eighteen months. A new ministry has been constituted, with Signor Fortis at its head, and a majority of the ministers who served with Signor Gioletti remain in office. No change of policy is, therefore, to be looked for, nor do there seem to be at present in Italy any questions of supreme importance or interest which enter into practical politics; several, however, are looming upon the horizon. The State acquisition of the railway is the chief point of interest. Arrangements to effect this transfer were made by the late ministry, and will presumably be carried out by the present. For a poor country like Italy to go to the expense of buying up the railways of the whole country seems a very rash experiment; the people are crushed to the ground by the present taxes. And for the State to become the employer of so large a number of persons seems still more rash, at a time when the Socialists have become so powerful.

Italian astuteness is not confined to the governing ranks. The railway servants having their grievances, and looking upon a strike as too brutal a way of settling them, attempted to obtain redress by a method which has of late been adopted in various parliaments—obstruction. Their tactics consisted in performing all operations connected with the service with the utmost slowness and deliberation, a slowness and deliberation which they justified by an appeal to the rules and regulations under which they were employed. In this way they threw the railway service of the country into more or less hopeless con-

fusion. They also succeeded in alienating the sympathy of the public, and thus strengthened the railway authorities, who by fines and dismissals have restored order.

France.

In France the Bill introduced by the Ministry for the abolition of the Concordat has been referred to a Commission for consideration. They have made their Report. In some respects the Bill is less unjust, in others its provisions are intolerably harsh. In the Bill introduced by M. Combes, the Associations to be formed for religious purposes, and which are to take the place of the State in supporting religious worship, were limited to the respective departments, thereby rendering it more difficult for poor places to carry on public worship. The new government allowed ten departments to be united together; the Commission has removed all limitations, and so far has given greater strength to the Church. On the other hand, the residences of the bishops and clergy, as also all Seminaries, are left for two years at the gratuitous disposal of their present occupants; after two years the Bill, as revised by the Commission, gives power to the local authorities to do as it pleases with those buildings; does not even require them to lease them at a rental to their present possessors; gives them power to rent them to private persons, or even to sell them; and after twelve years, the Churches themselves may be treated in the same way. The Bill will now go to the Chamber for final revision and decision. The present Ministry of M. Rouvier has not the same enthusiasm for evil as that of M. Combes. While there is little hope of its doing much good, there is some ground to anticipate that before the elections next year it will not do so much evil as its predecessor would have done. It is, however, maintaining that rivalry with Germany in the preparation for war, the cost of which is bleeding to death most of the continental countries. Many Germans, as we have seen, are agitating for a large increase of their Navy. This has alarmed not merely the French nation but its legislature, and with practical unanimity the Chamber has voted money for such a proportionate increase of the French Navy as shall keep the French naval power in the same relative position towards that of Germany as it occupies to-day.

New Books.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE.
By Janssen.

Two additional volumes* of the English translation of Janssen's *History of the German People* have appeared, and surely it would be superfluous to praise them. This monumental work is established among the classical historical writings of the last century, and no one, whether Catholic or Protestant, can in future pretend to a thorough knowledge of the German Reformation, and of the times just preceding, who has not studied it. It would be disgraceful for any Catholic institution of learning not to possess it, and it would be unpardonable in any priest or educated layman, who can afford the price, not to have it on his shelves.

These two volumes cover the period between the years 1550 and 1580. It will be seen at a glance, therefore, how important are the subjects with which they deal. For within those thirty years fell such events as: The religious conference at Worms in 1557, the Diet of Augsburg in 1559, the Grumbach-Gotha conspiracy for a Lutheran empire, the effects in Germany of the religious wars in France and the Netherlands, the war against the Turks, the establishment and progress of the Jesuits in Germany, and the concluding sessions and general effect of the Council of Trent. These great events and many others of similar moment are treated with Janssen's well-known fulness of detail, abundance of scholarship, and sturdy Catholic spirit. We must not omit a special mention of the chapter on the labors of the first Jesuits in Germany. They were mighty men, learned, holy, zealous, and tactful. To no four men that ever lived in any other single period of her history does the Catholic Church owe more than to Faber, Bobadilla, Jajus, and Canisius. They were marvelously prudent in dealing with the Lutherans. They saw that the age was sick of violent controversy, of calling bad names, and of exchanging ribaldry, and perceived that a calm statement and dispassionate defence of Catholicity, joined to sanctity of life and serenity of temper, were the only efficient instruments for the non-Catholic missions of their day.

See the spirit of Faber in the following words written to

**History of the German People.* By Johannes Janssen. Vols. VII. and VIII., 1550–1580. Translated by A. M. Christie. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Lainez his Superior-General; they contain a lesson even for us: "Those who wish to be of service against the present-day heretics must above all things be distinguished by large-hearted charity toward them, and must treat them with high esteem. . . . We must begin not with what separates hearts in discord and schism, but with all that draws them closer together." These men tell us over and over that the Church can do nothing with the Germans until she understands them and knows how to take them. Says Canisius, writing to Lainez in 1559: "Rome might do anything she wishes in Germany, if only the German character is properly treated"; and then he goes on to declare that the mode of publishing ecclesiastical penalties must be modified, and the severity of the Index of prohibited books mitigated, if Church authority is to be submitted to in Germany. Finally he cautions a sarcastic theologian thus: "Men of distinction and learning agree with me in thinking that much in your writings might be more suitably put. Your witticisms on the names of Calvin and Melancthon and other similar things may be suitable for a platform orator, but conceits of speech do not become a theologian at the present day. We do not heal the sick by such medicine; we only render their disease incurable. In defending the truth we must observe charity, considerateness, and moderation." We have testimony as sad as it is abundant that these counsels of the holy Jesuit of the sixteenth century are acutely needed to-day.

In conclusion we must thank both the translator and the publisher of Janssen's great work for making it accessible to English and American readers.

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM. By Baudrillart.

M. Alfred Baudrillart, of the Catholic University of Paris, has published ten lectures on Catholicism and Protestantism* which make interesting reading, and will doubtless be found useful in popular apologetics. It is already in its fifth French edition, although published much less than a year ago, and we should not be surprised if its circulation among English-speaking Catholics would turn out to be correspondingly large. The book contains three lectures on the Renaissance, and follows them up with chapters on the origin

* *L'Église Catholique, la Renaissance, le Protestantisme.* Par Alfred Baudrillart. Paris: Librairie Bloud.

and character of the Reformation, religious persecution, and the comparative influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on learning, morals, and general civilization. These are questions which call first for extensive historical information, secondly for wide and philosophical principles, and thirdly for an impartial, uncontroversial, and candid mind. M. Baudrillart possesses scholarship of unusual extent; he often displays a just and critical temper; and to the extent of these two qualities, he has written a creditable book. But in the matter of large views and comprehensive judgments we dare not say that he is so successful. He is apt to look merely at the origins or the originators of historic movements rather than at the movements themselves in their full sweep and mature development. In considering, for example, the influence of Protestantism on civilization, he bases his inquiry chiefly on the opinions of Luther and the other early leaders of the religious revolt. And because he finds Luther an intemperate foe of universities, and Calvin a stern upholder of persecution, he is prone to apply to the movement which began with these men conclusions which can logically be predicated only of the men themselves. Granted that Luther styled reason the bond servant of Satan, and wrote coarse invective against schools of higher learning, what has this to do with the deeper historical problem of the intellectual influence of Protestantism? Every great current of human history flows immeasurably further than those could see who stood at its source and saw it as a narrow rivulet. Islam is more than Mahomet; the Crusades became something vaster than Urban II. foresaw; and who will confine the revolutionary power of the critical philosophy or of evolutionistic science to the personal views of Kant or Darwin?

We are obliged to make one other animadversion upon this generally worthy volume. M. Baudrillart, wishing to score a point against the unwarranted license into which the higher criticism of the Bible has sometimes degenerated, has treated modern biblical science itself with unpardonable lack of fair play. In the two or three pages that are concerned with the matter, he implies that the labors of Scripture-criticism have had no other method or motive than to destroy every definite religious creed. This is another instance, and a peculiarly flagrant instance, of the lack of large and unprovincial views which is

the chief limitation of this book. The critical process, as applied to the Bible, has made blunders, as every one knows, and has produced some men who have been as intemperate in this field as Haeckel has been in the department of evolution. But biblical criticism as such is too momentous a thing to be confounded and condemned with its accidental errors and its unworthy spokesmen. Perhaps no single movement of the human mind has been of such importance for the lives and souls of men. And to despatch it with a gesture of contempt is fatal to any man's claim to wisdom of judgment or breadth of view. The deep tides of history are not to be sounded with a syllogism or swept back with a shibboleth. But in passing these criticisms we would not be understood as disparaging M. Baudrillart's book in substance. For in substance it is good, keen, honest, and to a high degree practically useful. Priests and educated laymen will find it full of fruitful suggestion and profitable information.

CARDINAL ALEMAN.
By Perouse.

A biography of the man who presided over the schismatical council of Basle would have to be poorly written indeed not to be intensely interesting. That wonderful assembly of recalcitrant prelates, monks, and clerks that sat for eighteen years in council defying the appeals and excommunications of the Roman Pontiff, that stood out so stubbornly for the principle bequeathed by Constance, of a general council's supremacy over the Pope, that deposed the lawful Pope and created the last of the anti-Popes, and finally dwindled to pitiable insignificance and died out in ignominy, must ever be accounted a momentous event, whose influence continued long after every man who took part in it had passed away. It began its sessions just after Constance had closed its great career, and wrote the last words of its proceedings at Lausanne only half a century before the outbreak of the mighty revolt which was to lose half of Europe to the ancient Church Basle was a proximate preparation for the Reformation. Constance was a preparation for it too, but remoter. At Basle astounded Europe saw mitred churchmen summon to their tribunal a Pope about whose election there had never arisen a shadow of doubt, and when he answered this unheard of impudence with censures, pronounced him a

schismatic and deposed him. The debates—and they were interminable—turned upon the one revolutionary idea that a general council is absolutely autonomous, and that it has power to do what it wills with the chief Bishop of the Church. Such an example was not without profound effect in every State upon the continent. Forty years afterward Savonarola justified his disobedience of Alexander VI. on the conciliar and papal theories of Constance and Basle. And when fifteen or twenty years after Savonarola, another monk preached the utter abolition of the Papacy, he announced a message for which the minds of men were not unprepared. To the historian Basle and Constance are the seed-time; the Reformation is the harvest.

The president of the schismatical sessions of the council of Basle, whose life has just been conscientiously and ably written by M. Gabriel Perouse,* was Cardinal Louis Aleman, a Frenchman whom Martin V., at the end of the Great Schism, had raised to high honors, but who had fallen into disfavor under Eugenius IV. Aleman stood out pertinaciously in the council for the deposition of Eugenius, and was the means of electing, as anti-Pope, Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who took the name of Felix V. Aleman was by natural disposition moderate and conciliating. But in pushing on to extreme measures at Basle he was a radical of radicals. This was because he maintained so passionately the supremacy of Council over Pope. To this principle he gave himself up heart and soul, and doubtless held to it as firmly at the hour of his death as at the sessions of the council. Even when the schism had faded almost to extinction, and Felix V. had become a rather ridiculous figure, Aleman gave way not an inch. He was by the side of Felix to the end. Fortunately that end was peaceful; for owing to the efforts of the King of France, Felix abdicated his dubious dignity, and the refractories of Basle acknowledged the real Pope, Nicholas V.

It is astonishing that within seventy-five years from this reconciliation a Pope should have beatified Cardinal Aleman. Yet beatified he was, and he is commemorated to-day in his old diocese of Arles. History has dealt kindly with his virtues, but harshly with his theories. M. Perouse is to be congratulated on his excellent biography.

* *Le Cardinal Louis Aleman, Président du Concile de Bâle.* Par Gabriel Perouse. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

ANSWERS TO NON-CATHOLIC OBJECTIONS. By Mgr. de Segur.

Every one knows what great success Mgr. Ségur had in popularizing the science of apologetics. In all of his various little works in defense of religion, and of the true faith, he certainly does meet the ordinary man-of-the-street on his own ground. Consequently, these little volumes have done an immense good. The present one, *Answers*,* is on a par with the others, and is a good book to place in the hands of the many unfortunates who, being half-educated or poorly educated, have proved themselves unable to withstand the ordinary cheap arguments against religion and the Church. It is a pity that the publishers should choose such a lurid cover-page design, and it is questionable whether the rather melodramatic pictures sprinkled through the text, will attract readers with any power of discrimination. But the text is solid and substantial and sensible, and every Catholic might do well by reading it, and then do better by sending it abroad among his non-Catholic friends.

LIFE OF ST. TERESA. Translated by Lewis.

The latest reprint of St. Teresa's autobiography† will be a benefit to two classes of readers especially; those hitherto dismayed by the more or less repellant character of the only editions accessible to the English public will find their hesitation overcome by the attractions of the new edition; and those until now unacquainted with this truly great work will be able to familiarize themselves with it under the most favorable circumstances. When all is said, it remains true that no small share of one's impressions about a book is due to its external appearance, and to the ease with which the text can be read; and the pleasant looking volume before us—printed in new pica type and bound in octavo—certainly offers every inducement to the reader that the publisher could supply. As for the contents of the book, apart from the statement that the pres-

* *Answers to Objections against the Catholic Religion.* By Mgr. de Ségur. Shermerville, Ill.: The Society of the Divine Word.

† *The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel.* Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. Third Edition Enlarged. With additional Notes and an Introduction by Rev. Father Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker.

ent edition has been very carefully and helpfully edited by Father Zimmerman, there seems little excuse for saying anything. It is the story of the inner life of one of the most remarkable women and greatest saints that ever lived—told, as the biography of such a one should be told, in her own words. A great many lessons on prayer, and indeed lessons on all the virtues of the Christian and religious life, are to be learned out of this book. It may safely be recommended as one of the classical pieces of spiritual literature.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.
By Hopfl.

We strongly advise all of our readers who can get through a German book with some degree of ease, to read Dom Hildebrand Höpfl's small volume on the Bible.* It is the best manual of introduction to the study of Holy Writ that we at present possess. It deals with Inspiration, Principles of Interpretation, the Devotional, Ascetic, Homiletic, and Scholastic use of the Scriptures, the Nature and Problems of Criticism, and the History of Biblical Study among Catholics. Each of these topics is treated with competent erudition, a loyal Catholic spirit, and an open-minded readiness to adopt untraditional methods and to accept new conclusions. Dom Höpfl, as readers of his *Die Höhere Kritik* will remember, holds fast with one hand to conservative theology, and offers the other in no unfriendly greeting to modern criticism. Thus, for example, in the present volume, he maintains robustly the doctrine of the "Providentissimus Deus" that there are no errors in the Bible, and at the same time he concedes that the sacred writers wrote both their science and their history according to the imperfect methods and in the feeble knowledge of their time. He would make no objection to the position that the patriarchal narratives embody a large amount of folk-lore and tribe-saga, and he cites with approval the opinion of C. Pesch, S.J., that Judith and Esther may not be historical books, but only extensive parables. And in the question, now in the true sense of the word a burning question, as to the relation between the religion of Babylon and the religion of Israel, he is not less judicious. For while he considers it extreme to hold that

* *Das Buch der Bücher.* Gedanken über Lektüre und Studium der Heiligen Schrift. Von P. Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder.

the first chapters of Genesis are purely allegorical and symbolic, and founded upon religious ideas which the Hebrews borrowed from Chaldea, he admits that the inter-relation of these two Semitic peoples has been of greater moment than orthodox students of the Bible have yet realized. He concludes his remarks upon this subject with an earnest wish, which will find an echo in many hearts, that Catholics should throw themselves into the strife of biblical study in greater numbers and with better equipment. The very existence of traditional Christianity is at stake in the struggle, and Catholic scholars are not in the place of honor which in the nature of the case they should occupy.

We have mentioned only one or two of the features which make Dom Höpfl's little book a valuable addition to our literature. We might have spoken of other excellent qualities; but all who are *au courant* with the drift of scholarship will understand, from what we have said, that this is a work to be procured and read and studied.

INTEMPERANCE.
By Pereira.

The Anglican Bishop of Croydon has written a little work on Temperance * which is eminently creditable to his ability, his piety, and his zeal. In fourteen short chapters he considers some of the chief aspects of the drink problem, gives a large amount of useful information, and offers many valuable suggestions for temperance workers. His tone is earnest but moderate. He does not dogmatize, he launches no denunciations, and excites no animosities. But he displays a spiritual fervor, a love of souls, and a trust in God that charge his pages with persuasiveness and power. We are certain that his book will do great good; our wishes for success attend it.

Some of the more striking matters brought out by Dr. Pereira are the splendid reform work accomplished by the Salvation Army, the excellent fruit of inebriates' homes, the fine opportunity for the crusade among military and naval men, and the great importance of systematic temperance teaching among children. On such topics as these this small volume gives hints, directions, and statistics which are of unusual value. Not the least admirable pages of the book are those in

* *Intemperance.* By Henry Horace Pereira, Bishop of Croydon. Handbooks for the Clergy Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

which he reminds the clergy of their privilege and their duty to be in the forefront of the battle-line of temperance.

THE HIGHER LIFE.
By Harper.

President Harper's addresses* to university students have many qualities which are admirable, and others which no believer in a fixed Christian creed can approve. Dr. Harper is a strong, earnest, and sincere man, heartily holding to religion as he sees it, and honestly desirous to do good to others. His moral counsels, admonitions, and warnings are simple and straightforward, his tone is natural, his language without pretence. He deals candidly with difficulties, and does not close his eyes to obstacles, drawbacks, and doubts in the Christian life. But when he comes to creed, a Catholic must part company with him. For the learned doctor is of opinion that the day of priesthoods, of final dogmas, and irreformable theologies is over. He says this respectfully, it is true, but decisively for all that. He believes that an unchangeable standard of orthodoxy is logically impossible, and that each man's mind and conscience are the supreme seat of religious authority. This is the modern development of non-Catholic Christianity, of course, and we have ceased to be astonished at hearing it stated. This is not the place for the refutation of such an opinion, and we shall not delay upon it. It is a logical outcome of the denial of Christ's Divinity. If our Lord is God, his word must be irrevocably fixed and forever immutable; but because belief in his deity has so widely disappeared, he is regarded not as the end, but as only the beginning of the religious life of mankind.

One thing Dr. Harper says which is encouraging. That is, that religion is not decreasing in our greater universities. Denominationalism, he admits, is on the wane among advanced students, but belief in God is striking deeper root than during the preceding generation, and there is a notable growth in the conviction that the higher life of man must be based upon the character and teachings of Christ. We trust that this is so. For if the intellectual leaders of the country retain so much of the religious sense as these two convictions imply, we need not fear that ultimately the American people will grow out to the full stature of the truth of God.

* *Religion and the Higher Life.* By William Rainey Harper. Chicago: The Chicago University Press.

CONFERENCES TO BOYS. By Father Lucas.

Father Lucas' conferences* to the Stonyhurst boys are simple, straightforward, earnest talks which must have done good to those who heard them, and will do, we trust, still greater good to the larger circle that will read them This collection contains thirty-one brief sermons on the chief duties of the Christian life—prayer, penance, the thought of God, vocation, resistance to temptation, etc. Admirable as we found them in substance, there is a deficiency in them which we regret. Not much is said of duty, conscience, interior and personal spiritual power, and the sacred idea of honor as applied to the religious side of life. So far as we can see this omission is very common in our spiritual literature, and it is a fatal omission. In a country like England or America the whole tendency of civil and social life makes for the deepening of individual responsibility. Men are free, and the anchor that holds freedom back from the current of license is the sense of duty. So deep down in the heart of every freeman lies a love of duty, and a conviction that through duty leads the way of salvation. And when this persuasion is supernaturalized and religion is brought out of the region of mere observance, and into the region of individual honor, it gains a power of appeal that is as efficacious as it is noble. Let us have in our Catholic books and in our Catholic preaching vastly more about conscience, religious fidelity, and spiritual manliness.

MORAL EDUCATION. By Griggs.

Those who are familiar with the philosophy of the author of *Moral Education*,† will scarcely need to be told that his latest book says very little, either good or bad, on the subject of revealed religion; and, nevertheless, religion is a force of immense significance and value in the process of moral training. Taken as the utterance of a writer concerned exclusively with the non-religious aspect of the question, the volume is one which well deserves to be considered by all who are interested, theoretically or practically, in the educational problems confronting the present generation. It should do something to elevate the standards, to clarify the ideals, and to stimulate

* *In the Morning of Life:* Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Moral Education.* By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

the moral enthusiasm of those who depend on bright and hopeful thoughts for their inspiration; though it falls essentially short of being a substitute for the tried and efficient influences upon which the Christian world has relied in the course of its struggles toward spiritual greatness. This consideration apart, much that is good may be claimed for the book. The author has pretty well covered the literature of popular pedagogy, and, to his credit be it said, he gives careful references and a most satisfactory bibliography. He writes with beauty and almost invariably with marked clearness; he develops very instructively and applies to the work of ethical formation the leading results of modern educational investigation. Sometimes, it is true, he pushes an idea a little too hard and displays a tendency to forget counter considerations; and to one who has pondered the big problems of philosophy long and earnestly, the readiness of Mr. Griggs' answers will suggest a fluency which is akin to lightness; but on the whole it must be said that the book before us is really a good one to read and that it should do much to assist the thoughtful mother or the earnest teacher in the accomplishment of their sacred duties. It will hardly exercise a harmful influence on any one's faith, and it may serve to remind many believers that they do wrong in letting slip those opportunities of using the laws of nature, which the real educator reckons among his most precious resources.

SERMONS.

Fourteen sermons preached in the English College of St. Edmund, between the years 1847 and 1904, have just been published.* Many of the preachers are names that have lived and will live in history: Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan, Bishops Ullathorne and Hedley, Canon Oakeley, and some others of less repute. Like most sermon-collections, this one contains discourses good and discourses middling. We do not propose to designate the division in greater detail. Let it be enough to say that as the literature of homiletics stands at the present time, this volume has a fair share of meritorious work. The subjects of the sermons are such high and useful topics as: The Christian Vocation,

* *Sermons Preached in St. Edmund's College Chapel on Various Occasions.* With an Introduction by Most Rev. Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. Collected and Arranged by Edwin Burton, Vice-President. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Holy Ghost, and—but here a glance at the title page discloses that all the others are on St. Edmund, or else have to do with the opening of Provincial Synods and the burial of local celebrities, matters which cannot fail to interest any one who has ever been a student at St. Edmund's.

PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST. By Laut.

More absorbing than the most thrilling romance of imaginary heroes is Agnes C. Laut's *Pathfinders of the West.*† It tells the story of the men who discovered and explored the great Northwest. First among the explorers of the land west of the Mississippi the author places Pierre Radisson, claiming precedence for him over Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle. These names have been so long associated with the discovery and exploration of the great Northwest that this championship of the almost unknown Radisson and Groseillers comes with almost iconolastic significance. The discovery of an account of Radisson's voyages, written by himself, the authenticity of which has been generally admitted by scholars, has induced the author to popularize the story of his life in the West and rescue his name from oblivion. Miss Laut's book, or rather the substance of it which appeared first in magazine form, has given rise to considerable controversy and some antagonism. If the discovered manuscript be authentic, and if Radisson be credited with speaking the truth, there seems no reason why Miss Laut should not be congratulated upon her effort to write history true. Surely the work in this country of the Jesuits has been monumental enough to lose nothing by this late acknowledgment of our debt to Pierre Radisson.

Directors of souls are probably agreed that "spiritual despondency" is not a disease that is alarmingly prevalent among the masses of the people. We are given to over-confidence rather than to despair. But none the less it is certain that among the comparatively few who try genuinely to make progress in the spiritual life there are many who, sooner or later, meet with this chief difficulty of the pious, a tendency, or even a fixed habit of soul, to disbelieve in the possibility of achieving anything like success in the struggle for perfection.

† *Pathfinders of the West.* By Agnes C. Laut. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To such as these, the first part of Father Garesché's volume * will doubtless be helpful.

Others, that is those who have never experienced this dreadful tendency of mind, and who consequently will scarcely appreciate the importance of the author's words on the subject of despair, may pass quickly to his very helpful chapters on temptation. They may read with especial comfort the chapter on the means of recognizing whether or not one has consented to temptation, a very clear and very encouraging statement of the usual teaching on the matter.

The Divine Fire,† by May Sinclair, is unmistakably the work of an unusually gifted writer, and one does not hesitate to pronounce this book literature. The story is of a young London Cockney who begins life in his father's secondhand bookshop, and who finally becomes one of the great poets of his time—not an extraordinary theme for a story, and yet one which offers opportunity for a great book. May Sinclair, whoever she may be, has developed her story with admirable skill and sustained power. A keen understanding, an ethical interpretation, and a lyric style have combined to produce one of the noblest, most inspiring, and absorbing books we have read in years.

The Bell in the Fog ‡ takes its name from the initial story of the volume. Some of the tales in the book are entirely new, and others appeared previously in magazines. From a Catholic standpoint the simplicity of the peasants mentioned in the volume as living on the estates of the Count of Croisac, and whose dead were disturbed by the roar and rumble of the new steam-railway is, to say the least, rather far-fetched. We have no doubt, however, that the author had a real foundation, on which, by her vivid imagination, she has built up these interesting but rather uncanny series of events. The dominant note of the book is—uncanny. The stories, needless to say, are told by one who can tell them well, but they are the result of introspection rather than of observation. The volume has a certain charm of interest, and, although in places weird and unsatisfactory, will hold the average reader to the end.

* *Spiritual Despondency and Temptations.* By Rev. P. J. Michel, S.J. Translated from the French by Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Divine Fire.* By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

‡ *The Bell in the Fog.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper Brothers.

The Temptation of Norah Leecroft,* by Frances Noble, is a delightful little story set in the picturesque scenery of North Devon. The author is no amateur, and this latest book bears all the charm of her earlier stories. A young girl just out of school takes a position as nursery governess to the motherless children of a wealthy Englishman. His first marriage had been an unhappy one, so his love is given unreservedly to the little governess. However he is violently anti-Catholic and insists that their marriage ceremony shall be simply a legal one. As a true Catholic, though loving him devotedly, she withstands the temptation to yield to his plea, and breaks off all communication with him. Happily the story ends, as every one would wish it, in good fairy tale fashion. The book is simply and convincingly written and deserves only praise.

Somewhat more than a hundred years ago certain very learned men, in the *Edinburgh Review*, unwittingly preached a sermon to critics for all time by their memorable obtuseness in the case of a poet, whose rank now is beyond dispute. With this lesson in mind, it becomes difficult to pass judgment on any piece of work which is uneven in its merits. *The Red Branch Crests*,† by Charles Leonard Moore, bears these uneven characteristics. Lines of singular beauty and true poetic ring are succeeded by whole passages of merest verse, or doggerel. Naturally the impression left is a dubious one. The possibilities of the old Gaelic legends of Déidre, Mève, and Cuchulain have been appreciated by the author, and he gives much evidence of his power of dramatic insight.

It is with a sense of unusual pleasure that we announce and welcome the advent of a new contemporary into the field of Catholic literature; on the first of June next, the initial number of *The New York Review* will be issued under the editorship of Father James Driscoll, President of Dunwoodie Seminary. The new publication has been undertaken in obedience to the urgently expressed wish of Archbishop Farley, and in response to repeated demands on the part of Catholic readers

* *The Temptation of Norah Leecroft.* By Frances Noble. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Red Branch Crests.* By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: Printed for the author.

for a periodical to meet needs not sufficiently provided for by any of our existing magazines. It will be scholarly, not popular, in tone, and will be concerned mainly with the consideration of current Scriptural and philosophical questions which affect the favorable presentation of the Catholic faith. As intended by the Archbishop, as outlined by the editorial staff, and as ensured by the published names of pledged contributors, the policy of *The New York Review* will be thoroughly broad and sufficiently advanced to keep its readers abreast of all the sound conclusions of modern scholars. In view of this fact, and by reason of the immense prestige borrowed from connection with so weighty an authority as Archbishop Farley, and so profound a scholar as Father Driscoll, a reasonable measure of success should be assured to the new magazine from the very first hour of its existence. As the months pass and the actual nature of the work accomplished by the *Review* becomes known, the circle of its readers will widen, we hope, until, by means of it, the attitude of the Church toward current scientific thought will be adequately understood in many quarters where misapprehension has too often reigned. The new magazine will be a bi-monthly. Subscriptions—at the rate of two dollars per annum—may be addressed to the Very Reverend James Driscoll, St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Catholic Truth Society, of San Francisco, has just published a handy manual of 128 pages on Holy Week. The little book is carefully edited, and contains the entire Morning Office of Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday. An explanation of the ceremonies of the Church for these days is included.

The same Society has published a manual of the Forty Hours which contains an explanation of the ceremonies, history, and the indulgences attached to the devotion of the Forty Hours.

The price of each of these manuals is ten cents a copy, or five dollars per hundred. They may also be ordered from the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (18 Feb.): An article on the French Government Bill for the separation of Church and State, gives a translation of the Bill and compares it with former measures.——The series of papers on Biblical Inspiration, by the Abbot of Downside, has called forth interesting letters from several correspondents, notably Mr. Luigi Cappadelta and Dr. Joseph MacRory.——The letter from France contains extracts from the speeches of the Abbé Gayraud and M. Ribot, explaining why they favor the movement for separation.

(25 Feb.): Father Thurston, S.J., begins a series of articles on the practice of confession in England before the Norman Conquest. His object is to disprove the conclusions of Dr. H. C. Lea, as they have been adopted and modified by some Anglican scholars, particularly by Dr. Augustus Jessopp. Fr. Thurston summarizes the principal points in Dr. Jessopp's statements.——Another article of especial interest in this issue is a description of the revolutionary elements in Russia.

(4 March): There are two important articles in this number, one is a discussion of the Catholic school question in the Canadian Northwest, and the other is the second paper on confession in England before the Norman Conquest. In this paper Fr. Thurston answers the question: Was absolution given to private penitents?

The Month (March): Examines the grounds on which "Science" rests her claim to be our one and only guide to any knowledge worthy of the name. Presents and criticizes the doctrines of Continuity and Causation as Romanes and Huxley understood them. States (with reference to the Law of Continuity) that we are forced to suppose "that neither Mr. Romanes, when he speaks of an à priori truth, nor Professor Huxley, when he speaks of an axiom, rightly expresses his own meaning." Finds these writers using inaccurately, also, the term "Law of Causation."——Comments on the attitude of the modern secular historian (as Mr. Murdoch) studying the work of the early missionaries to Japan. Notes a

tendency on the part of this author to insinuate that the partial acceptance of Christianity was entirely explicable by natural causes, and that this Christianity was hardly ever accepted as a matter of rational conviction. Considers the charge of intolerance alleged against the missionaries; recounts their labors and successes; and describes the impression made by Christianity upon the people of Japan.

Le Correspondant (25 Jan.): Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, opens the number with a eulogy addressed to the community of St. Sulpice, Paris, now proscribed through the hatred of M. Combes.——"Mystiques et Primitifs," by Louis Gillet, continues his history of the ancient school of Cologne.

(10 Feb.): The opening article, "Le Budget de l'Ouvrier au XIX. et au XX. Siecle," by A. de Foville, member of the Institute, is encouraging reading. From reliable statistics the writer shows that the wage of workingmen in France to-day is double what it was a hundred years ago; that a low wage to-day is the exception and not the rule. He adds that science, which has procured so many advantages for the people, has not been able to render them more contented; for it has raised the standard of comfort and added to the complexity of life. Nor can science, nor physical well being, do the work of simple faith in creating or fostering love of duty, peace of soul, mutual forebearance, confidence, and hope, in the family circle.

La Quinzaine (16 Feb.): A. Koszul, in reviewing Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, pays particular attention to the religious life and influence of the great English premier. His early training was carefully attended to, later on he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers, and all through his life played an important part in the religious affairs of England. He was a great friend of Manning's. In regard to Catholic belief he agreed with us in believing in the Real Presence, also in auricular confession; yet could not take our view-point of Church authority. Gladstone's inner life was deeply spiritual. The article concludes by saying that "religion was the great, permanent, and solemn affair of his life."

Revue Thomiste (Jan.–Feb.): M. Coconnier, in a learned article entitled "Charity according to St. Thomas Aquinas," seeks to expose the true thought of the master of the schools upon this first and most noble virtue.——"To what Happiness are we Destined?" is the title of an article by Fr. Hugueny, O.P., in which the writer undertakes "to utilize Criticism without neglecting Scholasticism," in discussing the question of man's destiny.—— Other articles: "Les Conditions de la Certitude et la Critique," by T. Richard; and "Les deux Principes de la Thermodynamique," by Fr. Hedde.

Annales de la Philosophie Chrétienne (16 Jan.): This number opens with a sympathetic appreciation of M. Brunetière's recent volume, *De l'Utilisation du Positivisme*, which forms the first part of his apologetic work, *Sur le Chemin de la Croyance*. The manner in which M. Brunetière indicates how Catholicism finds points of contact with the positivism of Conte, opens a way, thinks M. Baumann, of which our apologists ought to take advantage. M. Denis congratulates M. Brunetière, first for his services, and, secondly, for the immunity which his prestige and position have assured to him from such attacks as have been made by ultra ultramontanists upon MM. Blondel, Fonsegrive, Laberthonnière, Denis himself, and other leaders of the movement. M. Roger Charbonnel, too, comments favorably on M. Brunetière's *Utilisation Apologétique du Positivisme*.——A seminary professor, who assumes as certain that in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke a large amount of idealization has been thrown around the historical kernel, discusses the indications offered for this theory. Though the work of analysis may, he says, disturb persons of little faith, it can only result in setting forth more splendidly the work of God and the teachings of our Lord.—— The editor concludes his fine historical study of Protestantism in France.

(Feb.): M. Albert Leclère opens a series of papers on Dante, to place in relief the affinities and the unexpected contrasts to be found in the tendencies of Dante's mysticism when compared with that of the most representative of other Catholic mystics since the period of

the first Renaissance. The nature, date, authenticity, Christology, and eschatology of the Clementine Homily is discussed by M. Turmel, who controverts many of Professor Harnack's findings on the subject.——M. Blampignon concludes his essay on Jean Jacques Rousseau.——The editor replies to the attack made on him and his friends, Abbé Naudet and Abbé Lefranc, in a Belgian "anti-apologetic" periodical by the Reverend Père Fontaine, S.J., who applies some very severe terms to the new school of biblical critics, whom he accuses of being rebels to spiritual authority. M. Denis defends the orthodoxy of the movement, emphasizes the necessities which have created it, and begs his adversary to remember the dictates of Christian charity. As an introduction to a future analysis, by M. Bernard, of a recently published synopsis of Kant's philosophy, M. Denis offers a few pages of observations on the historical position of the German philosopher.

La Revue Apologetique (16 March): Reviewing the progress of exegesis, regarding the long-debated questions in the Pentateuch, M. C. De Kirwan, without committing himself very deeply, is inclined to make some concessions to scientific criticism. He would abandon, for instance, the old opinion concerning the age of man, and the universality and miraculous character of the deluge. But he contends for the exactitude of the account of the dial of Achaz; for the phenomenon did not exceed the power of Omnipotence.——I. Vosters attacks the brochure of Professor Viollet directed against the infallibility of the Syllabus. The Syllabus, argued the professor, cannot be infallible; it declares, for example, that matrimony is indissoluble by natural law; if so it never could be dissolved by ecclesiastical authority; but we have cases where it has been thus dissolved. Ergo. The defender of the Syllabus would save its veracity by recurring to the old distinction between primary and secondary precepts of the natural law.——Against Father Lagrange's view concerning the later origin of Daniel, Chanoine Mémain continues his repetition of the traditional arguments.——M. H. Appelmans defends the reasonableness of faith.

Civiltà Cattolica (18 Feb.): Describes how the Italian government, when guaranteeing to the Pope the maintenance of his Pontifical dignity, recognized that this must include a guarantee of the rights of the Cardinals.——Describes the Educational Exhibit at the St. Louis Fair, mentioning the Medical Exhibit of the Università Giovanni Hopkins, and concludes with some considerations on the opinion entertained by outsiders generally as to the worth of Catholic philosophy: It is true that to expose the errors of science is the highest service which philosophy can render to science; but would this service not be immensely more valuable, if our writers were always loyal in recognizing all the truth and the good with which science is to be credited?——Reviews the first volume of the monumental work, The Acts of the Council of Trent, and takes occasion to speak of the superior accuracy of Pallavicino as compared with Sarpi.

(4 March): Records a movement on foot among some of the Italian journals to establish a law of temperance with regard to the publication of details about filthy and vicious crimes.——Reviews the collection *Science et Religion* (known to readers of the review columns of THE CATHOLIC WORLD), a series of brochures, now numbering over three hundred, which instruct Catholics on the latest questions in history, philosophy, Scripture, and theology; the series is being translated into Italian by the publishing house of Désclee.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Feb.): Fr. Krose, S.J., in a paper dealing with the religious condition of Switzerland, shows that Catholicism is rapidly regaining ground in that country.——Fr. Knabenbauer, S.J., in an article entitled "The Author of the Fourth Gospel and Loisy," refutes the arguments advanced against the genuinity of St. John's Gospel.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

DR. CHARLES G. HERBERMANN, editor-in-chief of the new *Catholic Encyclopedia*, has received from many prominent ecclesiastics warm letters of commendation for the work. Cardinal Gibbons writes as follows:

I have heard with great pleasure the proposal to publish a Catholic encyclopedia. The need of such a work has long been recognized. For English-speaking Catholics especially it is necessary to have the concise and authentic statements regarding the Church which the encyclopedia will give. And I am convinced that non-Catholics also will welcome a publication in which the doctrine, practice, and history of the Church are clearly set forth. The character and ability of the scholars who have undertaken this work guarantee its success. I shall look forward to the appearance of the first volume, and meantime I shall gladly commend the *Catholic Encyclopedia* to our clergy and people.

From his Grace Archbishop Farley Dr. Herbermann has received the following letter:

Your arrangements for publishing the *Catholic Encyclopedia* fulfil a desire which I have cherished for over twenty years. The work is planned on the broadest possibie lines. With a board of editors and numerous contributors thoroughly representative of the best scholarship in every part of the world, the encyclopedia will be eminently Catholic in scope and spirit.

It augurs well for the interests of religion in English-speaking countries that we are to have a work which will be an end to much useless and oftentimes painful controversy, and be a source of valuable information for all serious readers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic.

You are fortunate in having a business organization in which the public can have entire confidence. You may rely upon me always for whatever assistance I can give in this enterprise.

While wishing you and the editors associated with you godspeed in the work, I think I can predict that you will meet with so much encouragement and co-operation on every side that your success is already assured.

* * *

Outside the domain of faith and morals, there are many questions open for discussion among Catholics. Certain historical events may be distorted by the personal bias of the writer, or by racial antipathies. On both sides of controverted points Catholics have been known to exaggerate and misrepresent other Catholics of good standing and most loyal to the faith.

To illustrate the Catholic idea as to how history should be written and taught, Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, re-told this story in the course of his evidence before the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland:

As to history I might give the Commission a story that goes the rounds; whether it is true or not, it expresses our view on the matter. It is said that the very learned Father Pastor, who was writing a history of the Popes,

obtained access to the secret archives of the Vatican for the purpose of studying unpublished papers, and he asked Pope Leo XIII. as to how he should deal with certain inconvenient incidents in some of these documents. The Pope said: Simply tell the truth; write the history; tell the truth. I verily believe that there are some Catholic men now who, if they were writing the Gospels, would leave out the denial of St. Peter in the interests of the Papacy. Well, for my part, Bishop O'Dwyer continued, and speaking for my brother bishops, if we had a professor of history we should never dream of asking him to falsify his own judgment, to suppress the facts of history; we would ask him to teach his history truthfully and honestly as he found it.

If history were taught and written everywhere and always in this Catholic spirit, there would be a great deal less bitter controversy and bigotry in relation at least to the historical aspect of religion.

The trustees of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y., have considered the objections presented against Professor Emerton's *History of Medieval Europe*, and rightly decided to reject it as an unreliable text-book. Out of five hundred and ninety-two pages, a Catholic critic found sixteen glaring errors within three pages—542, 543, 544, of which this is a specimen:

At the age of puberty he (the child) was received into the full membership of the Christian community of potential sinners by the act of Confirmation, whereby his sinlessness for the moment was established.—Emerton, page 544.

* * *

The recent death of General Lew Wallace, at Crawfordsville, Ind., has given opportunity for discussion of his career as an author. His books, *The Boyhood of Christ* and *The Prince of India*, were properly censured for many doctrinal and historical errors. His best known book, *Ben Hur*, is a fine specimen of narrative writing, though containing allusions to the divinity of Christ not approved by orthodox teaching. A story often told, which was never denied by Wallace, was that he had a conversation with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll one day on a train, and during the talk Ingersoll advised him to do some thinking on the question of religious belief. *Ben Hur* was the result.

It is stated that General Wallace wrote only by laborious study and painstaking toil. He was his own best critic, and scrutinized every line before he let it appear in his final copy. His habit was to write the rough draft of his ideas on a slate, so that erasures could be made easily, then to transfer the writing with a soft pencil to paper, and finally, when all was to his satisfaction, to copy the book in ink with the precision of a clerk. When *Ben Hur* was sent to *Harper's* it was beautifully executed in purple ink, every line of exact length, every page of writing almost identical in the number of words with an ordinary printed page. This was the book that the publishing house hesitated for a time about accepting, fearing that it might not prove a financial success. It is said that *Ben Hur* has been translated into every important tongue in the world.

The General had a fine home in Crawfordsville, Ind., an old fashioned rambling house with acres of ground. His library was in a beautiful stone building in the rear. In the library hangs a portrait in oil of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, painted by the General. It was produced from secret sketches

made by Wallace while Minister to Turkey, though the Mohammedans regard such a thing as a sacrilege.

Thousands of Indiana people made annual pilgrimages to Crawfordsville. Whenever possible General Wallace shook hands with every one. In 1852 he married Susan Elston, of a well-known Hoosier family of pioneers.

* * *

Miss Josephine Lewis, a devoted worker for the Columbian Reading Union in past years, was invited by the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences to give an account of her recent trip to Mexico, which is here condensed:

The first impression in landing at Vera Cruz is of the wonderful atmospheric brilliancy, color and light drown everything else. The turquoise sky, the blue and green water, the glowing flowers, light-toned buildings, all give a curious feeling of a sudden transposition from a low-toned harmony to one in the upper keys. There, to one who paints the natives with dark skins and white or colored loose garments, are models that one wants at once to put into a picture. Our men in black clothes are contrasted with black men in white clothes. And those animated bronze beings, who came out in quaint little boats to take us ashore, give one an unearthly feeling, as if some statues with sinewy, lithe figures, began to move around us.

Vera Cruz is an Oriental city, both buildings and people proclaim the fact. As we go into the interior of Mexico one sees, beyond the marvelous mountain ranges, plains with narrow winding lanes outlined by high walls of dried mud. And as we look at the novel scene, a man in native costume comes dashing down on his prancing horse, the silver trimmings flashing in the light, and it seems impossible that we are really in this picturesque country. We feel like the little old lady in Mother Goose, who says if this be I, as I think it be, I have a little dog at home and he'll know me.

The native women of the poorer class move shyly about, covered to the eyes with the long blue scarf, or rebosa, the men in wide-rimmed hats and gay serape. They glance respectfully at the Americans. We see an Indian woman moving along with the tall earthen jar on her head in the old biblical fashion. Now we see a group of black-haired Indian girls washing some clothes on the flat stones at the edge of a stream and spreading the pieces on a cactus plant to dry. Again we see a town with narrow cobble-paved streets, swept with dust-pan and brush, the open market place, the sparkling fountain falling into carved basins, all blend in one picturesque harmony that sets the nerves tingling with delight.

And the courtesy of the people is charming, because the Americans are loud in their praise of the lovely flowers. At Cordova a Mexican on the train at once bought the finest boquet of camelias and presented it with a deep bow to the stranger who was for once speechless with surprise and pleasure. These bouquets are swung from the bundle racks overhead, and give sweetness for the long journey from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. As the train swings along, and the paintable quality of it all gives perfect delight, we begin to think of the history of art in the old land.

Miss Lewis closed her talk with a charming description of the Cathedral and Churches of Mexico, relating a number of the pretty legends that are

handed down from the old Spanish days. Then over one hundred views were shown.

* * *

The Aquinas Reading Circle, of Mobile, observed its eighth anniversary with a "Shakespeare evening," and an interesting programme was rendered as follows:

Overture, Salutation, orchestra; Vocal solo, Miss M. M. McGettrick.

Casket scene from "The Merchant of Venice." Cast: Bassanio, Joseph A. Diemer; Lorenzo, T. P. Norville; Gratiano, William Airey; Salarino, Edward Hickey; Nerissa, Miss Mary McCafferty; Portia, Miss Pansy Ravier.

Vocal solo, William O. Daly; Piano solo, Miss Marietta Green; Vocal solo, Miss Anita Herpin.

Court scene from "The Merchant of Venice." Cast: Shylock, Joseph A. Diemer; Duke of Venice, John Goodman; Antonio, John McAleer; Bassanio, T. P. Norville; Gratiano, William Airey; Salarino, E. Hickey; Nerissa, Miss May McCafferty; Portia, Miss Teresa McAleer.

The entertainment was under the stage direction and management of Joseph A. Diemer.

The officers of the Circle are: *President*, Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Lee N. Ward; *Secretary*, Miss Jensina Ebeltoft; *Treasurer*, Mrs. May Le-Baron; *Musical Director*, Miss Frances S. Parker.

* * *

Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly gave a very interesting talk to the members of the Young Women's Catholic Union, of Charlestown, Mass.; her subject, a most appropriate one, "Meanings we miss from the Gospel Story," was the result of a close study of the Gospels in connection with her impressions of the country of Palestine and the manners and customs of the people.

Beginning with a charming portrayal of the lilies of the field, which, to her surprise, were found to be large, gorgeous red flowers with purple hearts, she referred to all the familiar incidents in the life of our Lord, throwing new light upon many of them. The reference to the high estimation in which the carpenter's trade was held, the picture of the Boy Jesus, with his seamless robe of royal hue, in the Temple, the interpretation of the entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and of the Crucifixion between two malefactors—were all made more real from Miss O'Reilly's familiarity with the Holy Land and its customs.

Connected with the Union is a Reading Circle, which presented a programme on Longfellow's life and character, and some of his short poems were read and discussed, including the sweet Catholic poem, "The Legend Beautiful."

Another meeting was devoted to history, the programme including papers on Columbus; Isabella the Catholic; the novel, *Mercedes of Castile*, a tale of the days of Columbus; and readings from Irving of the discovery of America and the first landing of Columbus.

* * *

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Chicago Press Club was celebrated with a banquet in the clubrooms. In after dinner speeches

statesmen and authors of national reputation, invited guests and newspaper men, praised the power and influence of the American press in the highest terms. The principal speakers of the evening were Colonel George Harvey, of New York, and Governor Albert E. Cummins, of Iowa. Two hundred and forty members of the club, with their guests, were present. Homer J. Carr, President, was toastmaster. Colonel Harvey, in responding to the toast, The Freedom of the Press, depicted this wonderfully high standard of excellence:

There is no press in the world comparable to that of America in freedom from influence, political or social, from venality, from contamination of any kind whatsoever. In France, a newspaper's opinions are a matter of francs; in England, too often of titles: in Germany, Austria, and Spain, of imperial favor; in Russia, of absolute censorship. In America, thanks to the traditions of the past, the fundamental integrity of the press cannot be impugned. It is faultful, but it is free. We have our sadly exaggerated headlines on week days, and our monstrosities on Sundays; we have amazing productions of no less amazing art; we have columns and columns of crime, and pages and pages of waste. Finally, not least, at any rate, in numbers, we have our red and white papers, sometimes referred to as yellow journals.

Personally, I should be of the last to defend or make apology for this latest manifestation of commercialism, misdirected ambition, and false doctrines in the American press. But, however seriously we may regret and resent the ebullition, we cannot ignore the irresistable conclusion that this particular channel, and this alone, affords a vent for unexpressed beliefs and suspicions which can be dissipated only by the clear rays of reason following any form of expression.

As contrasted with our own country, Russia to-day stands forth a vivid example of the effect of suppressed opinion. Discontent would better burn than smoulder. The continuous hissing of offensive gases escaping is not pleasant, but it is preferable to the otherwise inevitable explosion. Yet more important, more vital to the permanance of a government of a whole people by themselves, is absolute freedom of expression. Upon that all depends. Restrict it, or create the impression in suspicious minds that it is being restricted, and you sow the wind.

With this general dictum few if any would have the hardihood to disagree. But it is often, and I regret to say often truly, urged that liberty is subverted to license. Freedom of speech, freedom of publicity, yes; all admit the wisdom and necessity of preserving both. But how frequently is added, especially by men in public office, a vigorous declamation against unfair criticism, and how almost daily is uttered, sometimes a violent and unwarranted, sometimes a dignified and justifiable, protest against invasion of privacy, encroachment upon personal rights, and like offenses.

Only those behind the curtain of the editorial sanctum can fully appreciate the proportion of insincerity contained in the virtuous avowals of shy and retiring, though weak and human beings of both sexes. In nine cases out of ten, the most vociferous protest may be attributed safely to self-sufficiency, snobbishness, or a guilty conscience. There is so little of malice in American newspapers as to be unworthy of notice, but it is unquestionably

true that too little heed is paid to the fact that unwilful misrepresentation is often quite as serious in effect.

Worst of all is the refusal to rectify a known error. Cursed be the man who initiated the policy of never making a retraction in the columns of his journal! The mere fact that an individual, whether right or wrong, is virtually voiceless and helpless in controversy with a newspaper, should and does morally vest him with the right to exceptional consideration. A lie once started can never be stopped, but the one responsible for its circulation, directly or indirectly, who fails to exert every possible endeavor to that end is unworthy of association with decent men. An American newspaper should be an American gentleman.

To see the right is genius; to do it is courage. Unite the two under the banner of sane idealism, and the most potent force in the cause of progress, enlightenment, and good will lie in the free press of America.

Quite recently Pope Pius X. received a Catholic journalist, and in the course of conversation he took a pen from the hand of his visitor, blessed it, and gave it back with the following words:

Nowadays there is no more exalted mission in the world than that of a journalist. I bless the symbol of your profession. My predecessors pronounced their blessings on the swords and weapons of Christian warriors. I count myself happy to invoke heaven's blessing upon the pen of a Catholic journalist.

We could well wish that the example of the Holy Father were adopted in Catholic circles generally. If it were, the Catholic newspaper would be better appreciated and its representatives would be treated with more courtesy. But it is too much to expect the same large view or the same good taste or the same wisdom and Catholicity of spirit in other quarters, as the Catholic journalist finds in the Pope, who considers himself happy to have an opportunity of invoking a blessing on the Catholic journalist's pen.

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THE

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THE UNDERPAID LABORERS OF AMERICA; THEIR NUMBER AND PROSPECTS.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN A. RYAN.

NO investigation has ever been made which shows the total number of workingmen in the United States employed at any given rate of wages. There was, indeed, an attempt made in this direction by the officials in charge of the Eleventh Census, but it was not successful. From the results of various partial investigations, however, we can form a fairly accurate and sufficiently definite estimate of the number and proportion of the underpaid. By "the underpaid" are meant those adult male wage-earners who get less than $600 per year, or, allowing an average of 8 per cent for lost time, $2.10 per day. Readers who wish to examine the grounds upon which this estimate of a minimum living wage is based, are referred to the April, 1902, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Eleventh Census (1890) gives the weekly rates of wages and the number of persons employed at each rate in fifty leading industries of 165 cities. The investigation from which these results were obtained was the most extensive of its kind that has ever been made, as it covered one-fourth of the employees in the manufacturing and mechanical industries. The number of establishments investigated was 44,225, and the number of males 16 years of age and over for whom rates of wages were obtained was 757,865. The report does not tell us what proportion of these were minors, but the Twelfth Census shows that in 1900, 11 per cent of this class of males

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in these industries were under 21 years. Assuming that the proportion of minors was no higher in 1890 than in 1900, and deducting from the 407,693 workers who received less than $12 per week 11 per cent of 757,865, we find that the proportion of underpaid male *adults* was 48 per cent. But the wage returns upon which this estimate is based represent not merely wage receivers in the ordinary sense, but company officers and firm members. The Eleventh Census informs us that when the latter classes were included in the tables, the average income of males above 16 in the manufacturing and mechanical industries was 9 per cent higher than when they were omitted. This fact, and the number of income receivers in the *highest* paid group of the table that we are considering, make it overwhelmingly probable that the per cent of adult male wage-earners that failed to get $12 per week was at least 51.

According to the Seventh Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor (1891) 73 per cent of 28,127 employees in typical establishments of the iron and steel and glass industries were paid less than $2.01 per day. An examination of the occupations filled by these employees, and of their individual earnings, indicates that less than 8 per cent of them were boys, and that few, if any, were females. The proportion of adult males obtaining less than a living wage was, therefore, 70 per cent. The returns here discussed represent wage conditions in 1891, and industries not covered by the statistics above given from the Eleventh Census.

The Fifth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor gives the results of an investigation of all classes of railway labor. Of the 224.570 employees represented in the returns, 85 per cent received less than $2.01 per day. From the character of the various occupations it is evident that 6 per cent is a liberal allowance for females and boys. Hence the per cent of underpaid adults was 85. The investigation from which these figures were obtained was made in 1889.

In the special report of the Twelfth Census (1900) on "Employees and Wages," returns are presented from what was undoubtedly the most careful investigation that has yet been made of the rates of wages obtained by different classes of workers. Representative establishments were studied in 34 "stable and normal industries," classified under the more general heads of textile, wood-working, metal-working, and miscella-

neous. As the chief purpose of the investigation was to show the movement of wages in the manufacturing industry between 1890 and 1900, statistics were obtained for both of these years. The returns for 1890 indicate that 69 per cent of 105,106 males 16 years of age and over received less than $12.50 per week. Allowing 8 per cent for lost time, this is less than $600 annually. When 11 per cent is deducted on account of minors, the proportion of underpaid adult males appears as 66 per cent.

So much for the wages prevailing in 1889, 1890, and 1891. Of the condition of industry in 1900 the report of "Manufactures" of the Twelfth Census says: "It was a time of special activity and productivity of manufactures"; "The volume of industry had nearly reached its high-water mark"; and furthermore, "The same general conditions prevailed in 1890"; "There has been no decade in which business conditions were so nearly alike at its beginning and at its end." The language of the Census report is confirmed by the "Aldrich Report" and the monthly bulletins of the Bureau of Labor, which show that in 1889, 1890, and 1891 the general level of wages was higher than the average of the decades immediately preceding and following.

The special investigation discussed in the last paragraph but one, found that 68 per cent of 160,267 males of 16 years and over were paid less than $12.50 per week in 1900. Eliminating 11 per cent for minors, we see that the proportion of adult males that failed to get a living wage in typical establishments in the manufacturing industry was 64 per cent.

Another table based upon this same investigation, containing returns from some establishments not represented in the table just considered, and omitting some of those included in the latter, discloses the fact that 66 per cent of 156,552 males 16 years and over obtained less than $12.50 per week. With 11 per cent deducted for minors, the proportion of underpaid male adults in this group in 1900 was 62 per cent.

According to the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the Statistics of Railways, 81 per cent of the whole number (1,017,653) of persons engaged in this industry in the United States received, in 1900, wages that averaged less than $2.05 per day. The language of the Report and the nature of the occupations indicates that prac-

tically none of the employees were women, and not more than 6 per cent minors. Eliminating females and boys, and also the 9,585 officers of the roads, we find that the per cent of underpaid male adults remains 81. It must be noted that this estimate is based on the Commission's statement of the *average* rates paid to the different classes of employees. Many persons, in some of the classes in which the average rate was under $2.05 per day, received a higher remuneration; on the other hand, many members of classes whose average was above that rate, for instance, individual firemen, received less. One group probably balances the other. The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Commission indicates that in 1903 the number of adult males in the railway service was 1,224,344, of whom 67 per cent received less than $2.09 per day.

A partial confirmation of these estimates of the proportion of underpaid male adults at the beginning and end of the last decade of the nineteenth century is obtained from statistics presented by several of the state labor bureaus. A noteworthy feature of these returns is that they represent a much larger proportion of all the employees in their respective States than do the foregoing statistics with regard to the country at large. Moreover, they are all from States in the North and West, in which wages are at least up to the average rates for the whole United States. Only a summary will be given of the estimates based on State statistics. For the sake of a more satisfactory and comprehensive view of the entire field, there is included in the table a summary of the estimates already submitted.

Employees and Years Represented.	*Number of Adult Males Represented.*	*Per cent of Adult Males Underpaid.*
In 50 Manufac. Industries, 1890, ...	757,865	51
In Iron, and Steel, and Glass, 1891, ...	25,877	70
In Railway Occupations, 1889,	211,096	85
In 34 Manufac. Industries, 1890, ...	93,544	66
In 34 Manufac. Industries, 1900, ...	142,638	64
In 34 Manufac. Industries, 1900, ...	138,331	62

Employees and Years Represented.	*Number of Adult Males Represented.*	*Per cent of Adult Males Underpaid.*
In Railway Occupations, 1900 and 1903,	2,171,371	73
In Manufactures, Mass., 1890 and 1891,	367,311	59
In Manufactures, Wis., 1891,	70,326	61
In Manufactures, Mass., 1899 and 1900,	511,727	64
In Manufactures, Minn., 1899 and 1900,	99,872	53
In Manufactures, Wis., 1899, 1900, and 1901,	217,522	75
In Manufactures, N. J., 1899, 1900, and 1901,	387,903	60
In Manufactures, Ill., 1900 and 1901,	135,890	58

No attempt is made to estimate the total number of underpaid workers indicated in the table, because many of them are counted more than once in the summaries, and the entire number represented is small relatively to the whole number of underpaid in the United States. The important feature of the table is the percentages, which may be taken as fairly representative of average wage conditions in manufacturing and railway industries. And the general level of remuneration in these two fields is undoubtedly quite as high as the average of all the other urban occupations. It is to be noted, moreover, that these percentages reflect the conditions of 1890, 1900, and 1903, when wages were about as high as they are at present, fully as high as the average of the last 15 years, and higher than that of the last 25 years.

The majority of the percentages are above 60, while the only notable percentage below that figure is the first one in the table. The Eleventh Census indicates that only 51 per cent (approximately) of the male adults employed in manufacturing industries in 1890 received less than $12 per week. Yet the special investigation undertaken by the director of the Twelfth Census shows that the proportion obtaining under $12.50 per week in the same industry the same year, was 66 per cent. The investigation from which the smaller figure was drawn covered a much larger number of men than did the one

just mentioned, but there is every reason to believe that it was less scientifically and carefully carried out. Moreover, investigations of the manufacturing industries of Massachusetts and Wisconsin for this same year of 1890 developed the fact that the per cents of underpaid in these States were respectively 59 and 61. It is probable, therefore, that 66 per cent is nearer the actual figure than 51. When due weight is given to all the percentages in the table, the conclusion seems justified that at least 60 per cent of the adult male workers in the cities of the United States are to-day receiving less than $600 annually.

What of the future? Do the wages of the poorest paid classes show any tendency to increase? All students of the subject admit that wages, as a whole, have greatly increased since 1850. The necessaries and comforts of life, on the other hand, seem to be at about the same price-level that prevailed at that date. The net result, therefore, is a considerable improvement in the condition of the laboring classes generally since the middle of the last century.

There are, however, serious reasons for thinking that the upward movement of wages has been very much smaller during the last 25 years than it was during the preceding 30 years. The Census of 1890 gives us no definite information concerning the course of wages during the decade immediately preceding that date, because it differed in the scope and form of its inquiry from the Census of 1880. Hence we are warned by those in charge of the former that the wage statistics of the two censuses cannot be compared. The Aldrich Report declares that the rise on wages during this decade amounted to 12 per cent. This estimate has been severely criticised. It has been asserted that the establishments selected for investigation were not truly representative of their respective classes. For example, one dry goods store and one grocery store, employing together less than thirty clerks, were taken as typical of the whole retail business; and the exceptionally high wages that they paid as representative of the remuneration of the whole of this class of workers. Again, it is charged that the statisticians who summarized the returns of the investigation were in sympathy with its political aim, which was to show the greatest possible increase in wages. Thus, in computing the average wages paid in a certain brewery—the only establishment in

that industry from which returns had been secured—they put the head brewer, who received $23.96 per day, in a series by himself. Accordingly, as much weight was given to him in determining the average for the whole establishment as to each one of the other *classes* of workmen. One of these classes contained 33 men. In consequence of this method, the average wage of the brewery appeared as $4.12 per day, although a majority of the employees actually received less than $2. A further and more far-reaching result was that the quotations for the brewing industry presented in the Aldrich Report are 70 per cent too high. As Professor Bullock remarks: "This typical brewer, who received over $6,000 per year, . . . was certainly worth that amount for statistical purposes." Finally, an investigation made by the United States Bureau of Labor into the wages of 25 occupations in a few of the leading cities of the country, showed an increase for this decade of 8 per cent. After due allowance has been made for the various defects of the three sources of information considered in this paragraph, the conclusion seems valid that a real rise in general wages took place between 1890 and 1900, but that it did not amount to 12 nor, in all probability, to 8 per cent. The Aldrich Report states that prices fell 9 per cent during the same period.

According to the table given above, the number of male adults receiving less than $12.50 per week in 34 manufacturing industries was 66 per cent in 1890, and 64 per cent in 1900, a gain of 2 per cent for the decade in the proportion of those getting a living wage. An investigation made by the United States Bureau of Labor of 67 manufacturing and mechanical industries shows that wages increased 11 per cent, and the cost of living nearly 8 per cent, between 1890 and 1903. Since the latter date both wages and the cost of living have suffered a slight decline. The net gain to labor between 1890 and any year in the present century seems, therefore, to have been inconsiderable.

The incomplete and in some respects unreliable statistics at hand indicate, therefore, that the immense improvements in production that have been brought about within the last quarter of a century, have not been followed by a corresponding improvement in the condition of the laborer. His wages have risen, indeed, during this period, but neither so steadily nor to such an extent as might with reason have been expected. These statements refer to general wages. Since the greatest

advances in remuneration have occurred among the organized —who are also the better paid—workmen, there is some reason to think that the wages of the poorest paid have not kept pace with the general increase.

Now those features in the evolution of the processes of production, which seem to have restricted the upward trend of wages in the recent past, will in all probability show the same tendency for a long time to come. The first of them is the prevalence of monopoly. In his Minority Report, as member of the Industrial Commission, Mr. Phillips estimates the value of the industries of the country, that are more or less monopolistic in character, at $17,000,000,000—"or probably one-fifth of what the present census will find to be the estimated true value of all property in this country." As a matter of fact, the great combinations formed in recent years have paid at least as high wages as their independent rivals. This, however, is but one phase, and very probably a temporary one, of the situation. Because of their more economical organization, the so-called trusts can turn out a given amount of product with a much smaller labor force than is required in a régime of competition. Unless they make their output larger than it would have been under the old system, they will consequently be able to reduce the number of their employees. They cannot profitably increase the output without reducing prices to the consumer, and this, as experience shows, they will not do. Their usual practice runs in the opposite direction. The result is that men are thrown out of employment, to enter into competition with their fellows both within and without the combinations, and thus bring down the wages of all. On the other hand the increased cost of living which follows a monopolistic organization of industry affects the laborer precisely as it affects other consumers.

The second disquieting fact in the present tendencies of the productive process is the displacement of men by machines. Professor Smart tells us that we are only at the beginning of the machine age, and that the need for man is for the moment becoming less and less in all fields where machinery is entering. If the need for man grows less, will not the proportion of unemployed grow greater? One obvious answer to this question is a reference to the experience of the past. Up to the present time the substitution of machinery for hand processes does not seem to have caused any permanent increase

in the proportion of unemployment. The number of idle men is probably no greater, relative to the whole working population, than it was before the coming of the machine régime. And yet, it must be borne in mind that this result is a mere accident, for there is no necessary connection between the introduction or extension of machine production and the *continuity* of employment. On the contrary, there is reason to fear that a more or less direct ratio exists between the increase in the rate of machine substitution, and the increase in the *rate* of unemployment. Assuming that the former will be quite marked for some time to come, we must, it would seem, expect the percentage of the unwillingly idle to increase likewise. Every time a new labor saving machine is introduced, some men are thrown out of work; consequently the greater the amount of such machinery that is put into operation in a given year, the greater is the number of men that are unemployed during some part of that year. Ultimately they may all be absorbed in the old industry or in related occupations, but there is at least an increase in the number of those who are temporarily unemployed; and the more rapidly their number is augmented, the larger will be the sum total of unemployment, for the process of readjustment will not keep pace with the acceleration of machine substitution. Thus, if the new forms of machinery brought into use in a community this year supplant one thousand men, whereas those introduced last year displaced only five hundred, it is more than probable that the amount of unemployment will be greater this year than last. Each of the one thousand men will be out of work for more than half the number of days during which each of the five hundred was idle. Any decrease in the *rate* at which men are displaced by machines, therefore, increases unemployment, and thus tends to lower wages.

In addition to the rapid introduction of new forms of capital, the unnecessary multiplication of existing forms seems liable to impede the upward movement of wages by augmenting unemployment. We save too much and consume too little. Too much of the annual product of the nation is converted into machinery. "In a given stage of the arts, and with given habits of consumption, a certain amount of machinery can be advantageously utilized; a larger amount than this is waste. We have for generations been cultivating notions which should make individuals reduce their consump-

tion and increase their investment until we could obtain the required amount; and we have apparently overdone the matter." The influence of over-accumulation of capital upon employment is so well described by Mr. Hobson that his words are worth quoting at some length.

> In order to test the case, take a community with stable population where there has existed a right economic relation between forms of capital and rate of consumption. Suppose an attempt is initiated to increase saving by abstention from consumption of some class of goods, say cotton. . . . Since no trade requires increase of capital, the new savings may as well be invested in the form of new cotton mills as in any other way. Let us suppose that the over-saving of the first year is capitalized in this form. What has occurred during this first year is that an increased employment of capital and labor in making cotton mills has balanced a diminished employment in making cotton goods. Assuming an absolute fluidity of capital and labor, the net employment for the community is not affected by the change. People have simply been paid to make cotton mills instead of to make cotton goods. At the end of the year there exists an excess of cotton mills over what would have been required if consumption of cotton goods had stood firm, a double excess over what is needed to supply the now reduced demand for cotton goods. If it seems unfair to any one that I should apply the over-saving to the only trade where the demand is absolutely reduced, I can only reply that it simplifies the argument and makes no real difference in its validity. If we assumed the saving to be equally distributed among all trades, then at the end of the year all trades would be, to a minor degree, in the same condition as the cotton trade is according to my illustration.
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> If savers were mad enough to continue this policy, preferring the growing ownership of useless cotton mills to the satisfaction of consuming commodities, the process might continue indefinitely, without reducing or affecting in any way the aggregate employment of labor and capital. It would simply mean that a number of persons take their satisfaction in seeing new cotton mills rising and going to decay.
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> But it is conceivable that in the second year of over-saving, the savers instead of continuing to pay people to put up more mills might employ people to operate the excess of cotton mills, lending their money to buy raw material and to pay wages. Cotton goods which *ex hypothesi* can find no markets are thus accumulated. If the savers choose

to take their pleasure in such a way, they might go on indefinitely without the aggregate of employment of capital or labor being affected. If they continued this impolicy for a twelve month, we should say that whereas in the first year they saved useless mills, in the second they saved useless cotton goods. In neither the first nor the second year is there any net increase or decrease of employment due to the new policy of saving. In fact, assuming sanity of individual conduct, affairs would work out differently. Admitting an attempt to work the surplus mills, the actual over-production of goods could not proceed far. Let us assume savers to use, throughout, the agency of banks, which are to find investment for their savings. Suppose the banks, not realizing the mode of this new saving, have invested the first year's savings in superfluous cotton mills. These cotton mills or others in the next year cannot continue to work without advances from banks, since they are unable to effect profitable sales. Soon after the beginning of the second year the banks refuse to make further efforts for over-production; markets being congested and prices falling, the demand for bank accommodation will grow, but banks will not be justified in making advances. Now the weaker mills must stop work, general short time follows, and the result is unemployment of labor and forms of capital. This is the first effect of the attempt to over-save upon employment. We have now for the first time a reduction of the aggregate of production. The result of reduced employment (under-production) will be a reduction of real incomes. This will tend to proceed until the reduced reward of saving (real interest) gradually restores the right proportion of saving to spending—a very slow and wasteful cure.

It thus appears that so long as saving can be vested in new forms of capital, whether these are socially useful or not, no net reduction of employment is caused, the portion of income which is saved employs as much labor as, though not more than, that which is spent, but when the machinery of production is so glutted that attempted saving takes shape in the massing of loanable capital unable to find investment, the net production and the net employment of labor in the community is smaller than it would have been had saving been confined to the minimum required by the needs of the society.

From the standpoint of employment the injury done by over-saving is thus seen to consist not in the over-production of plant or goods, but in the condition of *under-produc-*

tion which follows the *financial recognition* of this glut. The real waste of power of capital and labor is measured by the period and the intensity of the under-production in which forms of capital and labor stand idle.

Over-production induced by over-saving is, of course, most widespread, as it is most striking, during an industrial crisis. But it may exist to a more limited extent during periods that are regarded as substantially normal. There may be an excess of productive instruments in the greater number, or even in all, of the industries of a country at all times except those of extraordinary prosperity. Something very like this seems to have become true of the United States. Between 1886 and 1895 the average product of more than two thousand manufacturing establishments in Massachusetts was only 50 to 70 per cent of their full capacity. It has been estimated that with their existing equipment of capital and labor, the shoe factories of the country could meet the current annual consumption by running steadily for four months In the absence of larger statistics, no precise estimate of the extent of the phenomenon can be attempted, but if every-day observation may be relied upon, the amount of productive power that is unused is enormous. At every turn we seem to see efficient machinery abandoned or running on short time, and the cause is almost never a scarcity of labor. Now if the idle or partially idle capital instruments were the worst of their kind, and if the new machinery invariably and immediately crowded out all the poorer instruments that were not needed to supply the current rate of consumption, the excessive accumulation of capital would cause neither over-production of goods nor diminution of employment. The savings that might have been exchanged for consumption goods would have been expended in making machines that were allowed to perish as fast as new machines adequate to the current demand were put in operation. Thus labor would be kept employed and excessive production restricted. But the industrial mechanism does not work so smoothly. The owners of the older instruments of production are not doing business on this lofty plane of philantrophy. They continue to produce, and to compete for a share in a market that is beginning to be over-supplied. The directors of production see prices, and therefore profits, declining, and endeavor to recoup by lowering wages. Profits, however, continue to diminish, until some of the industries are closed, others are

running only a part of the time, unemployment has increased, and wages are further reduced.

This theory is at variance, obviously, with one of the commonplaces of the older political economy. We have been assured very frequently that general over-production is an absurdity, since a supply of goods always means a demand for goods, and since the wants of men are never fully satisfied. Undoubtedly the existence of goods implies the power to purchase other goods, and the existence of unsatisfied wants means a desire to purchase; but what Adam Smith called "effective demand," the only kind of demand that will take the surplus goods off the market, requires that the purchasing power and the desire exist in the same persons. As things are, those who can consume more have not the desire, and those who have the desire have not the power. And there is assuredly nothing in the nature of our industrial mechanism to prevent this condition, which is obviously possible in one or two lines of production, from being realized in all. This failure of production and consumption to function harmoniously in the economic organism seems to have escaped the notice of so able a writer as Professor Clark, when he wrote: "The richer the world is in capital, the richer the worker is in productive power." Richer in productive *power*, yes; but what if the condition of consumption, the actual demand for products, does not call for the full exercise of this power? The very excess of productive power relatively to the needs that are combined with purchasing power, means an excess of supply of labor, which in turn means unemployment and low wages.

The three forces of combination, rapid introduction of new forms of machinery, and excessive multiplication of existing forms, seem likely to continue operative for a long time to come. In a general way they are mutually helpful in their detrimental effects on labor. The powerful and highly organized industrial combinations are able to put in new forms of machinery on a more extended scale than would be possible in a régime of small industries. It is true that these combinations will check over-supply of capital in the fields in which they are supreme, but in so doing they limit the opportunities for the investment of new capital. Outside of the province dominated by the great industries, therefore, the danger of a too abundant supply of capital instruments is increased; it has gained in intension what it has lost in extension.

To sum up, sufficient data have been presented to justify the conclusion that the proportion of adult male wage earners (outside of agriculture, where the remuneration is much lower, but the cost of living not so high) obtaining less than $600 per year, is at least 60 per cent. This is a fact fully as disquieting as Mr. Robert Hunter's estimate that, "not less than 10,000,000 persons in the United States are in poverty"; that is, "they may be able to get a bare sustenance, but they are not able to obtain those necessaries which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency." Of course, the requisites of physical efficiency as a worker are much less than the requisites of a decent livelihood for the head of a family; consequently Mr. Hunter's estimate is not equivalent to the statement that only two million male adults (on the assumption that these form one-fifth of the total number of *persons* below the poverty line) fail to get a family living wage. Explaining further what he means by physical efficiency, Mr. Hunter says: "No one will fail to realize how low such a standard is. It does not necessarily include any of the intellectual, æsthetic, moral, or social necessities; it is a purely physical standard, dividing those in poverty from those who may be said to be out of it." If there are two million men in this country beneath even this materialistic level, it is not at all improbable that 60 per cent of the men *wage-earners* among the twelve and one-half million men engaged in general occupations other than agricultural and professional, are getting less than $600 annually. As to the prospects of the underpaid, wages have increased less rapidly during the last quarter of a century—the period of our greatest industrial improvements—than during the previous thirty years. Whence the inference seems valid, that side by side with the progress of production there have existed forces which have prevented the laborer from obtaining his full share of the results of that progress. Three of these forces, namely, monopolistic combinations, rapid displacement of labor by machinery, and excessive multiplication of the instruments of production, will in all probability be with us for many years yet, increasing the rate of unemployment, and restricting the upward movement of wages. From these evils the poorest paid, being the least able to resist a reduction or to utilize the possibilities of a rise in their remuneration, will naturally be the greatest sufferers.

MISS FERRILL'S DIPLOMA.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

WHEN a man is the fortunate exception to an ancient proverb, some exaltation of spirit is inevitable. But even the rare prophet honored in his own country should wear his laurels meekly. If in shining inexperience he solemnly trifles with the wise saws and modern instances respectfully permitted to venerable and prosy age, he is apt to come to grief. At least, this is what happened to Mr. Winthrop Hadden in an hour of anticipated triumph.

Though not yet thirty, he had done his native town good service as representative, for which, when he returned to pursue a successful law practice, it elected him mayor. Even in a very small place this is a responsible office; but it may be that he took it too seriously, and was over conscientious or conscious of his dignity. Older men said with indulgence: "It will wear off, and meanwhile he does good work." Younger intimates made light remarks about the size of his head; and Miss Olivia Ferrill told him that she "was not the least afraid of him even if he *was* Lord High Executioner, or something of the sort." Also "that she preferred him when he was more amusing." In spite of which he continued rightfully to regard this young lady as the fairest flower in his life path, she being very pretty, very bright, very charming, and his promised wife. She was about to be graduated with distinction from the Boxbury High School, and with sedate satisfaction and grave delight the Mayor, Mr. Winthrop Hadden, in fine Himself, had accepted an invitation to officiate at this function. He was to present the diplomas and incidentally to make a speech—a continuous speech, if he chose, the audience being quite at his mercy, as is customary at these affairs.

There was fluttering and there was whispering in the graceful group of white-robed girls when he came upon the stage on the appointed evening.

"He is certainly handsome," murmured one fair creature.

"Especially in evening dress," supplemented her friend.

"How can you look so unconcerned, Olivia?" exclaimed a third. And though their tribute did not reach the young man in words, it floated as a subtle incense towards him, and at the nymphs' approving smiles he radiated benignity. His own particular nymph, as valedictorian, sat foremost, her brilliant beauty deepened by the crimson roses he had sent. She was in quite a bower of others he had not sent, but any slight uneasiness at this was quickly forgotten as the assemblage greeted him with enthusiasm, the Boxbury String Band burst into "See the Conquering Hero," and he overheard an elderly citizen remark to a stranger: "Yes, sir, our Mayor. Youngest we have ever had. Very able fellow, and we're proud of him." And he very naturally felt that his greatness surely was a-ripening. These are the moments in which a freakish Fate delights.

The young lady deputed to salute the audience did so with the usual kindliness, assuring them that they were welcome, which they doubtless believed or they would not have come. Then six or eight of her companions—tall and short, slender and plump, dark and blond, but all appealingly attractive in the freshness of youth—delivered their views on such easy subjects as: "The Destiny of Nations"; "Epic Poetry"; "The Influence of the Italian Renaissance on the World-Spirit"; "The Greek Dramatists"; "Buddhism or Christianity"; and so on. Proud parents gazed, their eyes glistening happily, and listened to the final word of Maude, Flora, or Agnes on these matters. The rest of the large and fashionable audience adjusted itself comfortably to a not unpleasant drowsiness; and only a cynic here and there muttered ironically: "When, oh, when will Progress put an end to this distracting custom as a close to studies called serious!"

As the pretty valedictorian came forward, her dark eyes sparkling at them over the red roses, Frank Thurby, a friend of the mayor, remarked to his companion: "Ye that have tears to shed—" and drew out his own handkerchief.

"Olivia Ferrill is not that kind," said the lady. In which she was right, for Miss Ferrill possessed her share of humor, and gave them by no means that depressingly pathetic farewell to Alma Mater and generally to the "Spring-Time of Life," which seems darkly to presage hopelessly arid deserts as henceforth the student's only footway. On the contrary!

"We know," said she, "how much we owe to these our guides. Also, how much we owe each other. But I venture to confess that we look forward happily and with healthful curiosity to the hidden ways and byways of the future. Some of us may tread them as business or professional women, and these hope for much success—with a little enjoyment. Others will move in domestic or social walks only, and these hope for much enjoyment—with a little success." Then she sketched lightly and amusingly some possible careers for the modern woman, and ended amid applause and laughter from the hearers; her address, as crowning merit, being quite brief. At its conclusion she moved slightly aside, but continued standing; for it was her lover's turn to speak, and she was first to receive her diploma from him.

He drew himself to his full height of five feet eleven, and began: "It deeply gratifies me to be chosen to utter a few words of counsel to young spirits on the eve of their life's voyage." One "Young Spirit," with head demurely bent, was not heeding him closely, her mischievous sidelong glance taking note of a friend here and there in the front row. He frowned a little, for he had not approved "the twentieth century tone" of her remarks, and went on: "The modern woman has strayed so far from the pursuits and surroundings which her nature and limitations clearly indicate as her legitimate sphere, that it may be well for a friendly voice now and then to raise itself in timely warning." At the word "limitations" Miss Ferrill's roving gaze was suddenly arrested, and he flattered himself that she was impressed. "I would have these fair girls, standing in life's vestibule, remember that no success in the business office, the forum, or the studio can equal that of the gentle household spirit. Not the meretricious charms of a Cleopatra, nor the gifts of a Sappho or Aspasia, may compare with those of the homemaker and the thrifty housekeeper. Believe me, dear graduates, our sex would gladly see you cease vain, restless striving after the impossible, and emulate the domestic virtues of women in the past. To become faithful and devoted wives and helpmates such as they, should be your chief ambition. A well-ordered household is a greater work of art than Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' It is more important that a woman should be a good cook than anything else." The audience had now waked up to the situation, and was

enjoying itself very much. Miss Ferrill's cheeks were of a damask rivaling her roses, and her eyes held a light awakened, Mr. Hadden fondly hoped, by his eloquence—as, indeed, it was. "Ah, my fair young friend," continued the orator, flourishing Miss Ferrill's diploma.

"Great Cæsar!" muttered Frank Thurby. "'Whom the gods would destroy—'"

"The idea of taking advantage—" said his companion, with feminine exasperation—"to—to preach at his sweetheart in public! Poor Olivia!"

"Poor Hadden!" corrected Mr. Thurby, with a chuckle. "Hear him rambling! And you wouldn't think what a straight business talk that man can put up. What's he at now? Milton! 'My auther and disposer what thou bids't unargued I obey. To know no more is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.' Oh Jemima!"

The mayor was really too polite to have kept any lady standing ordinarily; but, being warmed with his subject, ambled unheeding to his doom, while Olivia changed her attitude twice or thrice in ostentatious weariness. Then: "This is intolerable!" she decided. Which reflection—so strange is woman—caused her pent up indignation to give way to an inscrutable serenity. In the very midst of this beautiful paragraph: "Yes, ladies; for softness was she formed and sweet attractive grace. Most revered when reverent, most admired when meek—" Miss Ferrill suddenly advanced a few steps, calmly took her diploma out of the astonished mayor's hand, and, leaving him transfixed, turned and walked to her seat, into which she sank with an engaging smile. There could be no question that Olivia had made the hit of the evening, the storm of mirthful applause which followed this being renewed again and again. And it was harsh, but perhaps excusable, in her lover mentally to characterize as "effrontery" the grace with which she bowed her acknowledgment. When he was permitted to hand diplomas to the other graduates, he contented himself with shedding upon them a fixed and artificial smile instead of the previous torrent of bland platitudes.

"An excellent mayor," said the elderly citizen to the much amused stranger, "but he has some things to learn yet."

"I wouldn't be in his boots," said Frank Thurby, as the audience went forth in high good humor not always dis-

cernible after a Commencement; "I wouldn't be in his boots this evening for one of Miss Olivia's roses, though I should like to have that, too."

The subject of these remarks never knew how he got through the supper given to the graduates, at which he again presided. But his scattered thoughts were slowly crystallizing, and when he missed Olivia from the room for a few moments, he made a dash for his hat and overcoat. Her carriage was about to drive off when he reached the pavement.

"I didn't mean to keep you waiting," he said, with assumption of a cheerful confidence which was far from him.

"I was not waiting," replied Miss Ferrill, with clear-cut distinctness. She added quite sweetly: "If I had lived four or five centuries ago, and my name happened to be Griselda, I might be abject enough to wait meekly and thankfully for an escort who monopolizes the privilege of annoying me publicly. As it is—" she signalled the coachman, who drove on.

A half-hour afterward he was stalking about and gnashing his teeth in his own apartment, when a messenger boy brought him a package of books. He discovered them to be a ponderous "History of England" sent by him to Miss Ferrill, with a view to improving her mind. He opened a volume mechanically at a ribbon mark and found a description of the crowning amenity of William the Conquerer's courtship, when that enterprising warrior won his bride by pulling her off her horse, beating and trampling upon her. The historian's comment on this was delicately underlined. "How he ever dared venture into her presence again after this outrage, tradition does not inform us."

"Compares me to that unspeakable, mediæval brute!" deduced Mr. Hadden gloomily, and flung the book across the room where it damaged a valuable curio. And this was an evening on which he had promised himself both glory and pleasure.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

BESIDES her stately cathedrals, noble monuments of Pre-Reformation times, which, though despoiled in a great measure of their pristine splendor, are kept in repair to serve for the purposes of Protestant worship, England possesses other memorials of the past in the ruins of many an ancient abbey, that bear silent witness to the grandeur and architectural beauty of the religious houses once so numerous in that land. At Glastonbury, "A broken chancel and a broken cross" are the sole relics of the graceful edifice erected on the spot where the earliest missionaries constructed the first chapel in Britain, and planted the white thorn which still blossoms at Christmas-tide. The ruins of Tintern Abbey, doubly fair when seen by moonlight, have furnished a motive to the pencil of many an artist, the pen of many a poet. Again, on the heights overlooking the Yorkshire coast, stand the remains of Whitby Abbey, where in days of yore the famous Abbess Hilda held sway over both nuns and monks. Of all these and similar ruins, Fountains Abbey is perhaps one of the most remarkable, both because a considerable portion of the original structure has escaped the disintegrating action of time, enabling the beholder to form an idea of its former magnitude and magnificence, and also because ample information can be obtained concerning the history of the community, since a contemporary narrative of the foundation is still extant, besides the official annals of the house, and a chronicle of the administration of the various abbots who ruled there. From these and other sources the routine of monastic life in mediæval times may be learnt with a fulness of interesting detail which has rarely been equalled.

The monks belonged to the Cistercian Order, whose monasteries were usually placed in situations of great natural beauty, in well-watered, well-wooded valleys, and these foundations

gradually acquired vast possessions in England and abroad. Fountains Abbey, at the time of its dissolution, owned a hundred square miles in a ring fence in the district of Craven, although its commencement was simple and lowly in the extreme.

Stephen Harding, the founder of the Cistercians, was an Englishman. He spent his early days in the Benedictine monastery at Sherborne; but, dissatisfied with the laxity which had crept into the order, went abroad, and meeting with a few brethren like-minded with himself, desirous to devote themselves more perfectly to God, settled at Citeaux, in Burgundy, a wild place in the woods, with a deep stream running through the midst of it. There St. Benedict's Rule was kept in all its rigor; the brethren lived in holy simplicity. Rich and powerful friends built them a Church; Stephen was made Abbot; Abbot of Cistercium, the Latin for Citeaux. For a time it appeared that the severity of discipline would bar the door against newcomers; brethren died, and no postulants took their places. However, in the year 1113, thirty men one day applied for admission. Their leader was the great St. Bernard, after whose accession the Cistercian monastery grew speedily into the Cistercian Order, and in due time was introduced into England.

At the request of Turstin, Archbishop of York, St. Bernard, then head of the order, sent a colony of monks to Rievaux. The example of their simple and devout life inspired thirteen monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary of York with distaste for the comfort and ease enjoyed in that vast and wealthy house. They quitted the monastery and took refuge with the Archbishop, who established them, on a portion of his own land in the valley of the Skell. The deed of gift of this land—the charter of foundation—is still preserved. The place, the narrative says, was a long way out of the world—*locum a cunctis retro seculis inhabitatum;* it was full of rocks and thorns and seemed a better dwelling for wild beasts than for men. But the brethren accepted it with gratitude. In the midst of the valley was a spreading elm tree, beneath which they constructed a thatched hut, and having chosen one of their number to be their abbot, began with contented minds to lead the life of devotion and austerity for which they had longed. They named their rustic monastery *De Fontibus*, from

the springs that abounded in the valley. "O ye wells, bless ye the Lord," they sang; "*Benedicite, fontes Domino.*"

In the following spring the brethren sent messengers to St. Bernard at Clairvaux, asking to be admitted to the Cistercian Order. He received them with kindness, sending them back with a gracious letter, which has been preserved, and a monk of his own monastery, a man of ability and experience, to form them according to the strict Rule.

Presently their number increased; seventeen new brethren came, seven of whom were priests. But though their number was increased, their resources, we are told, were by no means augmented. The archbishop continued to aid them, and friendly neighbors occasionally sent provisions; they also earned a little by making mats. That year, however, there was a famine in the land. The Abbot went about in the environs in quest of alms, but found none; and the monks were reduced to such straits that for a time they lived on leaves boiled with salt in the water of the stream—the friendly elm, as the narrative says, affording them food as well as shelter. One day it is said, our Lord himself knocked at the door in the guise of an ill-clad, hungry beggar, asking an alms in the time of scarcity when they had but two loaves and a half, and no prospect of more. At first they thought it prudent to refuse him, but when he renewed his petition, one loaf was given to him. And behold, within half an hour, two men appeared from Knaresborough Castle carrying an abundant supply of bread.

At last the situation became intolerable. The brethren had chosen and desired to practice poverty and privation, but starvation was a different matter. In the following year the Abbot journeyed to Clairvaux, to beseech St. Bernard to give them lands in France, or elsewhere, where they could live. He consented to give them a dwelling place near his own abbey. Happily the gift was not needed. On his return, the Abbot found the fortunes of the house had changed for the better. Hugh, Dean of York, who had seen and admired the courage of the monks who had left the monastery in that city, had resigned his position and cast in his lot with the destitute brethren. He was rich, and brought books with him, and money, part of which was employed to pay the workmen who were building the church and cloister. Serlo, a Canon of York,

also became one of the community, which then counted five years of existence; it is to him that we owe the contemporary account of the foundation, written, or rather dictated, when he was far advanced in years. Lands were given to the brotherhood, and they were exempted from payment of taxes and tithes. "From that day," says Serlo,* "the Lord blessed our valleys with the blessing of heaven above and of the deep that lieth under, multiplying the brethren, increasing their possessions, pouring down showers of benediction, being a wall unto them on the right hand and on the left. What perfection of life there was at Fountains! What emulation of virtue! What stability of discipline! The house was enriched in wealth without; still more in holiness within. Its name became famous, and the great people of the world reverenced it."

Within the space of less than twenty years no less than eight new foundations were made from Fountains Abbey. It was feared at Clairvaux that the order was growing too quickly; the General Chapter, held in 1152, discouraged the founding of new monasteries. Consequently no more colonies went forth from the valley, where the lowly hut had been replaced by a group of noble buildings, arranged in accordance with the plan prescribed for Cistercian monasteries. In the centre was a wide open square of green, round which were the cloisters; on the north the Abbey Church; on the east the chapter-house with library and parlor, and dormitory above; on the south the refectory and kitchen; on the west the long range of the cellarium,† or store house, while outside were the infirmary, the mill and workshops, the bakehouse and malthouse. These buildings were constructed partly of wood, partly of stone quarried from the banks of the valley; the laborers were the monks themselves, assisted by their neighbors, some of whom were hired, while others gave their day's work for the love of God. The little band of poor monks, rich in faith, laid the foundations of their Church upon the grand lines on which it stands to-day, constructing it in the sweat of their face; *in suo sudore constructa.* The completed monastery—the work of a whole century—had a stout stone wall about it, with an outer and an inner gate. At the outer gate the Almoner dispensed his alms, and there the porter, at the sound of a knock,

* *Narratio de Fondatione Fontanis Monasterii.*

† So called because it was under the charge of the cellarer or steward.

opened to the stranger with the greeting: *Deo gratias*, and hastened to apprise the Abbot of the arrival of the guest.

The Sons of St. Benedict have ever been famed for their hospitality, and the guest houses, of which there were two—probably for the use of different classes of visitors, in a day when social distinctions were scrupulously observed—were arranged for the comfort of those who were entertained there. They were in fact a hostelry where travelers, "both noble and gentle, and of what degree soever that came thither as strangers, were made welcome and entertained for three days free of expense."

The Church of Fountains Abbey was divided by three stone screens. The first, the rood-screen, formed the east end of the portion of the Church which was assigned to the lay brothers. The space between that and the choir-screen, called the retro-choir, was intended for the aged brethren and convalescents from the infirmary. In it stood two altars, one on the north side dedicated to our Lady, the other on the south side to St. Bernard. Beyond the choir-screen was the central part of the sanctuary, with twenty stalls on either side and three to the right and left of the entrance, facing east. Below the stalls of the choir-monks were seats for the novices. Before the reredos hung a splendid piece of tapestry, Arras work. Above the north transept rose a noble tower of four stories; the inscriptions carved on the outside are still in great part legible. They are these:

"Blessed be the name of Jesus Christ."

"Benediction and glory and wisdom and honor and power be to our God forever and ever."

"To the King eternal who only hath immortality, whom no man hath seen, be honor and empire everlasting."

"To God alone, to Jesus Christ, be honor and glory forever." This last was thrice repeated.

These inscriptions were probably intended as an apology for the beautiful tower, since it was prohibited by the regulations of the order. The Cistercian chapel was to have only a modest tower of one story, rising but little above the roof, to indicate that the desire to be known, the pride of position, was banished from the house of God. Thus the Abbot who built the lofty tower was fain to assert emphatically that it was raised solely to the greater glory of God.

At the beginning of monasticism most monks were laymen. They separated themselves from the world, thinking that they could hold fellowship with God best in solitude and seclusion. A monk, *monos*, is a man who lives alone. But after a time the individuals were aggregated in communities; the convents being lay fraternities, having only such priests as were needed for the rites of the Church. The lay brothers were monks, in that they were subject to the monastic vows; they were thus named, *conversi*, not to distinguish them from the religious who were in Holy Orders, but from the choir monks, *monachi*, the more literate members of the community, who recited the Divine Office. The lay brothers, many of whom were of good birth, but ignorant of letters, performed the humbler tasks under the direction of the cellarer, although, like the others, they rose at night and went down to the Church for their devotions. The dormitory at Fountains Abbey was a long room over the cloisters, then called walks, on the east side. It had two long rows of beds from end to end, like a ward in a hospital. The beds were of straw which was emptied out of its blue ticking and renewed once a year. At two o'clock in the morning a great bell rang in the tower, answered a little one in the dormitory; then every brother rose and descended the stairs at the end of the room into the dark Church, in which one light burned in the organ-loft, for the psalms were chanted with organ accompaniment, another at the reader's lecturn, and a third at the precentor's stall. Otherwise the vast edifice was in darkness, the psalms being sung from memory.

After this service, we are told, the monks came out into the north walk of the cloister, where cressets affixed to the walls shed a flickering light, and there remained until dawn, reading or meditating, their hoods thrown back that it might be seen that they were awake. This hour was short in summer, but long in winter; if the weather was very bad the monks took refuge in the chapter house, as but little of the open stonework of the cloister was glazed. Cold and exposed as it was, it was nevertheless the study and living room of the monks who were engaged in literary work, transcribing MSS. and illuminating prayer books. The books were stored in cases fixed in recesses in the wall. Below the shelves on which the volumes were laid, not stood upright, were desks for the stu-

dents. The lives of the saints and other spiritual books were lent to the brethren to be read by them in private. Every year, in the first week of Lent, all the books were laid on a carpet spread upon the floor of the chapter house, and a list of them read aloud to see that none was missing. Each monk was called upon by name to return the book assigned to him the year before; if he had not read it through, he was expected humbly to confess his negligence. The books were then distributed anew, with strict injunctions to handle them with great care, and keep them scrupulously clean. In order to prevent the precious volumes from being soiled, the Rule enjoined that: "When the religious are engaged in reading in cloister or Church, they shall hold the book in their left hand, wrapped in the sleeve of their tunic, and resting on their knees."

At the dawn of day the brethren left the cloister and repaired to the Church again for Lauds. After that they returned to the dormitory to wash their face and hands before Prime, the first psalm of which, according to the gracious arrangement of St. Benedict, was said very slowly, for the sake of late comers. Then Mass followed, at the close of which the monks proceeded to the chapter house, a large hall round three sides of which were rows of stone benches, on which the community seated themselves, the Abbot, Prior, and other officials sitting at the other end. After a sermon, or reading of a portion of the Rule, faults were confessed, accusations made, and punishments, if necessary, imposed; of these, flogging was the most usual, inflicted there and then. Finally, once a week, the duty-tasks allotted to the brethren were specified, homely duties being assigned to them in turn; cooking the dinner, waiting at table, or work in garden or outhouses.

The day's labor would begin about seven o'clock. In winter it was continued until three in the afternoon; in summer it was suspended for two or three hours during the heat of the day, and after dinner the brethren took an hour's rest upon their beds. Although breakfast was not a regular meal in monastic houses in the Middle Ages, yet the inmates of the cloister were not required to fast all the forenoon. A slight repast, called *mixtum*—"a piece of bread and somewhat wherewith to wash it down," small beer most probably—was served, before the work of the day began, to the younger monks, and others whose age or infirmity rendered it necessary. In winter

time the one meal was served after three, in Lent not until five o'clock. At the proper hour a bell was rung in the cloister, or a board struck with a mallet answered the purpose of a bell, to announce to all that dinner was ready. When the welcome sound was heard, the brothers washed their hands in the stone troughs outside the refectory, or in a big stone basin in the middle of the cloister, wiping them on a roller towel which hung beside the door, before entering the noble dining-hall, lofty as a church with ceiling of wood and floor of stone, having a row of pillars down the midst. "At the end opposite the door," the compiler of an interesting account of the foundation at Fountains tells us,* "and along the wall on both sides, were stone benches, and in front of them tables of oak, covered with a linen cloth. The Prior commonly presided, the Abbot dining in his own rooms. All stood in silence until the Prior was in his place, and remained standing while he rang a little bell during a time sufficient for saying the Miserere. When the bell stopped the priest of the week said grace, and all sat down.

"In the 'fair gallery of stone' in the west wall, lighted by great windows, the reader stood, accompanying the silent meal with the words of some ancient author or ascetic writer. The kitchen adjoined the refectory, having huge ovens in the middle; a service door, or turn, communicating with the refectory. The bill of fare consisted of bread and vegetables, fruit, fish, and fowls. Sometimes there was meat, but this was cooked in the kitchen of the infirmary and served in the *misericord*, or house of merciful meals, for invalids. The flesh of no quadruped was dressed in the cloister kitchen, or served in the refectory. But fowls were eaten, and eggs were a staple diet. The monks had wine and beer for drink. In the book of signs, *De Signis*, which shows how they indicated their wants at the silent table, four gestures are set down to mean beer, which was of four kinds: good beer, *bona cervisia;* small beer, *mediocris cervisia;* smaller beer, *debilis cervisia;* and a very common kind called skagmen. He who desired an apple was bidden: 'put thy thumb in thy fist and close thy hand, and move afore thee to and fro'; for milk, 'draw thy left little finger in the manner of milking'; for mustard, 'hold thy nose in the upper part of thy right

* Vide *Fountains Abbey, the Story of a Mediæval Monastery.* By Dean Hodges, D.D.

fist, and rub it'; for salt, 'philip with right thumb and his forefinger over the left thumb'; for wine, 'move thy forefinger up and down on the end of thy thumb before thine eye.'"

Monastic meals, though somewhat monotonous, were varied by the different manner of preparing the aliments. St. Bernard, in his day, complained of the ingenuity with which eggs were cooked. "Who can describe," he cries, "in how many ways the very eggs are tossed and tormented, with what eager care they are turned over and under, made soft and hard, beaten up, fried, roasted, stuffed, now served with other things, and now by themselves! The very external appearance of the thing is cared for, so that the eye may be charmed as well as the palate."

The Rule permitted no brother to leave his place until the meal was ended. He was forbidden to wipe either his hands or his knife upon the table-cloth, until he had first cleansed them on his bread. When he took salt, it must be with his knife; when he drank, he was to hold the cup with both hands. "Eyes on your plates, hands on the table, ears to the reader, heart to God," thus ran the Rule. On the Prior ringing his bell, two and two they marched into the Church, saying the Miserere. In the summer a collation consisting of bread and fruit was served late in the afternoon.

The Cistercians were agriculturalists and gardeners, thus much of their time was spent in the open air. Everything needed in the monastery was produced upon their lands; this implied a garden for vegetables, an orchard for fruit, a field for corn, ponds for fish, and woods for fuel. Coal was found on the land when recent researches were made. A mill, bakery, and brewery were necessary adjuncts. The heavier work was done by the lay brothers, but the choir-monks had their share also, and went out daily with ax or spade, with fishing rod or barrow, to accomplish their appointed tasks. For others there was studying and writing, the care of the library or the sacristy. The ideal of the monastic life is a day in which every moment is employed. Indolence, St. Benedict declares, is an enemy of the soul. All the work was done, as far as was possible, in silence; but the silent workers were not without amusement in their hours of recreation. In the south walk was the warming house, the abbey fireside, where in cold

weather the monks came to warm their hands. "The Abbot," we are told, "had a fireplace of his own; the cellarer had one in his office; the infirmary and guest houses were comfortably warmed, but the community in general had but this one hearth. Here was concentrated all the heat of the place, in two huge fireplaces. One of these great openings is now blocked up, having been disused before the suppression, when the number of monks was diminishing, but the other is still ready to receive a load of logs, whose smoke would pour out of the tall chimney. Two large openings in the wall imparted some measure of heat to the refectory. In the warming house, in Advent, the old chronicle narrates, 'the brothers kept a solemn banquet of figs and raisins, cakes and ale, in which there was no superfluity or excess, but a scholastical and moderate congratulation amongst themselves.'"

From the book of accounts of the bursar, preserved in the muniment room at Studley Royal, it appears that there were "a pair of clavichords," the pianoforte of the Middle Ages, at Fountains Abbey in the fifteenth century. Hence it may be supposed that music formed part of the recreation. In the same book are entries showing that entertainments of a secular kind were provided for the relaxation of the monks; fees being paid to itinerant minstrels and showmen, conjurers or story-tellers—the *fabulatores* who wandered about the country, telling tales for the diversion of the inmates of castle or abbey, of manor house or cottage. Such visitants were doubtless gladly welcomed to break the monotony of the long winter evenings, when darkness caused the work to be suspended, and were, besides, liberally regaled and rewarded.

A long corridor connected the cloister with the infirmary, a fine group of buildings, now entirely in ruins. Still the dimensions of the great hall can be seen, one of the finest in the kingdom, with a fireplace at each end, the aisles being partitioned into small rooms. Behind it was a two-storied structure, the upper apartments of which were reserved for guests of unusual distinction. There the Abbot of Clairvaux was lodged, when he made his visits of inspection of the Cistercian monasteries. Adjoining this house was the chapel, a flight of stairs leading into it from this guest-room. The base of the altar still remains *in situ* among the ruins of the chapel. Thither the occupants of the infirmary doubtless re-

paired, if their state of health permitted, to hear Mass. Not only were the sick cared for in the infirmary, it was also the home of the aged and infirm, the old men who had been monks for half a century. There, remote from even the peaceful but busy life of the monastery, no longer required to fulfil the duties and conform to the regulations of the house, they awaited the end of their days, in the quiet and comfort dear to the heart of the aged. Thither also the brethren came regularly, a fourth part of them at a time, for the periodical *minutio*, or letting of blood, which was considered necessary by the medical practitioners of those days.

To the north was the cemetery, where the monks were laid for their last, long sleep. When the time approached for one of the brethren to leave the peace of the monastery for his eternal rest, the Abbot came to administer the last Sacraments, all the choir monks being assembled in the infirmary. A cross of ashes was traced on the floor, with a covering of straw upon it, and a quilt over that; there the dying man was laid. When he entered upon his agony, and the moment of his departure was evidently near, blows were struck with a mallet on a board in the cloister, and at this signal all hastened to their brother's side, to join in the prayers for the departing soul. Thus he breathed his last, surrounded by the fellow-religious amongst whom his days had been passed.

"This quiet end of life," the historian concludes, "was symbolized in the quiet ending of the monastic day. Late in the afternoon vespers were sung, somewhat elaborately. Afterwards, in the twilight, the monks sat in the cloister, about the refectory door, whilst one read aloud from a pious book. On Saturday afternoons, during the reading, the brothers by turns sat in a row on the stone benches which were over the lavatory troughs, and had their feet washed in the running water by the cooks of the week. Then Compline was said, in the summer about seven, in the winter about eight o'clock; after which every monk pulled his cowl over his head and went to bed."

As the years went on, the possessions of the monks of Fountains Abbey increased. In the neighborhood of Ripon, we are told, their lands stretched in one direction for thirty uninterrupted miles. The Church was embellished and the beautiful tower built. The Abbot became an important per-

sonage; in the fourteenth century he had a seat in Parliament, where he wore his mitre. Early in the fifteenth century he attended the Council of Constance, where Wyclif's heretical doctrines were condemned. But all this peace and prosperity was soon to end; the time came when the glorious abbey was to be pillaged and left a ruin; and its inmates turned adrift on the world.

As is well known, in the reign of Henry VIII., Parliament suppressed the lesser monasteries, partly on the pretext of their being "places of evil living," the home of idlers; partly on the ground that "their revenues were needed for the benefit of the people." Although the greater abbeys were exempted from accusations of irregular conduct, yet their wealth proved too tempting to the king and his covetous counsellors. It is expressly stated that no charges of undue luxury, corruption, or immorality were brought against the monks of Fountains Abbey; yet the place could not be saved from the hand of spoilers. At the demand of the royal commissioners, the Abbot, in 1539, surrendered the abbey to the king, "yielding up into his majesty's hands the monastery, with all the lands, possessions, jewels, plate, ornaments, and other things belonging to the same." As elsewhere, an inventory was made of the abbey treasures; rich copes, six made of cloth of gold, four of white velvet, twenty-six of white damask, many of them beautifully embroidered, "very well wrought with images, others worked with flowers and stars, eighty in all," the chronicler narrates, besides other splendid vestments, chalices, and patens of gold and silver; jewelled reliquaries containing precious relics, silver images of our Lady, St. James, and other saints, and most precious of all, a cross of solid gold set with gems, having in it a piece of the true cross.

The gold and silver of the rich altars and all things of value that could be removed, were carried away to swell the king's exchequer, while the servants of the commissioners appropriated to themselves no small share of the booty. "The windows were taken out, so carefully that scarce a handful of the colored glass remained in the ruins, and were disposed of, nobody knows how or where. The bells were taken down and carried off; finally the roofs were stripped off and the lead brought into the dismantled church, and there, between the broken altars of our Blessed Lady and St. Bernard, it was

melted into convenient shape for the market, in a fire whose fuel was the carved work of the choir-stalls." The ashes of those fires could be plainly seen until the last century, amidst the general wreck.

The Abbot, it is recorded, betook himself to Ripon, where he held a prebendal stall. The Prior and thirty monks were driven out, compelled to divest themselves of their habits, and given suits of secular clothes, to find what shelter they could.

The big elm tree, beneath which the monks first congregated, has disappeared, but of the yew trees which stood upon the hill two or three are still there. They have witnessed many changes. They saw, seven hundred years ago, the erection of the thatched hut under the elm tree, the only shelter which the brethren at first enjoyed. They saw it gradually grow into the magnificent abbey, taking its name from the clear, cool springs that watered the valley. They saw mitred abbots and prelates, noble knights and princely guests walk beneath their shade. They saw the beginning and they saw the end of this great establishment. They saw the days "when the hymn was no more to be chanted in the Lady Chapel, and the candles no more to be lit upon the high altar; when the gate was closed forever against the poor, and the wanderer was no more to find welcome rest and refreshment within the hospitable walls." All these things have passed away, but the venerable yew trees still look down upon the moss-grown stones and broken arches.

THE WIDOW.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Between her tears that run like rain,
Streaking her roses with their stain,
Her pretty smiles break forth and play
In her drowned eyes the old sweet way,
And find a dimple near her lip.
From the old, dear companionship
Fond memories she recalls, gay jest,
And innocent laughter happiest.
Again she weeps, and for her part
Praises the Will that breaks her heart,
And finds but Love for him and her,
Although the Will hath stripped her bare.

Already, o'er the waste of Death
She plants her flowers of Hope and Faith,
Heartsease with Love—lies—bleeding, sees
Her days so many rosaries
That must be told before they meet.
Yet seeing her feet run to his feet,
What matter if they travel fast
Or slow, so they arrive at last?
Again the smile breaks happily,
The Promise of God in a wet sky
Because Time goes; yea, Time and Space
That bring her nearer his embrace.

She hopes God will forgive her even
That her lost darling makes her heaven
That, as she strives upon her road,
She thinks on him more than on God;
Nor blessed saint, nor seraphim
Allure her thoughts that are of him,
Nor that sweet Mother of all grief
Who gives the broken hearts relief;
Across that waste she sees him live
Surely the kind God will forgive.
So her rod flowers like Aaron's Rod.
These be Thy tender mercies, God!

THE PANAMA CANAL.

BY BART. E. LINEHAN.

The following account, written by one who personally investigated the work, and who is himself a railroad man of wide experience and acknowledged ability, will prove, we believe, of particular value at this time when widespread public interest is manifested in the building of the Panama Canal. Many may be of the opinion that actual work has not yet begun, and many more may have but indefinite notions of the problems and the great labor that the building of the Canal involves. This article will, to some extent, answer both these inquiries, at least.

Since Mr. Linehan's article was submitted to, and highly praised by, important Government officials, a new Isthmian Canal Commission has been organized by President Roosevelt. In the letter made public which announced the names of the new Commissioners, Secretary Taft states: "It is conceded even by its own members that the present Commission has not so developed itself into an executive body as to give hope that it may be used successfully as an instrumentality for carrying on the immense executive burden involved in the construction of the Canal."

The personnel of the new Commission makes it clear that to the mind of the President the building of the Canal is pre-eminently a business proposition of railroad building and water transportation. The Chairman of the new Commission is Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, President of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western Railway. Mr. John F. Wallace, so highly spoken of in the following article, is retained as Chief Engineer. Secretary Taft has given it as his opinion, "that the best form of canal will be a sea-level canal, with a tidal lock only at one end, and that the cost of it may exceed the $200,000,000 in the mind of Congress by at least $100,000,000 more." Mr. Linehan's recommendation regarding a reduction in the freight rates of the Panama Railroad has already been acted upon. The Executive Committee of the Isthmian

Canal Commission, at a meeting in Washington, April 12, expressed its intention of establishing a flat rate of much less than $5 a ton for freight transportation across the Isthmus.—EDITOR.

VARIOUS accounts of general discontent and dissatisfaction among the employees of the Isthmian Canal, written by General George W. Davis and others, had come to my notice, and having the time at my disposal I determined to visit the territory personally, to meet the foreman in charge of the work and the men who are laboring under him, and to investigate thoroughly the whole situation.

My observations began at Colon. Here I interviewed first the foreman of the water and sewer pipe construction. This man informed me that he had been sent there by one of the commissioners, with the promise of first-class accommodations, but when he arrived with his family he was greatly disappointed at being compelled to take three rooms in the upper floor of a two-story building without any water or sanitary connections. He had to live in this house with his family three months before any water connection was made. One of his subordinates informed me further that he had been forced to sleep in a small room with eight men for six weeks before better quarters were provided. The delay in putting in the water pipes and sewer systems was due to the fact, he informed me, that the Government had not sent, up to date, the iron and sewer pipe ordered as early as September 2, 1904. This pipe was to be used in completing the water works in Colon and Panama, but less than one-third of the material had been received up to the time of my visit early in March. A civil engineer who came from Jamaica had also been promised suitable quarters. After a few days at surveying he was sent to a mere shack a quarter of a mile distant from the place of his labor. This shack had but a straw roof, was open to the weather, yet on its small floor, measuring about twenty by twelve feet, fourteen men had to sleep, with nothing but the rude boards and blankets for beds and bedclothing. Complaints of this kind were common among the laborers and the people all along the Canal zone. The complaints further included the insufficient salary which was paid for a day's work for ten hours; all

the more insufficient because the cost of living in Panama is twice that in the States.

Further investigations about the delay in the delivery of this water pipe showed that the contract for all the pipe to be used in the construction of the water plants at Colon and Panama had been given to a Birmingham mill on September 21, 1904. The contract stipulated that all pipes should be delivered on or before February 2, 1905. Up to the date of March 2 not over one-third of the pipe has been received. The Company that received the contract in order to get lower freight rates sent the pipe by schooner from Mobile, Alabama. If it had been shipped by steamer it would have arrived at Colon within five days. This non-delivery has caused extreme distress to the people of Colon. Surely if the men who have the responsibility of its delivery knew of the distress, and if they had any heart or soul, they would make an effort to get it there much quicker. The Hon. H. A. Gudger, U. S. Consul General (the dean in the Consular Service, having received his first appointment from President Lincoln three days before the latter's death), informed me that most of the poor people of Colon depend on cisterns for their water supply, and that the long continued drought of late had caused extreme suffering. The very official who has charge of measuring out the water to the people at the water station gave me the astounding information, that the stockholders of the Panama Company, who own both the water plant and all the franchises in the city of Colon, charge five cents per gallon for water, and will not permit any family to buy more than one bucketfull each day. Water is given free only to the employees of the Railroad Company, and they must present an order before they can obtain a drink. How do the Standard Oil and the Beef Trust compare with this?

It does not seem that the Commission in Washington, appointed by President Roosevelt to look after the sending of supplies and construction material, realized at all existing conditions or present needs on the Isthmus. Universally, the Consul General informed me, discontent prevailed about the Government's dilatory action and seeming negligence. The material and supply department had ordered, on September 21, 1904, forty million feet of lumber. As late as March

but a very small portion of this had been received. Medical and surgical supplies also had been ordered about the same time; a like exasperating delay was experienced with these. Similar complaint might be made concerning orders for all material necessary in pushing the work of this gigantic problem undertaken by our Government. Nor has the value of the excellent machinery left by the French in this territory been fully appreciated. The United States Government paid forty million for this machinery, but it is worth five times that amount. Scattered along the Canal, and coming under the category of this material left by the French, are twenty-two hundred houses, ten hundred locomotives, thirty-nine hundred dump-carts, two hundred and fifty miles of railroad, scores of steamboats, barges large and small, steam shovels, numerous well-equipped steam shops and warehouses. All these are sadly in need of repair; but according to mechanical engineer C. S. Strum, the one thousand locomotives left here by the French could not be duplicated in the States for less than nine thousand dollars each. It will require from six hundred to eight hundred dollars apiece to put them in first-class working order. Their present good condition is owing to the fact that the French put several barrels of black oil in the boilers of each, which serves to keep them practically as good as new.

Several hundred new houses will be needed to shelter the large number of laborers and mechanics, some of whom unfortunately have brought their families here with them. It is true that five sixty-room hotels are in process of construction at different points along the Canal zone, but these are not sufficient to meet present demands, and such demands can only be met by prompt action on the part of the Commission.

As the men in charge here on the ground have great responsibility, so also they should have liberty of individual initiative, and not be compelled to work with their hands tied, and subject to investigation regarding every petty detail. The head of every department should unquestionably have authority to discipline the men immediately under his charge, and to discharge them if necessary when they are not able to do the work for which they are paid. A serious difficulty all along the Canal zone is that many men were sent here to fill positions for which, mentally and physically, they are absolutely unfitted. They have received and have held their positions

because they carry letters from some prominent official in Washington. This state of affairs is, of course, a serious drawback to the efficiency of the department foreman, for the men who hold their positions simply through political favor will tell a superintendent that they do not wish to receive his orders, and that he did not hire them. The men at the head of this work, that is those in charge of every department from the executive down to the engineering and constructive, are men of force, energy, and vigor, and are responsible to the Government for the work done. They should not be handicapped in their labors by any of the weaklings born of political favor.

It should also be absolutely insisted upon that men who come here to labor should be strong, not only physically and mentally but morally. They should be strong particularly against any inclination to indulge in strong drink. Temptations to drink, to buy lottery tickets, to take up with other vicious habits will beset the men just as soon as they land in Colon. In Colon alone there are twenty-five saloons and wine rooms to every business house, and almost in the same proportion these drinking places are scattered in the little towns along the Canal zone to Panama. This also is a duty urgent upon our Government, namely, to grapple with this great evil at once, to control and to regulate it, since the evil is the most weighty moral danger, and also a serious physical one, that will beset the great army of men who will come here to work. In San Jose, C. R., the Government allows only one saloon for every one thousand people, and every saloon pays the Government two thousand dollars annually for a license.

The scale of wages now paid for work on the Canal docks, buildings, etc., to common laborers, is twenty to twenty-five cents per hour; to foremen thirty-five cents per hour; and to mechanics forty-five cents per hour, all for a ten-hour day.

After my investigation I have concluded that the Government ought to authorize the men in charge of the construction of the Canal to pay the laborers who come here from the States double the wages which they had received in the States, because the expense of living here is increased in just about that proportion. Nor will this mean an excessive outlay in the digging of the Canal. Since the work was started in the Culebra cut, the increase of cubic yards of excavated earth has been rapid. In October, the first month,

18,000 yards were excavated; November, 28,000 yards; December, 42,000 yards; January, 70,000 yards; February, a short month, 75,000 yards; this month, March, the amount will reach to over 125,000 yards. This same work in the same cut cost the French seventy-nine cents per cubic yard. It has cost the present management only forty-five cents, and the presumption is, among the officials, that this amount will be doubled when more steam shovels and supplies are furnished.

One of my first visits while in Panama was made to the able Minister, the Honorable John Barrett. Through the kindness of Mr. Barrett, I met his Excellency, President Maure Amador Guerrero, whom I found to be a man of commanding position for usefulness, and well-informed on all matters of national concern. His Excellency informed me that he was anxious to do all in his power to assist our Government in the stupendous undertaking of building the Isthmian Canal, and he was particularly pleased that our Government had decided to adopt the sea-level plan. While he thought this plan would cost much more than the high level, which would necessitate the passage of vessels by a system of locks, his Excellency believed that the former plan would eventually result in less expense, since the continued care of the Canal would be less onerous, the passing through of vessels more expeditious and less expensive. His Excellency paid the highest tributes to our Minister, Mr. Barrett, on the candid, intelligent, and trustworthy manner in which he, Mr. Barrett, had helped his Government to decide finally the momentous problems involved in the concession of territory and the financial propositions that had been under negotiation for so long a time between the Governments.

The pleasure also was given me, while in Panama, of meeting the distinguished and learned Archbishop Javier Junguito, S.J., of Panama. The Archbishop, I was informed, has more influence than any other man in the States of Central America. While very much displeased at the action of our Government in expelling the French Sisters of Mercy from the hospitals of Colon and Panama, where they had charge since the French company started to build the Canal, and in which duty many of them heroically sacrificed their lives while serving yellow-fever patients, the Archbishop, nevertheless, takes a broad and comprehensive view of the great and beneficial task which the United States

has undertaken, looks with peace into the future, and witnesses with gratitude the great improvements made by our Government in water supply, sanitary systems and regulations, and brick-paved streets, all leading to the sea, which mean so much for the physical well-being of his people. These sanitary improvements, together with the sanitary staff which our Government has appointed over the city, will prevent the extensive spread of the yellow fever and other dread diseases, and in time, according to the word of the Archbishop, wipe them out entirely.

The Archbishop is a sincere admirer of our President, as a man who believes he was born to govern the American people at the present time; as one highly intellectual, resolute, and determined to help and save the American people from the clutches of lawless money kings, who are endeavoring to crush the middle and poorer classes of our great nation. The President's persistent efforts to have our Government undertake the building of this waterway for the world's commerce, met with much praise from the Archbishop. A pleasant memory also to his Grace was the visit paid him by Secretary Taft while the latter was in Colon. Of the latter's personal honor and diplomatic ability, of his good work under difficult circumstances in the Philippine Islands, the Archbishop had naught but words of warmest commendation. To Secretary Taft the Archbishop attributed the credit for the perfect harmony that now exists between the United States and Panama.

Towards the end of my investigating trip, I received an invitation, from Chief Engineer Wallace and his wife, to join a party that were to visit the historical Culebra cut. The invitation was eagerly accepted. The trip was made in Chief Wallace's observation car, and among the guests were many distinguished men and women. The day was beautiful in its clearness, and a fair breeze blew from the ocean. The Culebra cut is eight miles in length, of which the French have excavated to a depth of 250 feet. In order to use the sea-level canal it will be necessary to dig 190 feet deeper still, or to a depth of 450 feet from the centre line of the upper level. The present width of the top of the level is 740 feet. The contemplated width of the cut averages from 500 to 1,600 feet. No railway system in the United States ever excavated anything like the number of cubic yards which will be removed

from the Culebra cut. Approximately 2,400 men are working in the cut, with 28 locomotives, 896 cars running over 81 miles of railroad, within the cut, leading to the dumping grounds. According to Mr. W. E. Dauchy, the Division Engineer, the excavation planned to be made in this cut means the removal of more than 100,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock. This in itself is such an enormous undertaking as to be quite beyond our comprehension. The excavation taken from this cut will fill up 25 miles of the surrounding valley, and contribute to the building of a dam at Bohio which will provide for the overflow from the Chagres River.

Plans are under way also to secure water power sufficient to light by electricity the whole length of the Canal route, from Colon to Panama, a distance of fifty miles. This will enable the work to be carried on during all the twenty-four hours.

Various estimates have been given as to the length of time required to complete this work. Much, very much, depends upon the readiness and punctuality of our Government in furnishing food, shelter, and constructing supplies. If no unforeseen obstacles present themselves, I firmly believe that the Canal can be completed and made ready for the reception of ships within ten years. The work of building this Canal, with all its supplementary problems, is absolutely, emphatically, and undeniably a railroad and transportation problem from beginning to end.

The selection of Mr. John F. Wallace, as the man who is to plan and build the Isthmian Canal, was an evidence of President Roosevelt's excellent judgment.

Mr. Wallace and myself labored together in the transportation business some twenty-five years ago. When Mr. Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. Harahan sought for a man who would put the Illinois Central Railroad in good physical condition, their choice fell upon Mr. Wallace. He answered their requirements. As General Manager of the Illinois Central, to which position he was gradually promoted from the office of Chief Engineer, Mr. Wallace signed vouchers to the amount of over $30,000,000 per year. It was his duty to see that every one of these vouchers was correct. He had, moreover, to superintend the labor of 45,000, and see to it that they worked faithfully, and further see that the earnings of the road gave the

stockholders a fair return for their investment. $30,000,000 a year is more than Mr. Wallace will have to pay on the Canal construction each year, and 45,000 is 20,000 more than the number of men to be employed on the Isthmian Canal at any one time.

According to the agreement made by our Government with the Panama Railroad Company and a steamship line, the Canal and surrounding territory become the property of the United States after April 1. It will then be an easy task to double-track the road from Panama to Colon. When this is done, and the 550 new fifty-ton cars put into service, the warehouses at each terminal enlarged, and the roadbed perfected, trains may be run under a ten-minutes headway, and there will be no congestion of freight nor delaying in transporting it. Our Government may then show her generosity by advertising that the present excessive rates of the Panama Railroad no longer exist, but that a flat rate of $2 per ton has replaced the former charge of $4.50. This will throw the business of the Isthmus open to all parts of the world, for this road has, up till now, been a barrier to the proper development of commerce from Eastern and Gulf seaboard points. Our Government may well afford to be magnanimous with this little 47 miles of railroad, for it will carry more tonnage per mile than any other railroad in the world.

A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

IV.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

——UNIVERSITY,
January 12, 1905.

MY DEAR FATHER:

How am I to thank you for the pains you have taken to furnish me with so much interesting and useful information on the nature of Catholic teaching concerning the Bible? You have not alone relieved me of the trouble that I had, but you have also anticipated, I am sure, any future ones. If you could have witnessed Professor M——'s reception of your last two letters you would, I fancy, have been in a manner repaid for the labors you have undertaken. He kept your manuscript for two days. When he handed it back to me he said:

"It is very remarkable, very remarkable indeed. I suppose your man is sure of his ground. But it is a complete backdown. But it is the same old story; just when you have Rome pinned down, she wriggles through your fingers, and, after having for ages been swearing that something is white, she will turn round coolly and tell you that when she said white she never meant that it might not be black all the time." On my return from the holidays he piled on my table an armful of periodicals, magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets concerning Professor Mivart, together with some other articles, from Catholics, on the Bible. These were annotated carefully (I enclose you a list of the principal articles); and he told me to read for myself. He said I would find that ten years ago Romanists were piping another tune, and because Mivart refused to dance to it they killed him. "They tried," he said, "to cram Moses, the tower of Babel, and the whale down Mivart's throat, and when he would not gulp, Vaughan read him out of the Church with bell, book, and candle; then they outraged his family's feelings by refusing him decent burial."

I have read most of the articles with great interest. The one by a Catholic, entitled —— —— —— seems to be very

effective in defending the Church. He lays the blame for all mistakes on the Roman Congregations, and shows that Catholics are not bound to believe in the decisions of these bodies. I have taken this ground successfully in some warm discussions with my friends here. They are cramming up on the histories of the Inquisition and the Index. Is White's statement true, that not only the Congregations but also two popes condemned the doctrine of the earth's motion (Vol. I. p., 163)? He seems to make rather a strong case against the rulers of the Church for having resisted science. Personally his arguments do not affect me, for I take it that the answer mentioned by Macaulay holds good; *viz.*, that in deciding questions of science at all, the Church exceeded her powers, and so was left destitute of the supernatural assistance which she enjoys in the exercise of her legitimate functions. I hesitate to impose further on your kindness. If you would indicate to me some trustworthy books on this subject of the Church and science, I should be very grateful, and I believe that my friends would gladly read them.

Believe me, my dear Father,

Gratefully yours,

X. X.

MY DEAR SIR:

In response to your request, I enclose a list of books that will be of service to you. None of them treat exclusively of the topic. But they have all a good deal to say that bears on it, and lay down principles which, fairly applied, are amply sufficient for the defense of the Church herself against the often-repeated accusation. You will find Newman's *Idea of a University*, Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, Ward's *Problems and Persons* especially helpful, for they guage more faithfully the strength of the attack. A hint or two may be useful to guide your study of them. The relation of the Church to modern science is a very broad question, involving, both historically and doctrinally, many complex considerations. Like all complicated problems arising from the conflict and interaction of ideas, institutions, and forces through long periods of time, it cannot be satisfactorily disposed of by some brief categorical verdict in one sense or the other. Sweeping general assertions, that take no notice of exceptions, that know nothing of reservations, qualifications, or explanations, are usually worth little.

When contending parties propose, respectively, the thesis and the antithesis—The Church obstructed science; the Church did not obstruct science—it frequently happens that so divergent are the senses in which they employ the words *Church* and *Science*, that the contestants are, practically, speaking two different languages; and the debate ends where it began. The readings that I have indicated to you will assist you to get to correct conclusions, and enable you to revalue and arrange in true proportion and perspective the array of testimony brought forward by writers like Lecky and White.

That more than once ecclesiastical authority did, for a time, repress results of investigation, which were afterwards acknowledged and accepted by the whole world, it is impossible to deny. That this repression has been greatly exaggerated in the accounts of some writers is equally undeniable. And what is ignored by most of the Church's assailants, as well as by those apologists who confine themselves to shutting their eyes to the evidence and flatly denying the charge, is that authority had the right to exercise, within certain limits, at certain times, a control over the indiscriminate dissemination of scientific and critical knowledge. In his contribution to a recently published discussion of the relation between scientific and religious ideals,* Mr. Wilfrid Ward has handled the subject with candor and force. Before, however, entering into a vindication of the dead past, let us turn to a practical issue of the living present, that is, to set forth the duty of a Catholic, who, like yourself, must stand fast amid intellectual currents that put a heavy strain on his religious moorings. The case of the late St. George Mivart lends itself as an object lesson.

You will have observed, in reading the documents of the controversy, that though, in the end, Dr. Mivart narrowed his intellectual *non serviam* down to the matter of Bible science and history, he had, in the course of the discussion, gone far beyond this point and, regarding dogmas of the Church, given expression to views that could not be tolerated. Then his ecclesiastical superior, without answering either yes or no to the biblical crux propounded by the professor, called on him to subscribe to the authoritative formula of Catholic faith.

* *Ideals of Science and Faith.* Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. New York: Longmans, 1904.

As to the question of biblical inerrancy, it seems impossible to read the professor's utterances, and to survey the fictitious dilemma that he created for himself, without arriving at the conviction, reached by many of his friends, that the mind which had given such brilliant testimony of its philosophic insight and logical acumen was passing through some pathological eclipse. He admitted he was no theologian, yet he insisted upon defining the meaning of inspiration in the Church's pronouncements, a task over which theologians have not yet been able to agree. He insisted that the Church's doctrine obliges Catholics to take Bible science, and all that wears the appearance of history in the Bible, as being affirmed and taught by God. He argued that a papal encyclical must, *ipso facto*, be considered by Catholics as an infallible document. After quoting the declaration of Leo XIII., concerning "no errors in the Bible," he wrote: "It is an indisputable fact that no Roman Catholic acquainted with the above papal declaration and the Vatican conciliar decree can explain away any biblical narrative or historical statement without being guilty, materially at least, if not formally, of heresy." He passes on to take up several of the narratives that were stumbling blocks for him. How sad all this is in the light that comes from the pages of Lagrange and Prat and Hummelauer and all the others! They show all deference to Leo's teaching, yet they show, too, that it is allowable to interpret the Bible in a way that leaves no obstacle to its adjustment with science and historical criticism.

But, you will perhaps say: Why was he not told so then? or, The teachings of the present exegesis were not in Mivart's time, and so he knew nothing of the liberty of to-day. I will not say that he could not have compiled from professional theologians and scripturists a great deal of testimony to support his interpretation of Catholic duty. But, on the other hand, I am sure that he had before him a volume that would have disabused him of his false impressions, had he but consulted it more thoroughly than he seems to have done. Several times in one of his papers he cited *Clerical Studies*, and accepted the author of it, very rightly, as a competent exponent of Catholic doctrine. Well, in this very volume, expressed in language clear and unmistakeable, there are passages after passages which, like a spell, would have caused the scales to

fall from the professor's eyes, had he but attended to them. Discussing the restrictions imposed by Pope Leo's encyclical on apologists, Father Hogan, writing with full consciousness of the extreme reserve and conservatism which his position as head of a great seminary imposed upon him, declared:* "More freely than ever before do we find them admitting in the inspired pages loose and inexact statements, side by side with what is strictly accurate; figurative language of all kinds, metaphors, hyperboles, rhetorical amplifications, facts veiled in poetic forms, seeming narratives which are only allegories or parables, all the ordinary modes of human speech, in a word, all the literary peculiarities of Eastern peoples." Furthermore, he says:† "In fact one of the most ordinary sources of difficulties, and of general misapprehension of the ancient Oriental books which constitute nearly the whole Bible, is found to be the habit of interpreting them by our own modern rules and standards. For the errors—ours, not theirs—to which this gives rise, surely the sacred writers cannot be made responsible." Again, we have in the next passage succinctly expressed the principles which I have drawn your attention to in the pages of Fathers Prat and Lagrange, who only state them in a more amplified form: "By another application of this same principle several of our apologists exonerate from the reproach of error the sacred writers who give divergent accounts of the same fact. They claim that in such cases only substantial accuracy was ever intended or expected, not exactness of detail. Or, again, they consider the sacred writers as borrowing their information from the best accessible sources, and giving it faithfully as they found it, without warranting a literal accuracy of which its value was really independent. To put it in general terms, they hold that God in the Bible teaches only what is taught by the sacred writer, and that the latter teaches only what *he means to teach.* So that ultimately the whole question resolves itself into that of the mind of the human author, which has, in turn, to be gathered from the nature of what he writes, the literary methods of his time, etc."

Elsewhere this same judicious author points out that the older interpretations to which Professor Mivart objected in the name of modern science, and which he insisted to be still

* P. 473. † P. 474.

Catholic teaching, because he found them still drifting around in the backwaters of Catholic thought, have been given up, precisely through the influence of modern science. Speaking of the mixture of conjectural, uncertain, opinionative elements, mingled with what is certain in mystical, theological, and apologetic writers, he says:* "Nowhere is it more striking than in the notions which for centuries were gathered from the Bible. For, whilst admitting readily that many expressions in the sacred writings should not be taken literally, yet instinctive reverence for the Word of God led Christian minds to accept in their obvious sense all the statements they found in it, so long as they had no positive, cogent reason to depart from such an interpretation. In this way, for example, they were led to believe that the whole visible world was created in the space of six ordinary days, about six thousand years ago; that the earth was the principle part of the divine work; and that the sun, moon, and stars were created in view of it; that Noah enclosed in the ark specimens of all living creatures incapable of sustaining life in the waters of the Deluge; that the Deluge itself extended over the whole surface of the earth; that the various tongues spoken since the flood were all miraculously originated at the Tower of Babel, etc. If we take up any of the older exponents of the Bible, or of theology, Catholic and Protestant, this is what we find unhesitatingly stated in them, not indeed as part of the Catholic faith, but as the obvious meaning of the sacred narrative, from which they did not feel at liberty to depart; because they saw no sufficient reason to do so. But the reasons came. Modern science proved the old positions to be untenable; and gradually the Catholic mind withdrew from them, or continued to state them only in a loose and hesitating way." On reviewing how Professor Mivart insisted upon taking the "older exponents" as the true index of Catholic teaching, when he had such testimony as the above under his hand, one can only recall the old Scotch proverb with which you are, I presume from your patronymic, familiar:

"Wha' wull to Cupar maun to Cupar."

Before taking leave of Mivart's name, let me tell you, for the

* P. 115.

benefit of Professor M——, that, to the deep satisfaction of all Catholics who gratefully appreciate the high services which St. George Mivart rendered to the Church in his day, his body rests in consecrated ground.

History forbids us to deny that, though Mivart's case was different, it can happen that a scientist or a scholar may find ecclesiastical authority—I use the word in its widest sense—resisting views which he knows to be thoroughly well founded. His patience and loyalty will be exercised all the more severely if, as may also happen, he knows that those who condemn his findings are scarcely in a position to give due consideration to the evidence. A man may attain the rank of a profound theologian or scripturist—at least it was so formerly—and yet know no more about modern science than a Bedouin knows about shipbuilding. Through his eminent piety, the etiquette which distributes to the various bodies a due proportion of the important offices in the ecclesiastical administration, or through one of many other causes, such a man may exercise a powerful influence at the council board where scientific or critical publications are weighed and found wanting. He may succeed in counteracting the representatives of progressive thought on some critical occasion. Then, for a time at least, the scientist or scholar will find himself called upon to display an obedience nothing short of heroic. "It is impossible," writes Father Lagrange, "to think without a pang of the situation of savants placed between what they consider a scientific conclusion and a judgment, not indeed definitive, but official, such as, we are rightly told, bind the conscience and impose on us the duty of submitting, in some measure, our reason, at least out of respect for the source from which they emanate." Hard, it is true; but not harder than many other sacrifices which fidelity to our religion imposes on us. And grace can where nature cannot.

Here we touch the prime factor in the problem of the Church's relation to science—the action of non-infallible authorities. The first thing to be done is to premise a warning, that is all the more necessary for you since you have been introduced, through the publications you have mentioned, to some writers from whom you may acquire an unduly narrow view of the duty we owe to authority in matters intellectual. It is not uncommon, nowadays, to find Catholics speaking as

if an acceptance of defined dogma, decrees of Ecumenical Councils, and indisputably *ex cathedra* pronouncements of the Supreme Pontiff, is all that can be exacted from Catholics in the name of faith and religious obedience. They go out of their way to make a case against all the non-infallible organs of the Church. They never let Galileo rest in his grave. They delight in reciting a litany of the estimable books that have figured, or still figure, on the Index. They have at their fingers' ends the case of Pope Honorius excommunicated and anathematized as a heretic, after his death, by the sixth Ecumenical Council of the Church. They sketch, gleefully, and usually with a sarcastic pen, the line of retreat followed by the theological host for the last hundred years; and they gloat over every abandoned position, from the expectation of the second advent by the early Christians, down to the cessation of the thunders that reverberated for ages against the taking of interest, or to our present modified estimate of Bible science. By dwelling exclusively on instances of doctrinal or constitutional development, of change in non-essentials, and, at the same time, ignoring the continuity witnessed in essentials, they draw a caricature of Catholic doctrine and call it a photograph. Professing submission to the Pope when he speaks in virtue of his infallible prerogative, they assume that his other pronouncements, as well as the doctrinal decrees of bishops and Roman Congregations, are sufficiently honored by being received with a perfunctory silence; and they demonstrate, too often, by their own behavior, that with an accompanying wink or shrug such silence can become little better than outspoken derision. Over against the benign spirit of the present day theologian, who sees in every man of good will and upright life a member of Christ's spiritual kingdom, they set the grim mediæval inquisitor hieing forth to slay, with a sword in one hand and the Athanasian Creed in the other. But they ignore our apologists who maintain that it is but the world's condition that has changed since the days of the Albigenses, not Catholic teaching on the necessity of faith.

Now this is all wrong. The duty of a Catholic, in intellectual affairs, extends far beyond acceptance of the truths in which we are bound to make an act of faith. He is not quit of his loyalty towards the Supreme Head by assenting merely to the edicts issued under the seal of infallibility, and reserving

to himself the right to pick and choose in all other teachings. He is bound—to restrict ourselves to the point we are dealing with—to give an intellectual assent to the teaching of subordinate authorities. The nature of this assent and the strictness of the obligation varies, of course, in proportion to the dignity of each authority. The Catholic scientist must remember, too, that the interests of faith and the spiritual welfare of the many are of more importance than the immediate diffusion of some scientific discovery, the hasty promulgation of which, in minds unprepared for it, might gravely injure their religious ideals; and the Church has been constituted to watch over, not science, but salvation. Hence the reasonableness of the right which the Church has exercised of controlling the publication of scientists and scholars. The natural law itself requires that knowledge shall be circulated with such precaution as the higher goods of morality and religion call for. Even agnostics recognize this principle as sound. Replying to an imaginary objector who asks why, if evolutionists believe in their view of religion, they do not go around and preach it, the late John Fiske replies:* "Since men's theologies are narrowly implicated with their principles of action, the taking away of their theology by any other process than that of slowly supplanting it by a new system of conceptions equally adapted to furnish general principles of action, would be to leave men trivial and irreligious, with no rational motive but self-interest, no clearly conceived end save the pleasure of the moment. The evolutionist, therefore, believing that faith in some controlling idea is essential to right living, and that even an unscientific faith is infinitely better than aimless scepticism, does not go about pointing out to the orthodox the inconsistencies which he discerns in their system of beliefs." . . . And shall the Church show herself less tender of the little ones and the unlearned than an agnostic? Is it her duty to turn herself into a scientific academy, and, even at the risk of hurting irreparably the minds of her children, be always on the alert to tear up every belief, however ancient and however innocuous, the moment it ceases to be in harmony with the latest bulletin from the Royal Society or the Musée Guimet? The question answers itself.

The justice of this claim is nowise impugned by the fact

* *Cosmic Philosophy*. Vol. II., p. 500.

that sometimes, through the fallibility of the agents engaged in its application, mistakes have been made, and individuals have been subjected to needless and useless suffering. Few pretend, to-day, to exonerate from all blame the extent to which hostility to the heliocentric theory, for example, was carried. No interests of religion required that books teaching it should be retained on the Index till the year 1835. A little more attention to science, a good deal less prejudice in favor of Aristotle and ancient wisdom, and that struggle would have been kept within such limits that nobody reasonably could have found fault with the part played by authority. On the other hand, it is conceded by impartial non-Catholics that the ecclesiastical interference was justified in the initial stage of the episode. One citation, from a Protestant scientist and professor, will suffice to represent many similar admissions. A Harvard professor has written as follows regarding Galileo:* "He had many friends among the most influential of the clergy; and there can be no question that he would have been left to teach as he pleased, and even been honored for his innovations, if only he had avoided theological issues instead of rushing into them. There was no need of forcing that greatly irritated lion caged at the Vatican to show its claws. Neither truth nor honor required it. And though one may not think that a scholar can honorably hold an equivocal position in regard to facts of demonstration, yet the distinction betweed '*ex hypothesi*' and '*ex animo*' was one which he avowedly accepted. And when he violated his pledges, and again revived the old issues, we cannot wonder that his conduct provoked censure; and it may be questioned whether he was treated any more harshly than is many a man at the present day for a much less departure from prescribed creeds."

The deference exacted by discipline for the rulings of non-infallible authorities is nowise incompatible with the intellectual honesty which, as the above writer affirms, no man may justly or honorably sacrifice. The religious obedience and respect due to such pronouncements do not require that a man should abdicate his reason. Let me offer you from a conservative theologian a passage which will make this truth clear. Father Pesch, S.J., treating the question in his work intended as a

* *The Credentials of Science the Warrant of Faith.* By Josiah Parsons Cooke, LL.D., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy at Harvard University. New York, 1888, p. 77.

text-book for students, lays down the teaching:* "Just as we have already said that we must obey our bishops when they give orders in matters of faith and morals, so in similar wise we maintain that we must yield a religious assent to the decrees of Roman Congregations, that is to say, that supreme religious authority has spoken in these decrees, albeit not infallibly." Does it follow, then, that a scientist who has arrived at some solidly based conclusion incompatible with this or that decree of a Roman Congregation, or any other organ for which infallibility is not claimed, must, as misrepresentations of us pretend, make an act of faith in something that he knows to be false? By no means. "On the negative side," says Father Pesch, "we are not free to withhold assent to Congregational decisions just on the plea that they are not infallible; and, on the positive side, we must continue to assent to them"—Permanently? No; but "until we get clear proof that the Congregations have blundered in making the decisions. Because the Congregations do not, in themselves, confer absolute certainty on any doctrine, the reasons for the doctrine may, and, with due caution (*respective*), ought to be investigated. This will be done in order that either the doctrine shall be gradually accepted by the entire Church, and so raised to the region of infallibility, or else, the error which, possibly, it contains shall be detached. For the religious assent that we owe to Congregational rulings, founded as these are, not in absolute but in a looser moral certitude, does not exclude all apprehension of error, and therefore, when sufficient reason for doubt appears, a prudent suspension of assent is in order; but as long as there is no reasonable ground for doubt the authority of the Congregations is adequate to impose assent."

For an excellent brief exposition of Catholic doctrine and duty regarding religious teaching, I may refer you to an article published in the *Ave Maria* for January of the current year. The writer fortifies himself with copious extracts from a recent pastoral of the English bishops. They show how amply the liberty of the scientist is harmonized with the prudence which forbids rash and dangerous impatience:† "As points of discipline may be decreed at one time, and modified or set aside at another, so may novel theories and opinions, advanced

* *Prælectiones Dogmaticæ Auctore Christiano Pesch, S.J.* I., p. 312.

† *Ave Maria*, January, 1905, p. 47.

even by learned men, be at one time censured by the Roman Congregations, and at a later time tolerated and even accepted. For instance, the Holy Office in a case of a disputed text of Scripture or any similar point, after careful consideration, customary in matters of this importance, may declare that the arguments brought forward do not warrant the conclusion claimed for them by certain students. Such a decision is not immutable, and does not prevent Catholic students continuing their research, and respectfully laying before the Holy See any fresh or more convincing arguments they may discover against the authority of the text. And thus it becomes possible that, in time, the tribunals of the Holy See may decide in the sense which the earlier students had suggested, but could not at first establish by satisfactory arguments as a safe conclusion. In such a case loyal Catholics should accept her decision by virtue of 'religious obedience' as one to be followed for the present. But while they gratefully accept such guidance in a matter that concerns religion, they will be careful to distinguish between this guidance and the Church's definition of faith."

These principles are not the result of mere abstract reasoning, but the formulated inductions drawn from the history of systematic Catholic thought. Numberless instances might be cited of congregational, conciliar, and papal non-infallible rulings that, after having been vigorously asserted for long periods, gradually began to be questioned; critical examination persisted; time furnished new arguments to the opposition. The upshot was that the doctrine was not indeed abruptly abandoned or formally rescinded, but was allowed to sink gently and silently into oblivion. There was no recantation of the old; but the new that was incompatible with it was, first tolerated, and next incorporated by authority. In many instances there were theologians, devoted to everything traditional, to argue that the infallible guarantee covered the teaching. But the outcome proved them to be mistaken. Frequently the process of transition was smoothed by the retention of old forms modified in meaning—you understand that I speak only of non-dogmatic tenets. It is, probably, some of these cases which your professor had in mind when he spoke of the wrigglings of Rome. It is a common weakness of us all to let our prejudices dictate our selection of the words in which we clothe our judgments, and the opulence of the English language provides

us with terms of disparagement for which, in truth and justice, we might often substitute others less depreciatory. And *Rome* is a word which in polemics is often used to cover a multitude of logical sins. In one sentence it will stand for some theologian occupied in sweeping back the advancing tide of knowledge with his syllogistic besom; in the next, it will mean the highest authority in the exercise of its highest prerogative; and thus, by the perpetration of what logical pedantry calls the fallacy of undistributed middle, the ineptitudes of individuals are ascribed to the organization.

Are we to presume that the process of elimination, selection, and assimilation that has always gone on in the past is now at an end? To say so would be to assert that the development and growth of the Church have ceased; that her intellectual life has come to an end; and that the immanent vital principle which has enabled her to carry on her organic functions in victorious adaptation to an ever changing environment has at length reached the closing phase of exhausted senility. Never, on the contrary, has the work of adaptation been carried on with more vigor. Every one who examines the present attitude of authority and scholarship towards expert knowledge and criticism must admit that they are ready to listen to any representative of thought who speaks in the name of ascertained science. The dogmas of faith, resting on the authority of the Church, and, for the most part, consisting of truths transcending reason, are beyond the range of physical science. Criticism, fairly exercised, can but make them stand forth in more majestic outline, by clearing them of the faded human opinions which are hanging in tatters around them. The discoveries of the scientist or the scholar can come into collision only with the occasional, the accidental, the ephemeral. Authority, while treating with reverence all that is traditional, concedes that there are tares among the wheat. But it resists the arrogance of the irresponsible who in the name of science, of which they are seldom acknowledged spokesmen, insist upon rushing in to devastate wheat and cockle alike. "Give us," says authority to the exponents of science, history, and criticism, "your thoroughly ascertained facts, not your immature theories, your provisional guesses, or your unverifiable speculations, which you yourselves may be throwing aside to-morrow, and we shall cheerfully, nay gratefully, accept them. But leave us to make

the adjustment with the gravity and deliberation that the sacred interests of souls, or, as you would say, the religious ideal demands."

If the scholar or scientist is a Catholic, is he to be perturbed when he finds truth controverted by representatives of that section of theologians or apologists who know nothing of the actual situation, and think that theology and biblical criticism said their last word hundreds of years ago? Must he rush forth into secular prints and clamor for an immediate *ex cathedra* decision, or ask congregations to imperil their authority with the unreflecting by admitting that they were mistaken yesterday, or the day before; and, if this is refused, throw himself out of the Church? Evidently not. He can, with an easy conscience, and without compromising his intellectual liberty, sit tight and wait. Authority must pursue a Fabian policy; let him do the same—and that policy will repeat its old achievements—*cunctando restituit rem.*

Just a word, in conclusion, for the present, concerning the idea of Macaulay, to which you have given too much credit, regarding the relation of the Church to science. With science the Church has no direct concern. But, as the guardian of revealed truth, she may be called upon, in the legitimate exercise of her functions, to pass judgment on scientific theories which touch on matters of revelation. The unity of the human race, for example, is intrinsically connected with the doctrine of original sin; she will, therefore condemn any ethnological theory which on this point runs counter to her dogmatic teaching. Believe me,

Fraternally yours,

———.

FATHER ALLOUEZ AND THE FOX RIVER.

(1669–1687.)

BY D. B. MARTIN.

THE site on the shore of Fox River, Wisconsin, where stood the Mission House of St. Francis Xavier two hundred and thirty years ago, has never, as in many similar instances, been wholly lost. Through reminiscence and tradition, and the writings of Fathers Allouez and Dablon, almost the exact location of this pious retreat can be traced. The early American settlers found still visible the foundations of Chapel and dwelling house; for although burned by hostile Indians, in 1687, the stout timbers were not entirely destroyed, and have defied time's ravages. So the great name of its founder, Claude Allouez, and the work accomplished by him, withstand the waves of oblivion that have swallowed up other and less strong personalities.

It was in the month of November that Father Allouez began his journey to the great bay of the Puants, leaving his mission at Sault St. Marie in charge of a brother priest. It is a season that in our northern latitudes means blustering north winds, with a strong skimming of ice, as the days shorten, on the borders of creek and river. Allouez had steadfastly purposed to reach the extremity of the bay before winter set in. Indians of many tribes congregated at the head of this long, sheltered stretch of water, and for this reason, and also because of the great number of valuable fur-bearing animals that filled the streams in the vicinity, the place had become a Mecca for *coureurs de bois*. To the eastward, beyond the two mighty lakes of Michigan and Huron, dwelt that dreaded confederation of Iroquois, known as the league of the Five Nations, a scourge to other and less powerful tribes; but Green Bay, ninety miles in length and shaped like a mammoth pocket, formed, in its leagues of unfamiliar waters, a barrier that the eastern Indians feared to traverse. To the westward

the equally strong and warlike Sioux were deterred from sending out attacking parties by the distance to be traveled, and also by a great river, as yet unknown to the white man, and not to be made common property until four years later, when Father Marquette and his companion, Louis Joliet, floated their canoe on its waters.

So the isolated valley of the Fox, and the shores of Baye des Puants, were thickly settled by diverse tribes of Indians belonging to Algonquin stock with but one exception, an alien tribe of Sioux extraction, the Winnebagoes, "men of the sea" so called, and also nicknamed by the French "Puants," from whom the Bay derived its name.

Two French voyageurs accompanied Allouez in his bark canoe; hardy Canadian boatmen, skilful in the use of the paddle. All their experience was called into requisition, for the journey was a dangerous and terrible one. On the twenty-ninth of November ice began to form, cutting their perishable bark craft; snow fell and their garments were drenched. At intervals they landed to mend their canoe, and make friends with the Indians camped along the shores; for the most part Pottawottomies, who also were short of provisions, for there was no game and it was too early in the season to spear the sturgeon. On the travelers labored, Father Allouez ever encouraging his companions, and invoking the aid of St. Francis Xavier, while his crew implored the protection of St. Anne, patron saint of all voyageurs.

When they reached the mouth of the river, where they were to join a little band of French fur-traders, they found it closed by ice, but that night a tempestuous wind arose and cleared the channel, so that they were able to enter. On the second of December, 1669, they made port, landing a short distance up a stream on the west side of the bay, identified now as Oconto River.

Six Frenchmen had camped here for purposes of trade, and these, with the two voyageurs, formed the worshippers at the first Mass offered on these isolated shores. It was for Father Allouez a service of thanksgiving that his life had been spared through so many dangers, and that he had been enabled to gain this goal of his pious hopes.

During the winter Allouez visited various tribes in the vicinity, and made one particularly difficult trip across the bay

to the Red Banks, a distance of ten leagues, where a mixed village of Pottawottomies and Winnebagoes was situated. The latter Indians were, Father Allouez wrote, the most wandering and wretched of all the western tribes.

In this twentieth century, Red Banks has become a conventional summer resort, with picturesque cottages gleaming through woody glades. Its Indian name, Kish-ke-kwa-te-no, has been revived, signifying in the Menominee language "the place that slopes to the cedars." Its winding paths still recall the forest primeval, and at night one can hear far off on a rocky ledge to the eastward a weird complaining cry, the call of wild cats who find safe hiding in remote caves and stony fastnesses.

After giving instruction to the dwellers in this encampment of some seven lodges, in all perhaps one hundred and sixty persons, Father Allouez began his difficult return journey to the Oconto. The cold on the open bay was so intense, with mercury below zero and the unsheltered expanse swept by a cutting wind, that the missionary was nearly overcome, and was forced to sink down on the snow. His nose was frozen, his strength well nigh exhausted, but in telling of this perilous trip he says, that "through Providence he found in his cassock a clove," and the pungent spice so revived him that he was enabled to continue his journey.

When the ice broke up, under the rough winds of March, Father Allouez prepared to carry on his mission work to the southward. Passing to the head of the bay he entered the River of the Puants, a water highway that became only a few years later, and continued to be for nearly two centuries, the most important route connecting the Mississippi with the Great Lakes. Allouez promptly rechristened the beautiful stream, Riviere Saint François, a name that it retained until wars between the French and the warlike Fox nation, in the eighteenth century, made this section of country the peculiar territory of these aggressive Indians, and this waterway a source of contention between the combatants.

To one who passes up Fox River to-day the journal kept by Father Allouez, with its minute memoranda of people and places encountered by him in that early period of our history, is of absorbing interest. Although a tremendous water power has made the stream a centre for manufacture and modern

industries, still one may even now float for miles along its waters and view practically the same general landscape as did Allouez on this first memorable journey—the steep, overhanging banks, fringed thickly by apple and other low growing trees, woodlands rising in the background with wide open spaces between, and the calm, even flow of the river, unvexed for leagues by modern improvement.

Allouez made but a hasty review of the field at this time, and in May he was back at his Oconto Mission. He stopped there but a short time, for in June he must meet at the Sault St. Marie 'Sieur St. Lusson, emissary of Louis XIV., empowered by royal authority to claim for France this wide western territory. With imposing ceremonies, including addresses by St. Lusson and Father Claude Allouez, the arms of France were raised on high and fastened to a solidly planted pole, while St. Lusson in a commanding voice took possession of the land in the name of the "most high, mighty, and redoubted monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of the name, King of France and Navarre."

In September, 1670, Allouez again made the voyage up Fox River in company with Father Dablon, newly appointed Superior of all the Canadian missions. It was a pleasant journey, in congenial companionship, full of variety and incident. Where the city of Kaukauna now overruns island and commanding bluff, the travelers found set up on the river bank a grotesque idol of stone, to which every passing red man made homage, and propitiated with offerings of tobacco. Without ceremony the missionaries tumbled this gayly painted image into the water, where it doubtless still rests.

The Indians were uniformly docile, and gave glad welcome to the kindly "black robe," as they called the visiting priest, but Father Allouez was inexpressibly shocked that they should treat him as a deity, and lay offerings of tobacco at his feet. "Take pity on us," they cried, "thou art a Manitou. We give thee tobacco to smoke. We are often ill, our children are dying; we are hungry. Hear us Manitou; we give thee tobacco to smoke," while Allouez in horror called upon them to give up their idolatries, and listen to him as he told them of the true and only God.

In the winter of 1671–72 a permanent mission house was built on a projection of land, around which the last series of

rapids eddy before Fox River makes its final sweep towards Green Bay. It was a level plateau, a prairie Father Allouez calls it, with a sandy beach skirting its borders some five feet below. To the eastward the place was sheltered by high banks covered from base to crown by a heavy growth of forest.

The river narrows where its rapids rush and hurry, and at this point the Indians had constructed an ingenious though primitive fish weir, that zigzagged its irregular line across the stream. From this picturesque though somewhat unsteady structure the Indians could skilfully spear the fish that were stopped in their rush down the rapids by the closely set stakes. The chapel and dwelling house occupying this accessible and pleasant spot were solidly framed of logs, stout enough to resist savage attack or inclement weather. Associated with Allouez were Fathers Louis André and Gabriel Drouillette, men well fitted for the work assigned them, and to the mission there constantly drifted, as guests, those wandering traders who made life difficult for the deputies of Louis XIV. in this western world.

The story of the *coureurs de bois*, those Robin Hoods of New France, forms a separate chapter in wilderness chronicles, but men prominent in this wood-ranging fraternity are so identified with the daily life of St. Francis Xavier's Mission, that it is impossible, in sketching its history, to ignore them. The influence of the Church was the only check on forest lawlessness and wild dissipation, and that the missionary could correct with authority the misdeeds of these banditti, gave him high place in savage esteem. Not all *coureurs de bois* were renegades, but the name became a synonym for everything loose and undisciplined. In many cases these unlicensed traders reaped the large profits that the King and his Fur Company wished to control, and paddled inland waterways with the spirit of adventure strong within them. With swagger and determined air of command they intimidated double their number of savages, and gave the missionaries no little trouble by debauching the Indians with brandy and stirring up strife among them.

Life at St. Francis Xavier's Mission House was varied and busy enough, to judge from the journal of Father Allouez, and the record of contemporary writers. Service in the chapel,

attendance at Indian councils, visits to separate cabins, and instruction given to their inmates; careful noting of astronomical data, as when Father Allouez makes minute mention of an eclipse of the sun which occurred on the 16th of April, 1670, and lasted for over two hours. Father André, in his cabin on the bay shore, kept accurate record of the curious tides that for many years puzzled students of inland water phenomena; and all this exploration and investigation of an unknown land must be put in convenient shape and sent to the Superior of the Jesuit Order in Paris, to be stored in the Society's archives for future reference, and to prove in these later years a mine for historical research.

Many visitors came to St. Francis Xavier whose names are familiar now through history and romantic tale. Greysolon Duluth, *coureur de bois* and gallant soldier of fortune, a typical outgrowth of that reckless life and age; Baron Lahontan, courtier and dillettanti, whose blithe chronicle of his travels and adventures in these strange parts savors of Baron Munchausen; and brave Nicholas Perrot, who, when all other resource failed, and a general massacre threatened the French throughout the northwest, stood a bulwark of defence against English stratagem and Indian treachery.

In the spring of 1673, Father Jacques Marquette and his sturdy companion, Louis Joliet, stopped at the mission on their way to that great and unexplored stream "that flows toward the south, and empties into the Sea of Florida, or Sea of California as we believe." In the fall the same travelers returned, Marquette broken in health, and content to take a much needed respite from labor among his brethren at the Rapides des Peres. Sending Joliet to Canada with news of their great discovery, the priest settled down for the winter in the little mission station; a haven of rest for the delicate, overworked apostle. Here during the short winter days, in the log cabin banked high with great snowdrifts, Marquette inscribed a careful record of summer wanderings along the mighty Mississippi, living over again the discovery and exploration of that hitherto unknown stream.

Rumors of disaster to the French by field and flood grew rife throughout New France. The Indians became insolent, and threatened to enter into a league with the English of Manhattan. Up and down the length and breadth of the St. Lawrence

valley went Nicholas Perrot, preventing by sheer force of individual courage and diplomacy a general revolt of the western tribes. What Perrot's successful efforts meant to the harrassed missionaries of St. Francis Xaxier we can well imagine, and his fidelity to them and to his Mother Church is shown by a beautiful silver ostensorium presented by him to the mission in 1686. The monstrance is beautifully wrought, probably by foreign workmanship, and bears upon the base these words: "Ce soleil a esté donné par M. Nicholas Perrot à la mission de St. François Xavier en la Baye des Puants, 1686."

Father Claude Allouez passed on to other fields, leaving a competent helper to carry on the work so well begun. Like St. Paul he was ever the one who sowed the seed, and, after making certain that it had taken root, left to others the fruit of his labors. Those who followed him found how strong an impression was made by the good priest's teachings, as when Father Marquette went to the mission of St. Esprit on Lake Superior, founded also by Père Allouez. "The Indians were very glad to see me at first," he writes, "but when they learned that I did not know the language perfectly, and that Father Allouez, who understood them thoroughly, had been unwilling to return to them because they did not take enough interest in prayer, they acknowledged that they were well deserving this punishment, and resolved to do better."

In the summer of 1687 Nicholas Perrot, in his stockaded fort, in the Trempeleau valley, received word that the mission buildings of St. Francis Xavier had been burned to the ground by treacherous savages, Outagamies, Kickapoos, and Miamis. This included a trading house in which had been stored all of a season's harvest of furs, in preparation for shipment to Canada. By hasty marches Perrot returned to La Baye, only to find smoking ruins where for so many years had stood a religious home for wanderers in these western forests. Financial ruin stared the *coureur de bois* in the face, but there was no time to remain inactive, for a general uprising of Indians was feared, and a massacre of the French throughout the northwest.

The Fathers in charge of the mission had been forced to flee for their lives to Mackinac, but warning of the impending disaster must have reached them in time to permit them

to bury below the foundations of the Chapel Perrot's pious gift, the silver ostensorium. Doubtless the missionaries hoped to return and recover their treasure when less troublous times should ensue, but for more than a hundred years the ostensorium remained concealed where its original owners had buried it. La Baye successively passed through the ownership of France and England to that of the United States; wars and treaties changed the map of our country, exploration opened up wide new stretches of territory, yet the traditions of Father Allouez and his confrères were still vividly in mind with a later generation when, in 1803, a French habitant, digging a foundation for a cabin near the Rapides des Peres, unearthed this beautifully wrought relic of early faith in Wisconsin.

Thus ends the story of St. Francis Xavier's Mission; one of the most interesting and important episodes in western history. Three separate places received the name, for Father Allouez made careful exploration and investigation before establishing a permanent retreat. It was first given to the Oconto Mission, in the winter of 1669 and 1670. In that same season a cross was planted on the heights of Red Banks, among the Pottawottomies and Winnebagoes, which Allouez afterward speaks of as St. Francis Xavier. Finally the well-built house and adjoining buildings on the shore of Fox River were erected; the place that always comes to mind when Father Allouez' work and St. Francis Xavier's Mission are mentioned.

Others took up the burden of evangelization among the Indians of the west, but in a different spirit from Father Allouez. War unremitting, harrassing, marks the page of seventeenth century history in Wisconsin. The French, early in that period, established a fort at the mouth of Fox River, and military rule rather than religious teaching sought to hold the now thoroughly rebellious Indians in subjection. Here the historian of New France, Charlevoix, found Father Chardon in charge, in 1721, occupying a house within the stockade and adjoining that of the commandant, but the days when missionaries passed fearlessly to and fro along western waterways were at an end.

Still engaged in mission labors, death overtook Father Allouez on August 6, 1689, two years after the religious house

established by him at La Baye was reduced to ashes. To-day the town of Depere holds in its name the anglicized fragment of the French "Rapides des Peres." Railroad tracks and manufactories crowd the river front, where two hundred and thirty years ago only a solitary Jesuit mission house reared its log walls. In place of a primitive fish weir, zigzagging across the rapids, where dusky, painted savages speared sturgeon and muskelonge, a solid bridge spans the stream, and a great paper mill shows, when evening falls, its hundred electric eyes of light.

Yet on the grassy banks of the government lock, and looking up the river, it is comparatively easy to bring again to mind the setting for that far-off picture of an early century, and close to the steel tracks, and where traffic is busiest a rough boulder stands, and on a bronze tablet we read:

"Near this spot stood the Chapel of St. Francis Xavier, built in the winter of 1671–72 by Father Claude Allouez, S.J., as the centre of his work in christianizing the Indians of Wisconsin. This memorial tablet was erected by the citizens of Depere, and unveiled by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, September 6, 1899."

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

BY BEN HURST.

N the darkening library Father Ambrose had put aside his books, and arose to his feet at the same moment that the door, opening from the veranda, admitted a flood of sunlight and a youth on whose head it seemed reflected.

"Sit down, Lionel," said the priest. "Why so late?"

"Well, it was a sudden notion, Father. I have been wanting to ride over all these days—"

"Not so sudden, then," remarked the priest.

"No;—of course not. The fact is I made up my mind only a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah! Then you must have ridden hard."

"No; I did not take the road, but came right through the park and over the stubble fields—to give Marko a few jumps."

"There goes my impulsive Lionel!" said the priest with a smile. "There goes the fellow who would have jumped a continent, and abandoned his ancestral estates to evangelize Japan, if he had not been restrained—for a surer test of his vocation."

The young man moved uneasily in his chair. "Yes"; he said, with some reluctance, "I now see you were wise. It was wiser to delay."

"Ah," returned the priest quizzingly, "we may make a compromise—as far as Mangalore, or even nearer home, perhaps?"

The young man kept his eyes on the floor.

"Father," he said at last, "you have always doubted my vocation to the religious life. And I myself have come to the conclusion—" He stopped.

"Who is she?" asked the priest.

The youth flushed to the roots of his hair, and stood up.

"Now, Father, you are too quick," he protested.

"Not at all," said the priest. "When I cannot lift my eyes in my morning walk without seeing a couple of equestrians, of whom one is my former pupil and the other a young

lady, slowly riding to or from the Manor day after day—well, it occurs to me that, however devoted a son one may be, he does not forego his usual morning gallop for the sake of entertaining his mother's guest, if she is uninteresting. Frankly, Lionel, you cause me distractions."

"Why, Father," laughed Lionel, "I thought to give you a great surprise. But you seem to know everything."

"About you, my son? I hope so. But I do not yet know the name of the future Lady Scarris."

Lionel took a turn up and down the room before he answered. Then he stopped before the priest, and said:

"She is an Anglican."

Father Ambrose made no comment.

"And through her I have learned what human love is. Father, she has become part of myself. I love her with all the strength of my heart."

"They make good Catholics," said the priest meditatively. "And—is she prepared to join us?"

"Now, Father," cried Lionel, "just here comes my vindication—"

"Yes"; said the priest good-humoredly, "for a young man who, a bare year ago, wanted to lay his celibate bones in Japan to further the cause of Mother Church—to devote himself to a heretic! Well, it's rather stiff, eh?"

"But, Father, you would not have me—and she's not a heretic. At least she won't be so much longer. It is just here the miracle comes in. This summer my mother met her in Scotland, and grew interested in her on account of her inclination to Catholicity. She asked her down here—"

"Wise woman, Lady Scarris," murmured the priest.

"And I assure you, Father, that I regard my attachment as providential. She belongs to us heart and soul. Outward conformity alone is wanting. And—I shall have no other wife."

The priest reflected for some moments, and then said:

"This is your first affection, Lionel, I think?"

"Father, you know all my life. It is my first—and my last."

"Your last, if she responds," thought the priest, "otherwise—it must not, should not be." Then aloud he said: "I wish you success in your wooing, my dear boy. I am pleased to hear of this, and I shall pray God to bless you both."

"Thank you, Father," said the young man fervently. "I

wanted to ask you—if May consents—to undertake her final instruction and her reception into the Church. But though I have sometimes thought she likes me—I am not sure."

"I would advise you to relieve your mind about that as soon as possible," said the priest. "Go straight and ask her."

"Yes"; said Lionel, as he took up his gloves. But at the door he lingered. The priest waited.

"Father," said Lionel at last in a low voice, "you don't despise me, think me fickle, because I changed my mind?"

"My dear boy," answered the priest gravely, "I always knew that your vocation was here among your own people. Your impulses of last year do you honor. But we are in need of laymen such as you. You can serve the Church better by fulfilling the duties of your station than by abandoning them. There; good-by! Marko will be getting restive. God bless you."

"What a sweet, peaceful day, just as all the days are here"; said May, as she and Lionel paced up and down the terrace in the gathering dusk.

"A day that will be memorable for me," he replied in a low voice. "May, I can wait no longer. Up to now I have been unable to glean anything definite from your answers to my tentative questions. I mean to make things clear to-night."

"But do I?" asked May coquettishly. "We are very well as we are. I have told you that I appreciate your inland scenery; that I do not miss the sea—the sea always makes me restless; that I have enjoyed my visit immensely; that I hope to come again. What more could you ask?"

"Will you come to stay?" he asked. "But I cannot speak to you here. However much I love nature, there are moments when I prefer the enclosure of four walls. Come into the library, where I can turn on the light and see your face."

"You know, you must know so well, what I am going to say," he said tremulously as he stood before the deep arm-chair in which she sat—perfectly self-possessed, it seemed to him.

She looked up at him in a provoking way and laughed.

"Why should I help you?" she asked. "Can I divine your thought? If I make a wrong guess, I shall look foolish; so I refrain."

The light glimmered on her fair hair, on the sweet mouth, on the firm, shapely chin he loved to contemplate. Their eyes met. Down he went on one knee, and held out his hand.

"Is this plain?" he asked.

"A man is very sure when he does that," she remarked reproachfully, but she laid her hand in his.

And then he felt that she was trembling. A great wave of joy broke over him. He kissed the hand he held again and again before he released it. Then he drew up a chair and sat down before her.

"What a difference a moment can make!" he exclaimed, smiling. "I am no longer afraid of you, dearest."

"But I am rather afraid of you," she murmured, withdrawing the hand he had taken again. "Tell me, when did you first know—I cared for you?"

"Never, till now," he answered truthfully. And she gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I should have waited," he went on, "till the evolution was complete, and you had in fact, as well as in conviction, become one of us; but—see how selfish I am! The longing to know my fate overcame every other consideration."

The girl smiled with very evident satisfaction. "Are you sure you will never regret it?" she asked. "Remember you once supposed you had a call to the religious life."

"Yes"; he acknowledged. "I was so presumptuous. I have told you all about that. It was before I had met you." And he sighed.

"So marriage with you is an afterthought," she mused.

"You, May, were the afterthought," he said. "Afterthoughts are good sometimes."

"You must teach me to be good," said May earnestly. "It is because I felt you were good that I began to love you, Lionel."

"Don't make me ashamed," he said in much confusion. "Dear May, let us be practical. You are your own mistress. My father and mother will welcome you with joy. Let us be married at once after your reception into the Church. Why, the wedding could take place on the following day."

The girl knitted her brows and reflected.

"I dislike the idea of appearing to change my religion with a view to marriage," she said.

"But, my dear May, that you were favorably disposed towards the Church was well known before you knew of my existence," he said reassuringly.

"To a small circle, yes"; she answered. "Our engagement, however, would put things in a different light to the world."

"Who cares for the world?" said Lionel.

May knitted her brows once more, and then spoke with decision.

"I shall embrace your faith when I am your wife—not before!" she declared.

Lionel rose to his feet. He was very pale.

"I could not marry any but an avowed Roman Catholic," he said.

The hot blood rushed to her face. "After a proposal it seems to me I have got a refusal!" she exclaimed.

"No, dear May," he said earnestly. "You will not let such a quibble come between us. Is our marriage, then, a bar to your conversion?"

"Is my conversion, then, to be the condition of our marriage?" she demanded.

He was silent.

"Answer me, Lionel!" she insisted.

"Yes"; he said gravely. "Decidedly, yes."

"And this is your love?" she exclaimed bitterly. "Do you doubt my word? You know, whether I marry you or not, that I will become a Catholic."

"I do not doubt your word," he said. "It is not that. But—I could not kneel and pledge my vows to one who did not adore with me. Oh May! At such a moment could you in public deny what in secret you revere? Do you not know what marriage means to Catholics?"

She now also stood up. Tears were in her eyes.

"You exact every sacrifice from me," she said. "And you make no allowance for my pride. Not only will people say that I changed my faith in order to become Lady Scarris, but that you married me in order to convert me. All this could be avoided by postponing my public profession of faith until after our marriage. Thus neither of us could be accused of an unworthy motive, and you would prove to me how truly you loved me."

He took both her hands in his.

"You know I love you," he said passionately. "It is terrible, the empire you have over my whole being; but—I loathe mixed marriages."

"It is not a mixed marriage," she maintained. "You know I accept gratefully and reverently every word of your creed. It is you who will not conquer your pride for my sake."

He did not reply at once, but pressed her hands in deep agitation. Then suddenly he let them fall, and moved away.

"It is not pride with me, but principle," he said firmly. "I will not marry one that does not bow before my Lord in the presence of all men."

"You are right, perhaps," she said, "and the idea of a union between us is all a mistake. I cannot rise to your heights. Forget your afterthought. Good-bye"

"May, my love, do not be cruel!" he begged. "I cannot live without you. In pity you must yield. May, my sweet, come to me!"

He held out his arms, but she put up her hand in protest.

"Do not touch me again, Lionel. I forbid it," she said.

He drew back. "Is this your last word?" he asked.

"Yes, dear"; she answered sorrowfully. "I do not want a husband who could not take me just as I am."

She paused, but he was motionless; and the door closed softly behind her, leaving him in anguish of heart.

"You see, Father Ambrose," said Lady Scarris a year later, "It is no wonder that we are getting desperate. He won't look at another girl, and heaven knows he has had plenty of nice girls from whom to choose. Many of them are handsomer, more clever and—more amenable than that wretched May, girls that are ready to make him happy any day. What a great mistake mine was, that unlucky invitation, and all that came of it."

"It remains to be seen," said the priest. "Have you no trace of her?"

"I met her uncle, Sir Reginald Wyllis, in London a month ago. He said they were traveling in Italy still. And I thought she loved Lionel! Well, Father, it was a sore disappointment—birth, wealth, beauty, a fascinating personality, and such harmony in their tastes. If at least he could forget her, or—"

she looked questioningly at the priest—"there is another way, of course. He could yield."

"That will not be," said Father Ambrose. "I have discussed it with him several times. She has, doubtless, the prejudices of relatives to overcome. But he assures me it is not a mere religious scruple that stands in the way. It is simply that he would feel dishonored before his own conscience if he did, as so many others do, in taking a wife. He has lofty ideas of the spiritual bond between those joined in matrimony. Their souls must be one, he says, or he could not feel happy. And one marries to be happy."

"True; but it is very unfortunate," said Lady Scarris, putting a filmy handkerchief to her eyes. "My poor Lionel! I regret, while I admire his too strict views. And his father is so anxious that he should marry! It is really too vexatious that he should lose his heart to such a girl, while there are plenty willing to adopt the creed of the heir to Scarris."

"But would you wish such a daughter-in-law?" smiled the priest. "And would she make Lionel happy?"

"Father," asked Lady Scarris, as she rose to go, "does Lionel ever allude to his first idea—of entering the priesthood?"

"Never," said Father Ambrose emphatically. "That was quite done with from the time he first met Miss Wyllis."

"You do not know her, I believe?"

"I never met Miss Wyllis," said the priest diplomatically, "but I think the best thing we can do is to pray that she may relent, for surely both are unhappy. You have a big shooting party this season, I believe?"

"Yes; not that it helps. Nothing distracts him. Good-bye, Father. We must leave it in God's hands. Nothing that we can do is of any avail."

It was Saturday afternoon, and Lionel slipped off when his visitors got to their rooms. He crossed the meadows, and was soon knocking at the Father's door. As it opened to admit him, a burst of choral music from somewhere down the passages thrilled him. "Never, now, can I hope to join them, to live in holy, ecstatic peace, or work for the ideal cause!" he thought with a pang. "I am doomed to dream of her all my life."

"Any sport, Lionel?" asked the priest as he offered him a chair.

"Father, I don't know. I come here to escape from it. I can think of only one thing. And you must tell my mother that I mean to get away from here, and see what travel can do to help me to forget, if that is ever possible."

"Now, now!" said the good priest soothingly; "we have not come to that just yet, I hope. Poor mother! How her heart will bleed when she hears of your starting for the Rockies."

"She understands my trouble," said Lionel. "She has given up the idea of diverting me from it. As soon as the house is empty—next week—I'll be off. I cannot stay on watching for the postman who never brings an answer to my letters."

"When people are moving about—" began the priest.

"Yes, yes; I've counted all that," interrupted Lionel, impatiently. "I no longer expect any answer."

He paused for a moment, and then went on vehemently; "Listen to me, Father. You think because I changed my mind once, my fancy, as you might term it, can turn again—"

But the priest made a gesture of dissent.

"Well, others think so. And I am sick—sick, I tell you, of all the talk it occasions. They judge me as if I were a fool or a beast of the field. It is always a question of marriage Marriage! Here is my father—"

"Lionel," said the priest warningly.

"Well, yes; they will not understand that it is not marriage, it is May that I want. If they would only leave me alone!"

"My poor Lionel," said the priest in tones of deep compassion. "My poor boy. I shall never ask you to give her up. And we will storm heaven with our prayers. Come to me to-morrow after Mass; we will talk it all over again."

"Father, will you write, will I write once more?" he asked brokenly.

"We shall see," said the priest evasively. "Now go to your guests."

The morning sun shone out brightly, dispersing a melancholy drizzle, as the people of the Manor, with a fair number of their guests, attended the holy Sacrifice at Father Ambrose's chapel.

"O God, thou who hast given me this human heart," prayed Lionel all through the service, "lead me as thou wilt, but let

me not separate from thee, the God of my youth, my Lord and my All. Give her to me, if it be thy will; or quench in me all earthly desires. O God, help me out of this tribulation, or teach me how to suffer. Guide me, enlighten me, that I may know and follow thy adorable will."

As he stood up at the last Gospel, the young man for the first time lifted his eyes to the congregation around him, and there he saw the answer to his prayer. May was among the villagers, close to the altar rails. Lionel sat down and closed his eyes. Then he opened them again, fixed them on the vision, and falling on his knees, buried his face in his hands. Lady Scarris watched him and two bright tear-drops fell on her prayer book. As he rose, the eyes of mother and son met, and together they waited at the door for May.

"Yes," said Lady Scarris to her guests as she rejoined them, "Miss Wyllis arrived last night, but she went to early Mass this morning, and I have not seen her since. Converts are so fervent, you know; they often shame us. By the way, my son is over head and ears in love with her. I hope she'll accept him."

"May!" said Lionel. And then he stopped short. What could he say? She had, indeed, proclaimed hereif a Catholic before the eyes of their world. This was her answer to his letters of despair.

"May! You were a Catholic all this time," he exclaimed.

"Of course," she answered. "Did you suppose that your proposal would delay my conversion?"

"And what have you been doing ever since?" he asked reproachfully.

"Reflecting, comparing, testing your vocation—and writing to Father Ambrose."

"You don't mean it! laughed Lionel. "So it was he—"

"No"; said May seriously. "It was not he. May not I, too, have an afterthought?"

He pressed her hand gratefully.

"That reminds me," said the young man. "I was to meet him after Mass."

"Yes; had you been less distracted it was there you would have first seen me to-day," said May. "But let us go to him together."

THE GOULD BIBLE CONTEST.

BY THE REVEREND J. F. FENLON, D.D.

A CONTEST of a character like that whose results * are now laid before us can seldom be anything but a mistake. It brings into unfriendly rivalry feelings too deep and opposed, too sacredly guarded, to permit ordinary contestants to view things clearly and describe them dispassionately. Too likely the aim will be victory rather than truth; insinuations, hard hitting, perhaps slurs and sneers will be too prompt to usurp the place of facts. A one-sided view seems inevitable. Religious controversy is rarely the mother of truth, more rarely still, of kindly feeling. They are born of other parentage, the offspring of patient and disinterested study. In questions like those here involved, we look for solutions and a fair presentation of facts not to controversialists, but to painstaking scholars. They are doing such work to-day; and on the special topics of these papers the most fruitful contemporary workers, we freely acknowledge, are Protestants. From them have come, of late years, and are now coming, the best studies on the Hebrew and Greek texts; nay, on the text of the Vulgate itself and of our English Catholic Versions. But the strife of controversy was no stimulant to their activity, nor would it have improved their temper or their impartiality.

This particular contest came into being with the original sin of unpleasant feeling stamped upon it; and, despite good intentions and efforts, the stain has never been entirely blotted out. Catholics have been criticised for holding themselves aloof, for refusing either to enter the lists as competitors or to serve as judges; as if their action savored of intolerance or lack of enterprise. Opinions may differ regarding the wisest course to have been pursued; some may think good would have resulted if able Catholic scholars entered the race; but no apology, at least, is needed for the attitude taken. Many would, in the first

* *Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared.* The Gould Prize Essays. New York, 1905.

place, consider good feeling to be better promoted by abstaining altogether from such a controversy; at any rate, the unpleasantness out of which the contest grew sufficiently explains and justifies the general attitude of Catholics. Few intending Catholic competitors, moreover, knowing that the contest was being conducted under the auspices of the Bible Teachers' Training School, would be attracted by this official announcement: "The Board of Judges is to consist of nine persons, four of whom are to be members of the Faculty of the Bible Teachers' Training School." And these four, Miss Gould had directed, were to choose the remaining five. Judges are human; however honest and anxious to be fair, they are liable to the influence of their prepossessions. This arrangement, therefore, could hardly satisfy our American sense of fair play, and Catholics may be excused for not looking with favor upon it. The fact that it was finally discarded, only one professor of the Training School serving as member of the jury, apparently shows that it was later seen to be unwise.

These circumstances alone were of a nature to keep Catholics from the field; but the particular color given to the contest itself was even more of a deterrent. The first proposition of Miss Gould called for a simple inquiry into the origin and history of the two versions; she wished "to stimulate investigation and to secure a brief, yet thorough and popular, statement of the facts"; in itself, no doubt, a most praiseworthy desire. When, however, the conditions of the contest were published, its character had changed; it was no longer an inquiry, but a controversy. "Contestants," the second condition read, "should keep in mind the two statements made by Father Earley." This was an unhappy blunder. Dr. White, who was in charge of the contest, tried to remedy it later by earnestly deprecating a "prejudice or even a *prevailingly** polemical attitude." But our blunders, as well as our faults, follow us; and his blunder, the essays plainly show, changed and spoiled the whole character of the contest. He had introduced a personal element that should have no place in a historical inquiry; the statements, as interpreted by *him*, were plainly false and absurd, and so the contest took on the aspect not of a pure desire of truth, but of a desire likewise of getting even, of holding the assertions up to ridicule. We do not

* Italics ours.

believe that the condition was inserted with this purpose; it was a mistake of the judgment; but were it an act of the will, the result would have been no different.

The statements which play so conspicuous a part in this contest merit to be placed before the reader; without them its character cannot be understood:

> I take this opportunity, wrote Father Earley to the secretary of Miss Gould, of correcting an erroneous assertion contained in the end of your note, and which so many non-Catholics, knowingly or otherwise I do not say, persist in falsely asserting and spreading; *viz.*, "The Church you represent discourages the reading of the Scriptures by the people." The Catholic Church has never prohibited any of her members reading the Scriptures or Bible. In every family whose means will permit the buying of a copy, there you will find the Authentic Version of God's words as authorized by the Church, and which has come down to us unchanged from the time of Christ himself. But the Catholic Church does object to the reading of the Protestant Version, which goes back only to the days of Henry VIII. of England, and was then gotten up for obvious reasons. Neither will the Catholic Church allow private interpretation of the Scriptures.

This passage, which is a dignified reply to a statement acknowledged to be untrue by the writers of all three essays, became an essential element of the contest. From it two propositions were extracted, which were to be borne in mind by all contestants: 1. "The Authentic Version of God's words as authorized by the Church has come down to us unchanged from the time of Christ himself"; 2. "The Protestant Version goes back only to the days of Henry VIII., and was then gotten up for obvious reasons." The statements, unquestionably, admit of more than one interpretation, and could easily be improved in clearness and precision; but they were written, let it be remembered, not in a scriptural essay, but in a private letter in answer to a definite charge. Their author, declining to be drawn into public controversy, has never explained the meaning he had in mind. All hinges on the interpretation of the word "version." Taken in its scientific sense of "translation," it leads one to unheard-of absurdities; these a Catholic scholar would be the first, not to refute, for they

are unworthy of refutation, but to put aside with a smile. Understand the word in a broader sense, which includes originals as well as translations, and you have an intelligible assertion, which scholars have defended. This, no doubt, is not a scientific, but it is a popular, use of the word; as one might say: "The Hebrew Version of Daniel agrees with the King James, but not with the Douay Version"; or, "The same version of Daniel exists in the Hebrew and King James." And so we conceive that Father Earley, writing, not a treatise on texts and versions, but a casual answer in a letter to an untrue and rather nettling assertion, uses the word in this broad sense. He refers simply to the Catholic Bible, whether in Latin, Hebrew or Greek, English or German, which is identical with, or corresponds to, the Vulgate, the authorized Bible of the Church; and he claims that this Bible, so far as concerns the point in question, the Catholic-Protestant controversy, has ever, since the age of Christ, been the same; whereas the Protestant version, which was influenced by the circumstances of its rise, was biased in its renderings, and so is rightly objected to by the Catholic Church.

This position is intelligible, and the chief facts on which it is based are admitted by many non-Catholics. But Father Earley's words were not left simply to speak for themselves in their original setting; the organ of the contest officially interpreted "Authentic Version" as referring to the "English Catholic Bible." If we make this exchange of terms in the above sentence, we arrive at this most interesting form of a proposition which all contestants must keep in mind during their investigations: "The English Catholic Translation of the Bible has come down to us unchanged from the time of Christ himself."

Evidently nothing could be more ridiculous than such a proposition—except to treat it seriously and call upon scholars to investigate it. It is unworthy, of course, of a moment's consideration; it needs only to be stated to show that Father Earley could never have meant such an absurdity. The writers of the Prize Essays themselves cannot consistently apply that interpretation. Of a like character is the meaning which seems to be attributed to the "unchanged" condition claimed for the Catholic Bible. Nothing could have been further from the writer's mind at the time than disputes concerning the minutiæ of textual variations. The aim he had in view was

to explain why the Catholic Church objected to the reading of the Protestant Bible; the reason, he implied, was that while the Catholic Bible always preserved the truth of revelation, this had been tampered with in the Protestant translations. It was important dogmatic truths, not details of criticism, that were in controversy at the period of the Reformation, and influenced the Church's legislation regarding the reading of the Bible.

The historical accuracy of this position of Father Earley's may be a matter of debate; but the position itself is far removed from the one he is supposed to have taken. The purpose of the statement and the circumstances in which it was made being clean forgotten, it is treated as if it were an excerpt from a handbook on textual criticism. Father Earley is supposed to claim that there never has been a revision of our English Bible; that the Vulgate remains, word for word, like the autograph copy of St. Jerome, and corresponds, to the last jot or tittle, to the original Greek and Hebrew. So, at least, these writers understand him. "It passes comprehension," says the author of the second essay, in all gravity, "how any intelligent person, remembering the uncertainties of the Hebrew text, the looseness of the Septuagint, the amplifications and omissions of the Western Greek text, the varieties of the Old Latin Version, the checkered history of the Vulgate itself, and then the variations in the Catholic English versions of the Vulgate, could speak of Challoner, Douay, or Vulgate as an 'Authentic Version . . . which has come down to us unchanged from the time of Christ himself.'"

Given the interpretation, nothing is truer; but what are we to think of a contest that would take it for its guiding star? that gravely calls for the best modern scholarship to employ itself on a proposition that no scholar ever thought of entertaining? And yet we see the writers of these papers dealing with it most solemnly; not a sentence or a half-sentence is lit up with the faintest smile or twinkle of the eye; one absurdity after another is taken up and refuted. Will it be believed that the winner of the first prize thinks it necessary to inform us that no part of the Gospels, except the inscription on the cross, was current in the time of Christ? A lesser display of erudition, and a more keenly developed sense of the ridiculous, we cannot help thinking, would have been more in keeping with the character of the refutation needed for these supposed asser-

tions. Either, then, as seems clear, they have been wrongly interpreted; or, if rightly, they could be fittingly disposed of, only giving them an honored place in the Gallery of Curiosities of Literature.

It is now sufficiently plain, we trust, why the personal element introduced should disincline Catholics to enter the contest. But there was another feature yet more displeasing, an injustice done not simply to a priest, but to the Catholic body, to the Catholic Church. Granting again that the interpretation of Father Earley's statements was correct; we should consider THAT the very reason for casting them aside.

Did not the president of a Bible Teachers' Training School know that all Catholic scholars would smile at the assertions which he believed Father Earley to make? Surely nothing faintly resembling them can be found in Cornely or Loisy, in Maas or Kaulen, in Gigot or Vigouroux. Yet the whole world is invited to consider them; by the popular mind they would be regarded as representative of Catholic opinion; by the conditions of the contest, their author is almost elevated to the papal chair, and his assertions, *poma non sua*, invested with a dignity and importance due to *ex cathedra* pronouncements. Any discredit thrown upon them will be pretty generally regarded as reflecting likewise upon the Catholic Church; and now, as a consequence, most of those who will read the results of this competition, will lay down the book, exclaiming: "Well, the ignorance of Catholics! How can any intelligent man believe as they do?" And we are supposed to regard all this with complacency, or fall under the censure of narrow-mindedness. Truly, when we are in question, a veil seems to be over the heart of some non-Catholics, and they say and do the most wounding things without knowing they wound.

The correctness of the proposed interpretation, therefore, would only aggravate the offence of making these assertions an essential element of the contest. Nor can this be excused on the plea that a Catholic priest publicly attacked the Protestant Bible; the attack, if such it be considered, though it was only a retort, was contained in a private letter which was given to the press, we are informed on good authority, without the knowledge of its writer.

The contest, then, by reason of its origin and character, could prove attractive neither to Catholics nor to scholars.

When we turn to view its results, and open the pages of the book it produced, we find ourselves in an unfrequented world—a world, for the most part, untouched by the great influences at work to-day. There the Protestant Tradition, as Newman calls it, which is dying away in the great outside world, still holds firm root and pushes forth vigorous branches; the memory of

> old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago

is kept ever green; the asperities that marked the rise of the great struggle have softened somewhat, but still exist; the Reformers are still worshipped as devoutly as of yore; the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages and the Reformation is well nigh as black as she was painted; historians, during the past thirty years, have not been delving into the old records, or have discovered little to disturb old views; nor has a great movement been in progress which has changed the attitude of Protestant scholars towards the Bible. There is little new under the sun; all remaineth as it hath been of old time; Mount Zion standeth firm and shall not be moved forever.

The spirit of this world has plainly breathed upon our essayists, and in varying degrees they still feel its influence. Their work, as a whole, must be condemned as partisan, not so much because it misstates facts, as because it frequently gives only one side of the case, enlarges with pleasure on whatever seems to tell in favor of its own side; for it clearly has a side, or against its opponents, begrudges praise or merit to anything Catholic, and indulges in uncalled-for disparaging remarks. It keeps within the limits advised in not being "prevailingly polemical," yet a polemical drift is frequently evident. On the other hand, the essays present much useful information that has not elsewhere, so far as we know, been brought together in so small a compass;* with no striking literary merit, they at least tell their story in a style intelligible to all. Nothing new has been brought to light,† and could hardly be expected in a popular

* The reader will find most of it, however, more satisfactorily and thoroughly presented in Gigot's *General Introduction*.

† The third writer speaks of having collated 1,233 passages of the Douay with the Authorized and Revised Versions. For the Authorized New Testament the work has been already done; we hope that the rest of his work will be given to the public.

treatment of topics that, in great part at least, have been pretty thoroughly investigated.

The writers, however, differ among themselves in spirit and attainments, and the author of the first essay does not deserve the full force of the above censure. He has been signalled out in a leading New York daily for his "bigotry," but we consider the criticism severe.* He has his prejudices, plainly; but he is free from many views often found in Protestant writers of the day, and has far more of the scholar's tone than his companions. Contrast, for instance, his broad and intelligent treatment of the Sixtine and Clementine Editions with the treatment accorded them in the second paper; the writer of that considers papal infallibility compromised because Clement corrected some textual errors in the edition of his predecessor. The first essay, with a few additions and a number of changes, chiefly concerning the Canon where it shows great unfairness, might be used as a text-book in a Catholic college. The second writer is less well informed, less open minded, and more inclined to be sharp; it is his delight to give a keen thrust in passing, which he can do rather deftly. The winner of the third prize, who is almost dominated by the influence of the authorities, Protestant or Catholic, that he happens to be following on the topic in hand, gives at the same time more that is offensive and more that shows a fair, even at times a generous, disposition.

One concession he grants us will perhaps be too quickly snatched up in some quarters. Contradicting his two companions, and agreeing with Father Earley, he "disposes at once of that part of the letter which refers to the reading of the Bible by the individual or family in private." The letter states, it will be recalled, that in centuries past, as well as at the present day, the Church has forbidden the reading of Holy

* This judgment of a disinterested outsider on the contest and its result is worth recording. In its column of book reviews, March 25, the New York *Sun* says: "Whatever the object of Miss Helen Gould's sporting offer of prizes for the best essays on 'The Origin of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church,' and that on the 'American Revised Version,' it certainly seems as though an excessive price had been paid for the three prize winners. . . . The chief discovery seems to be that the Catholic Scriptures include some books which are regarded as apocryphal by Protestants, a fact which might have been ascertained without awarding $1,000 prizes. The essays are mainly bibliographical; the one that took first prize is marked by a bigotry which fully explains the refusal of Catholics to serve on the committee of award, and justifies Catholics in their general abstention from the competition."

Writ to none of her members. To prove this, our writer quotes a recommendation from a pastoral letter issued by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1884, strongly urging the use of the Holy Scriptures. Evidently this advice, given in 1884 to the Catholics of America, does not prove that the Catholic Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries forbade none of her children to read the Bible; but perhaps the writer's words go beyond his thought. At any rate, it is certain that the Church, for reasons that were thoroughly commended by so enlightened a mind as Fénelon,* did prohibit the reading of the Bible to those whom she deemed it more likely to injure than benefit. Reasons existed for this action then that are no longer of force; and the old regulation of the Church, for those who understand the times and her motives, needs no apology. One position modern criticism is making clear, that in biblical science, as in any other branch of knowledge, only experts are entitled to opinions on knotty questions; and there the knotty questions are precisely the important questions of dogma. On these, able interpreters are little nearer to agreement now than their predecessors of old. Plainly, then, where doctors disagree, the man in the street is not and never was competent to decide; and in times of keen controversy, when private judgment was made the rule of faith, the Church was wise in acting upon this view.

We cannot, therefore, accept the gift of this writer, who is here, as on so many points, misinformed. We deem it only just and fair, moreover, to call attention to the degree of his competence for dealing with the topics in question. His surprising manner of approaching a historical inquiry, which demands a judicial frame of mind, is revealed in his opening sentence: "'If God spares my life,' said William Tyndale, 'ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plow to know more of the Scriptures than the Pope does!' That this was no idle boast, etc." For judicial temperament, this resembles not distantly the opening scene in the most celebrated of modern trials, as recorded by a popular writer: "Let us pro-ceed," says th' impartial an' fair-minded judge, "to th'

* In his classical *Lettre à M. L'Evêque d'Arras sur la Lecture de l'Ecriture Sainte en Langue Vulgaire.* (Œuvres, Tome III., Paris, 1854.) It was published in English by John Murphy, Baltimore, in a volume entitled *Bible Question Fairly Tested.*

thrile of th' haynious monsther Cap. Dhry-fuss." Our judge, however, though prejudiced, has none of the bitter spirit of his rival; yet we cannot look to him for a just verdict. His degree of familiarity with the problems of Old Testament Criticism may be estimated from the dates he ascribes to the books of the Hebrew Canon; all these, according to him, were in existence in the year 400 B. C., which is wide of the truth, very likely, by about two centuries. In the New Testament, likewise, he places all the Gospels before 70 A. D., and all the Epistles before 67 A. D., including, apparently, the Gospel and Epistles of St. John, which were written hardly less than twenty years after the dates he ascribes. His idea of the almost perfect preservation and transmission of the Hebrew text appears from these words: "In the [Hebrew] Bible we have a more correct text than that of any other ancient book. . . . This is due to the precautions taken by the Jews. . . . One writer copied the consonants, another put in the vowel points and accents, while the whole was scrupulously revised by a third." This was an effective method, certainly; but, unhappily it was not invented till the Hebrew manuscripts were in transmission, if we accept his dating, the latest about one thousand, the oldest about two thousand years. This writer may not have intended to make these statements; they may simply be examples of the loose, inexact style of composition that characterizes his essay throughout; which leads him, for example, to say that the Douay Bible has "been altered . . . to agree . . . with the Authorized or *Revised* Version."

We have dealt more at length with this writer, not because of the importance of his work, but for the light which it throws upon this contest. He reveals, in truth, far more than he ever intended. The fact that the eminent men who served as judges selected this paper for a prize says much, very much, of the character of the 262 unsuccessful essays. We cannot but regret the absence of scholars of note from among the competitors; though, naturally averse to any such contest, they were hardly to be looked for. Most probably, they would have treated the subject in a broader spirit, and sent forth essays, not as now, on a polemical, but on an irenic mission. The prefatory note of the editor, Dr. Jacobus, who seems more

anxious to point out the agreements than the differences between the two Bibles, has the character of moderation and fairness that should mark the whole work. Now, however, in its present form and spirit, this little book will find its way into the home of many a religious Protestant family, there to perpetuate misconceptions and hostile sentiments regarding us and our Church; while Catholics, who may open its pages, will not, we fear, be moved to kindlier thoughts of the circle from which it emanated. Every Catholic must regret that that section of the American people which still clings to something like a definite creed—and so is nearest to us in principle—should yet show towards us a narrowness and lack of liberality that do not, happily, characterize their less orthodox brethren.

In a succeeding paper we will say a further word concerning the Canon of Scripture which is the chief difference found between the Catholic and the Protestant Bible.

IN DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

ONE of the latest volumes issued by the English Historical Manuscripts Commission is mainly composed of documents preserved at Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire, which cast much light on the condition of those Catholics who, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., while stoutly maintaining the principles of their faith, yielded secular allegiance to their Protestant sovereign.

The story of the discovery of the papers in question is very interesting. So far back as the year 1828 they were found built up in a recess cleverly constructed in a very thick partition wall which had to be removed in order to facilitate some improvements then being made at the Hall. The papers were wrapped up in a large linen sheet, which contained also a number of Catholic religious works. It is assumed, from the fact that the letters and other manuscripts all bear dates ranging from 1576 to November, 1605, that they were secreted immediately after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, at a time when most of the Catholics of England were trembling for their safety. The probability of this theory being correct is attested by the fact that the papers were the property of Sir Thomas Tresham, owner of Rushton Hall during the period named, and whose eldest son, Francis Tresham, was arrested for complicity in the famous conspiracy. Sir Thomas, happily for himself, had died only a few weeks previous to this occurrence, which would have deeply afflicted so stout an upholder of Crown and Throne. On all questions connected with religion, Sir Thomas was a staunch Catholic, but he hated Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards with a hatred as intense as that borne them by any of his Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Rushton Hall manuscripts are mainly valuable because of the light they cast on the social conditions which affected Catholics at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of

the seventeenth. As to the absolute loyalty of Sir Thomas Tresham, there appears to be no room for doubt. In a letter which he addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton, in 1582, he protested his determination to defend Queen Elizabeth against foreign foes or domestic traitors with as much fidelity as any of his forefathers "did bear to her Highness' most worthy progenitors, under whom they were dignified with many noble offices and advancements, and lived in high prosperity." The great-great-grandfather of Sir Thomas was Comptroller of the Household to Henry IV., and was taken prisoner by the Yorkists at Tewkesbury. The brave old knight was executed by his captors. It will be observed, from the words we have quoted, that Sir Thomas entertained no scruples regarding the legitimacy of Elizabeth's descent. That he may have been merely playing a part is, of course, possible, but if he were, his patience must have been indeed remarkable, seeing that he maintained the same attitude throughout the whole of a long life, wherein he was constantly exposed to all the exactions and vexations which his co-religionists had to bear. The letters now reprinted show him to have been a man of strong religious feeling, who found consolation, when troubled and persecuted, in prayer.

On the 19th of August, 1581, Sir Thomas Tresham was committed a prisoner to the Fleet by order of the Privy Council, because he had refused to testify one way or the other as to whether Father Campion had stayed at his house. Lord Vaux, his brother-in-law, was committed with him for the same offence. It would seem that Sir Thomas, at any rate, was quite innocent of any knowledge as to whether or not Father Campion had been sheltered in his residence, and his bewilderment may be imagined when his jailers assured him that Campion had, under torture, confessed that he had been so received. That the holy Jesuit ever made any statement to this effect is incredible, but Tresham had no means of knowing what had or had not taken place. In his perplexity, he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Council, portion of which is worth quoting. In this communication, dated 1st September, 1581, he wrote as follows:

May it please your Honors that whereas at my late

being before your lordships, I did—I greatly doubt—not only move your displeasure towards me, in that I was not willing to depose to M. Campion's being at my house, which I did in regard of not laying myself—were I never so innocent—wide open to be detected of perjury; but also I dread that thereby it may be gathered that I have had the managing of some secret and undutiful action either with him or some like; whereof to yield a clear testimony, to free me from all such suspect whatsoever—being necessarily occasioned thereunto—have here enclosed drawn down sundry and I hope sufficient articles to prove myself both loyal and faithful towards her Majesty, my native country, and the Lords [of her Highness' Council, both by my ever exterior words and deeds and also secret thoughts unto the very writing hereof.

There is not a word in any of the "articles" enclosed in Sir Thomas' letter indicating the least wavering of fidelity to the principles of the Catholic faith. He did not recognize the Queen as Head of the Church, nor did he deny the authority of the Pope, but on the contrary he declared that he believed that to accuse himself or any other Catholic in matters of conscience were "to commit mortal sin," which he would not do to gain the whole world, but would rather content himself with "whatever torture may justly be imposed" upon him.

It is evident from statements contained in some of the letters now published that the treatment of the Catholic prisoners in the Fleet varied considerably. Sometimes they dined together, while each had his own sleeping room. The dinner in common had one undeniable advantage, inasmuch as it ensured their receiving that important meal. Sir Thomas complained bitterly that his jailer often forgot to bring him food, though he never forgot to lock him up. Even when he was released from the Fleet, after payment of heavy fines and entering into still heavier bail bonds, his circumstances were little better. He was liberated on condition that he would remain at a residence to be assigned him, and would not come within four miles of London. That the accommodation provided was in no degree unduly luxurious is made plain by a description of it given by his wife, in a letter written to the

Countess of Bedford, beseeching her influence in order to secure her husband's release. In this it was pointed out that:

> He is now under a very wayward warden, very badly entertained, and too, too badly lodged, as with extremity of daily smoke bitterly annoyed, and with continual heat ready in this hot, wet season to be sweltered, his chamber being allotted over a noisome kitchen, rudely and disjointedly boarded and not a whit ceiled, that my husband were as good to lie in the kitchen as over the kitchen, in respect of noise, smoke, and loathsome savors, and that which is worse, in oft hearing ungodly, lascivious, and blasphemous speeches.

Lady Tresham added that, owing to the circumstances of "this vile chamber," when she stayed therein with her husband, as she was permitted to do, "I was always forced to send my daughter into the town to lodge, where I may provide her with a bed," and where she would not be "pestered with enormities." It seems, moreover, that when the captives were allowed to dine together in the Fleet, it was only to subject them to theological bombardment at the hands of Protestant clerics, who were called in to convince them of the error of their creed. Sir Thomas, however, rather prided himself on his skill as a controversialist, and set down with much satisfaction the arguments by which he overthrew his assailants.

Eventually, the prisoner was permitted to reside at Hagsden, but not in his ancestral home, which was in the vicinity of that place. He was obliged to rent a cottage "erst a tippling house" as a temporary abode. The purpose of this piece of needless cruelty was probably to impress upon him the social disadvantages inseparable from adherence to the creed of his forefathers.

As was to have been expected, there are many gaps in the correspondence with which we are dealing and it is, consequently, impossible to say how long Sir Thomas remained under the conditions just described. Bad as these were, however, he was fated to endure even worse.

As soon as tidings reached England of the vast preparations which were being made in Spain for the equipment of the Armada, Elizabeth and her advisers came to the conclusion that the wisest course to adopt was to imprison all the

leading Catholics of the country, against whom even the least tinge of suspicion could be alleged. The old charge laid against Sir Thomas Tresham and Lord Vaux was sufficient to order their re-arrest. On March 25, 1590, the former presented a petition on his own behalf and that of his co-religionists to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lords of the Privy Council. In this petition the writer described their attitude at the time of the threatened invasion; and among many other interesting matters wrote as follows:

> We Catholics, for number not few, for calling, degree, and antiquity not of the basest or vulgarest sort, and for faithful deserving to the State and just demeaning ourselves towards all men, I hope, without offence, may appeal to your lordships. . . . That her Majesty and your lordships, thoroughly resolved of our faithful hearts towards her Majesty and realm, yet for frustrating the enemy's conceived expectations, hath disposed of us to be shut up again in safe custody, we without repining at all, according to humble subjects' duty, do offer ourselves to be bestowed where authority shall think convenient for the more good of our country.

Never, surely, was captivity more cheerfully accepted; but Sir Thomas went on to point out that he and his friends would have much preferred to take their stand with their fellow-countrymen in opposing the hated Spaniard. He showed how they had pleaded to this effect, how they had besought permission to serve against the invader, and how, in the last resort, they had asked to be placed in the first ranks of the defenders of their native land, even without arms, so that their death upon the battlefield might attest their loyalty to their country. The document is one of no small historic interest, because of the light it casts upon the terrible nature of the embarrassments created for patriotic English Catholics by the adroitness with which Spanish ambition had seized upon spiritual conflicts as aids to the extension of its own dominion. It was not only natural but inevitable that the overwhelming majority of the people of England should have been deeply stirred by the project which was afoot to subject them to the rule of the foreigner. The greater number of Elizabeth's Catholic subjects felt as strongly upon this point as did those who had submitted to her imperious and heretical

will in matters pertaining to the sphere of religion. It must be remembered, to his credit, that never once did Sir Thomas, even in his most exuberant declarations of loyalty, recognize the claim of the Queen to exercise spiritual authority.

Sir Thomas Tresham was regarded by the greater number of his co-religionists as their most capable leader. Like all of them he, of course, recognized Elizabeth's illegitimacy, but he could not help also perceiving, what every man of sense must have perceived, that the accession, in her stead, of Mary Stuart would place England under the rule of the stranger. That his conduct and policy were guided and inspired by profound principle is quite certain. He gained nothing by his protestations of loyalty towards the "Virgin" Queen. He was repeatedly imprisoned, rapaciously fined over and over again, bound and re-bound in bail bonds, and compelled to pay a continuous tribute of £20 a month to the Crown throughout the life-long continuance of his recusancy. Despite these things, his fidelity to the Church of his fathers never wavered. He declared, in one of the letters from which we quote, that his "triple prenticeship of one and twenty years in direct adversity" had terribly reduced his estate and fortune, but that he was willing to "serve a like long prenticeship" once more than abandon his "beloved, beautiful, and graceful Rachel." It is impossible not to venerate the memory of such a man.

In common with the majority of the Catholics of England, Sir Thomas Tresham based great hopes on the succession of James I. Pervert though the Stuart King was, it was difficult to believe that he did not cherish some kindly feeling towards the followers of the faith in which his martyred mother died. Some of the earlier declarations of James, immediately after the death of Elizabeth, afforded ground for believing that the period of persecution of Catholics was about to end. How grievously the anticipations thus created were to be disappointed the records of history attest. As illustrative of Sir Thomas Tresham's personal characteristics, it cannot be without interest to quote in full one of his many letters to his children. That which follows was written to his daughter, Lady Stourton:

RUSHTON, June 2, 1601.

Jesus, Maria! Though I was in some hope to have seen you here this week—who to me should have been welcome

guest—yet should I have wished it to have been without tedious toiling in so long a journey. Albeit I, absent in person, do notwithstanding daily visit you in mind, and remember your lord (husband) you and yours in my prayers, when I forget not to pray God for myself.

Your London journey might better yield you content than Rushton journeys. There, after a sudden and unexpected desperate danger, you behold no unspeedy delivery thence of your brother; and here you should have been an eye-witness of not only my wedging in myself deeper and faster by easing of your brother, but also, otherwise, I drenched up—as it were—in a world of adversities. What my estate hath been you well know, but what it now is I most feel. With the Apostle I may say that I have heretofore known to live and abound in plenty. I wish that with the said Apostle I may say that I now know to endure and suffer penury. Truly my estate is greatly impaired, mightily impoverished through manifold adversities. Nevertheless, I have more left to maintain me and mine—in some poor plight—than I can challenge of due, or would, without offence to God. He who hath given all may take away all, his holy will be done. Had I none to care for but myself, much less—yea, just none at all—should my care be in respect of worldly actions concerning myself. But when those whom I am careful to keep credit with and provide for others, that I shall fail therein, by unexpected thwarts of adverse fortune, I have great cause to sorrow. Needy and poor am I, saith the royal prophet, O Lord help me! Mine may make benefit of this great alteration of my fortunes, that they thereby may behold what trust is to be reposed in this vale of miseries, though happily little shall they see worthy the hearing, following of me. In the well-being of you and your good lord I have great and very great cause for joy, which I wish may contribute to both your hearts' desire.

Farewell, my dear beloved daughter. Almighty God bless you and all yours, even so my daughter Monteagle, and my daughter Webb, to whom and to your lord, and to M. Webb, let me be lovingly commended.

On March 25, 1603, Sir Thomas Tresham, having received news of the death of Elizabeth, proceeded into Northampton to proclaim James as King of England. He did this without any actual authority, and apparently solely because of the enthu-

siasm engendered by the belief that the opening of the new reign would secure freedom from persecution for his co-religionists. At the same time, he was sore beset by anxiety lest the tidings which had reached him were incorrect, and that he might be incurring the dread penalty of treason. Amongst his papers are many memoranda descriptive of the dangers he incurred at the hands of a disorderly mob and hostile soldiery, who refused to believe that the great Queen was really dead. The Mayor of Northampton—a "paltry fig seller," he styles him—was grossly discourteous to the brave old knight, who, notwithstanding every opposition, persisted in fulfilling his self-imposed mission. More than once during the day his life was in peril, but he cowed his opponents by the authority and vigor of his bearing, as well as by repeated threats to arrest them all as traitors to King James. Eventually, he secured the support of a number of local peers and gentlemen, and the work was carried to a successful issue. Soon afterwards he proceeded to London, in order to be amongst the first to welcome James on his arrival in the capital. Here he composed the following address from the Catholic body for presentation to the King:

> Most mighty prince, and our true and undoubted sovereign, we, your Majesty's Catholic and faithful subjects, humbly on our knees do beseech your Highness to give us leave to present you with these few lines as the true messengers of the faithful and zealous duty which we do bear to your Majesty, it being our best means how to signify the same.
>
> We are the rather constrained hereunto lest our loyal and faithful hearts now and evermore borne to your Majesty's title to this Imperial Crown might be calumniated by sinister informations, which our loyal, dutiful affection we have shown in our forwardness in proclaiming your Majesty the lawful King of the realms of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, to the great joy and comfort of all us your faithful Catholic subjects, which our loyalty we would also have at this time as willingly manifested in our persons—if we were not by the late made laws restrained—as any others of your Majesty's loving subjects. The great hope which we have conceived of your princely lenity and benign nature doth in a manner assure us, that your Majesty, coming to this Im-

perial Crown, will give happy end to our miseries and troubles. Our humble petition to your Majesty is that you would have that opinion of us as of others, your Majesty's good subjects, who are and ever will be ready to spend the best blood in our bodies for your Majesty's service. And so, prostrate at the feet of your Majesty, we most humbly beseech the same to pardon this our boldness in adventuring to address these few lines to your Highness, and benignly to accept them as a declaration of our zeal and duty until further time and better opportunity serve us to manifest the same in more ample manner. Almighty God be he that bless and preserve your Majesty in our inestimable joy and your endless felicity.

Now, however, came the mad "Bye" plot, or "treason of the priests," as in the jargon of the time it was styled in order to distinguish it from the "Main" conspiracy against the King which was set afoot by Raleigh, Cobham, and Grey, with other Protestants. Lingard, in his *History of England*, has told us all that need be now recalled regarding what can only be described as an act of suicidal insanity. He declares that the "Bye" plot was "under the direction of Sir Griffin Markham and of George Brooke, the brother of Lord Cobham. Discontent made them conspirators, and the successful attempt of the Scottish lords, on a former occasion, suggested the forcible seizure of the royal person. With the King in their possession, they would be able to remodel the government, to wreak their vengeance on their enemies, Cecil and Sir George Hume, and to secure to themselves and their friends the principle offices in the State. It was not, however, pretended that with this plot Cobham and Raleigh had any concern. They were satisfied to know of its existence, and cherished a hope that, 'if one sped not, the other might.'" Markham and Brooke went about their unwise work with some degree of wisdom. They were penniless and unimportant personages, who could not raise a corporal's guard, but they turned to the Catholics and to the Puritans alike, and amongst both they found adherents. Two priests joined the conspiracy, knowledge of which was, however, conveyed to the Privy Council by fellow-Catholics—M. John Gage and Father Gerard, S.J. The King, with all his faults, was too astute a man not to realize that the

Catholics, as a whole, had no part in the treason which was afoot, but it must be recognized that the mere fact that Catholics had a share in it rendered it difficult for him, even if he had been so inclined, to give effect to the promises which he had held out to leading adherents of the old faith. England then, as in the days of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., was not merely aggressively but ferociously Protestant. There can be but little doubt that this fact was largely due to the circumstance that her Continental enemies, and especially France and Spain, had constantly endeavored to make her fall from Catholicity, the excuse for their own attempts against her national independence and to check the growth of her expanding power.

Sir Thomas Tresham died in September, 1605, and almost immediately afterwards his son was engaged in those dealings with Fawkes and his own cousin Catesby, from which the counsels of his father, if heeded, would have preserved him. The story of his connection with the Gunpowder Plot, however, does not come within the scope of a paper which has relation only to the life and character of one who was not only a faithful Catholic, but a loyal Englishman.

GANYMEDE AND LADY DISDAIN.

[BY A. W. COOPE.

THE infinite variety of Shakespeare is not less remarkable in the delineation of characters possessing certain points in common but placed in diverse circumstances, than in those, perhaps more conspicuous cases, which he seems to delight in presenting, where characters of different temperaments are made the subject of the same circumstances. Perhaps no better illustration of this occurs than that of Rosalind and Beatrice; each alike remarkable for her exuberant and ready wit, and yet their wit so different that it would be scarcely possible to transpose a passage from one to the other, without being sensible of the incongruity. It may be interesting to attempt a slight study of these two characters in this respect.

As in Rosalind we have Shakespeare's most completely elaborated example of the favorite device of women passing under the disguise of male attire, it may be of assistance to refer for a moment to the simpler cases in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Twelfth Night."

In Julia, the page's dress is assumed for her protection on the journey, and in this consists nearly the whole of the disguise; there is so little pretence of impersonation, that but for this her lines might almost as well be spoken in her own proper person. This lovely character, to whom Shakespeare has given some of his most harmonious verses, is, Schlegel observed, "as it were, a light sketch of the tender female figures of a Viola and an Imogen, who, in the latter pieces of Shakespeare, leave their home in similar disguises on love adventures, and to whom a peculiar charm is communicated by the display of the most virgin modesty in their hazardous and problematical situation."

In Viola the assumption is more developed. She seems to intend her disguise to be a more or less permanent one, to enable her to become a regular member of Orsino's household.

On her introduction to Olivia she not only enacts the charac- of the Duke's page, but she affects to be reciting a part which she has studied in that character; and in the fine scene with Orsino the assumption is so complete, that she fearlessly ventures upon such pregnant expressions as

> "Ay, but *I know*—
> . . . . . .
> Too well what love women to men may owe."
> "My father had a daughter loved a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship."
> "I am all the daughters of my father's house
> And all the brothers, too."

And this notwithstanding Orsino has already remarked her face and voice as "semblative a woman's part." Even in the duel scene, frightened as she is, she entertains no fear of discovery.

In "As You Like It" the impersonation is the main purpose of the play; and it is so complete that, while with Viola we are throughout fully conscious of the assumption, with Rosalind we are in danger of forgetting the daughter of the banished Duke in the sprightly Ganymede.

The play introduces us to Rosalind at the usurping Duke's Palace. From some expressions of Charles the Wrestler it might at first be inferred that the banishment of the rightful Duke was a recent event: "They say he is already in the forest of Arden"; but it is evident from the scene between the Duke, Celia, and Rosalind that some years must have elapsed, for Celia says:

> "I was too young that time to value her,
> But now I know her."

The banished Duke also speaks of "old custom" having made their forest life more sweet than that of painted pomp.

Rosalind is presented to us as still dejected by reason of her father's banishment; she would naturally suffer permanent anxiety on his account, and she would also feel the difference

in her own position. To Celia's remonstrance she protests that she already shows more mirth than she is mistress of; her dejection, however, is not so deep but that she is able by an effort to throw it off; she declares she will henceforth be merry and devise sports, and suggests forthwith the eternal theme of Comedy—falling in love. Presently she finds that words spoken in sport may come to be fulfilled in earnest. They see the wrestling, and Rosalind herself (no less than Phebe later on) experiences the might of Marlowe's saw. Before the contest she expresses the liveliest concern for Orlando's safety, and after his victory, and on learning who he is, she presents him with a chain from her own neck with an expression of singular gracefulness; indeed throughout this scene she is represented as full of tenderness.

This side of her character is put in a still stronger light in the next scene. The Duke has determined to banish Rosalind, and alleges as a ground that she stands in Celia's light:

> "She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
> Her very silence, and her patience
> Speak to the people, and they pity her.
> . . . She robs thee of thy name.
> And thou will show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone."

So far Rosalind at the Court of the usurping Duke; let us now see her in the forest of Arden. It is impossible not to be struck with the contrast. Not only has she suited herself "at all points like a man," but she has bidden all womanish softness lie hidden in her heart, and will outface it with "a swashing and a martial outside." She at once assumes the lead and makes it her business to take care of Celia and "comfort the weaker vessel."

In the forest she is brought into contrast, in turn, with Corin and Silvius; with Orlando (upon whom she plays off the delightful conceit of making pretence that she is his Rosalind and that he shall make love to her); with Phebe; and with Jaques; and it also appears she has met the banished Duke, her father. It were superfluous to go through all the scenes; everywhere she exhibits the same pungent wit, gay repartee,

and lively fancy; and the presentation is so full of charm that we are almost tempted to doubt whether this is not the real Rosalind come out in her true colors. And yet we are conscious of missing the tenderness she has exhibited in the earlier scenes; instead of the "silence and the patience" for which she was noted at the Court, she presents what Hazlitt did not scruple to call a "provoking loquacity"; and the quips with which she receives the news of Orlando being in the forest, and, as far as we are enabled to gather, her behavior on meeting her father, suggests something very like a want of sensibility. Even Celia remonstrates with her. "Cry holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably"; and at another time she is constrained to say that she has misused her sex (of which, of course, Celia is always conscious) in her love-prate, "we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest."

The key to this apparent inconsistency is, I think, to be found in the consideration that Rosalind has so completely identified herself with the part she is acting that in imagination she *is* what she represents, and that in portraying a woman's notion of a man's sentiments she now and then oversteps, to use Hamlet's phrase, the modesty of nature; by an impulse natural enough she overdoes her part; she thinks it "mannish" to suppress all exhibition of emotion; and thus even while protesting that she has no doublet and hose in her disposition, she exhibits volubility and flippancy when her real emotions would naturally have found expression in a very different manner.

A momentary glimpse of the real woman breaks out when she says in deprecation of Celia's reproof "O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!" But not till the end does nature assert herself. Orlando has sent to the shepherd youth, he in sport called his Rosalind, a napkin stained with the blood from a wound he has received from a lioness while endeavoring to rescue his brother Oliver. Oliver, who is himself the bearer of the napkin, relates how it befel, and Rosalind swoons—not at the sight of the blood, but on hearing of Orlando's bravery and danger, and how in fainting he had called upon her who, by this token, she knows is indeed his "very very Rosalind."

She presently recollects herself, and endeavors to pass off her swoon as a counterfeit. This is too transparent to deceive any one, and indeed she seems for the moment to have forgotten that it was no part of the character to swoon at the sight of blood, still less to pretend to do so. Oliver bids her take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. "So I do," she says, "but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right."

It is not the least happy of Rosalind's passages of wit that when she next meets Orlando, having his arm in a sling, she pretends that she thought it was his heart that was wounded. "O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf." However both their hearts, if not in scarfs, are wounded, and the inevitable climax, of course, follows.

The situation of Beatrice so far resembles that of Rosalind, that she also is niece to the reigning prince, and has his daughter for a foil; but whereas in the case of Rosalind there was the rankling sense of injustice, in the case of Beatrice her position was that which she naturally occupied. In the one case the outcome is resignation, in the other the sense of her dependent position has developed a certain asperity which finds utterance in witty speeches. And while Rosalind's wit is uniformly kindly—even with Phebe she is cruel only to be kind—Beatrice's wit is not unfrequently bitter, sometimes, as in her intercourse with Benedick, almost justifying Johnson's strange estimate of this character. But, whether sarcastic or not, her wit has no malice in it. Leonato calls the passages between her and Benedick a "merry war." Her disposition is well indicated in her answer to Don Pedro: "In faith, lady, you have a merry heart." "Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care."

But, as with the Rosalind of the forest, there is a deeper self behind; she is noble-hearted and true as steel. When Claudio has so readily listened to Don John's slander; when all her friends, even her own father, have turned against Hero, she has no doubt, "O, on my soul, my cousin is belied." Her earnestness wins over Benedick: "Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged." "Ah," says she, "how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!" How characteristic are her high-spirited if grotesquely expressed

exclamations: "Kill Claudio." "O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place." Of course, the spectator has seen from the first that, although Benedick's affectation vexes her, Beatrice is really more nearly in love with him than she imagines; and the same thing conversely is true of Benedick, notwithstanding his vanity is wounded by Beatrice's sarcasms. The contrivance of their friends has opened their eyes, and the slander of Hero, through Beatrice's protesttation of her innocence, has brought about the avowal. An admirable touch is given in the conversation between Don Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick. Don Pedro is telling how Beatrice, after affecting to depreciate Benedick, concluded with a sigh that he was the properest man in Italy. "For the which," says Claudio, "she wept heartily, and said she cared not."

When we contrast Beatrice's frank surrender in her soliloquy in the garden scene with the conceit in Benedick's corresponding soliloquy, we feel disposed to doubt if he is worthy of such a woman; but Shakespeare has taken care to let us know that under his affectation Benedick has the right stuff in him; and we may be sure so shrewd a lady as Beatrice would not be ignorant of his real character.

Although they may be too wise to woo peaceably, Beatrice will tame her wild heart to his loving hand, and she will no longer fancy she is sunburned, and may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband.

New Books.

THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Lagrange.

A book which we have three times reviewed in its original French, and have long been eagerly looking for in English, Père Lagrange's *La Méthode Historique*, is at last at hand in a thoroughly good translation.* We welcome the version as, all things considered, the best book available for a sane, careful, and progressive introduction to modern biblical methods, as these stand with regard to the Catholic Church. Père Lagrange is a man whom both unorthodox and orthodox must listen to with respect; the one because of his scholarship, the other because of the official positions which he holds as a great Catholic teacher. The eminent Dominican, by his published works on Semitic religions, the book of Judges, and his studies in the *Revue Biblique*, has won high rank among critical students of Scripture; and by his distinguished place as head of the School of St. Stephen at Jerusalem, and as member of the Biblical Commission, he stands before Catholics as a man amply guaranteed by authority to lead them by safe and wholesome ways. P. Lagrange is fearlessly modern in his methods, and at the same time is reverentially obedient to every *de fide* utterance of the Church. He has had his antagonists of course. Every man who makes the admissions which this book contains—the non-Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the precarious nature of patriarchal history, the close relationship between Genesis and Babylonia, the enormous doctrinal development in the Old Testament, and the lax view of history-writing prevalent among Orientals—must expect opposition from the good but not prudent conservatives who tremble for the faith at the sound of every explosion of merely human theories of which great theologians of the past happen to be the authors. These admissions must be made. The biblical question wears an entirely new look in these days from the profusion of light thrown upon it by modern learning. And the best friends of revealed religion will not be the

* *Historical Criticism and the Old Testament.* By Père Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Edward Myers, Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society.

men determined to hold; *per fas et nefas*, to this or that view of Bellarmine, Suarez, or some other theologian, despite every accession of new fact; but rather the scholars who will welcome and adopt criticism in its legitimate field, and will cheerfully abandon, if they must, many a theological opinion of the past, in the confidence that the final and essential dogmas of faith are safe beyond the possibility of harm. That this latter method is needed, is helpful, and can be employed, moderately and respectfully, P. Lagrange's present little volume is proof positive. It will bring reassurance and peace to souls that have been perplexed, like, for example, the university student whose difficulties are being now so ably dealt with in this magazine by Dr. Fox; and we wish for it the widest possible circulation.

Appended to the original six lectures is P. Lagrange's open letter to Mgr. Batiffol on the New Testament criticism of the Abbé Loisy. We are not certain that we would have inserted this addition, if we had had anything to say in the matter. For while, of course, this letter contains useful suggestions and scholarly principles, it is too brief an examination of M. Loisy to be satisfactory. This latter scholar propounds in *L'Évangile et l'Église* both particular critical views of certain New Testament phrases and phenomena, and also a great comprehensive philosophy of Christian dogmatics. Now, neither of these two features of his work can be at all justly estimated in thirty printed pages. It is true P. Lagrange gives us admonitions which are serviceable for the guidance of all criticism, and which may, taken roughly, point out some unsatisfactory features in the work of the scholar whom he criticises. These admonitions are chiefly two. The first bids us remember the subjective character of textual reconstructions; and the second insists that in case of doubt whether a certain text or institution really originated with Christ, we may find a definitive solution in the tradition of the Early Christian Society. Both these observations are in the highest degree valuable; but they are not enough to demolish M. Loisy. They are too summary a treatment of a vast dispute; and we may be permitted to say that they leave behind as many difficulties as they remove.

We must not omit a word of congratulation to the translator. *La Methode Historique* was an exceedingly difficult book

to translate, being full of those fine *nuances*, and those half-affirmations, half-interrogations which sit so well in French costume, but which it is next to impossible to make presentable in English dress. If there is an occasional obscure sentence in the translation, Father Myers is not to be blamed, since he did not write the original. He has done a hard task in a highly creditable manner.

ISAIAS.
By Condanim.

A translation of and commentary on the book of Isaias is at hand from the competent pen of P. Condanim, S.J.* The work is done in the best style of modern critical scholarship. P. Condanim's erudition is deep and thorough, his critical sense has a turn for the original and the independent, and at the same time his reverence for tradition is generous and instinctive. Whether one agrees with all his positions or not, one must recognize in him a masterful student of Scripture, and must assign to his work a place of honor in the very front rank of Isaian studies, by the side of the great classics of Cheyne and Duhm. What we especially had in mind, in speaking of P. Condanim's originality, is his comprehensive scheme of the strophic structure of Isaias. He considers that the prophecies of this book are built upon a symmetrical arrangement of strophe, anti-strophe, and intermediary strophe; so that a strophe of a certain number of verses dominated by the same idea, shall be followed by an anti-strophe of parallel or otherwise symmetrically corresponding construction. P. Condanim carries his study of the book rather further along this line than has hitherto been done, and the results of such an investigation are important enough to call for a good deal of expert investigation. These results do not lie merely in the technical field of literary criticism, but extend into the graver problems of text and interpretation, which in the book of Isaias are so many and so momentous. For, evidently, if we can rely on the strophic arrangement proposed by P. Condanim, we have an immense help directly at hand for the elucidation of texts which, taken by themselves, are obscure, and a help furthermore for the readjustment of texts which, by the common fortune of manuscripts, have become transposed and thrust out

**Le Livre d'Isaïe.* Traduction Critique avec Notes et Commentaires. Par le P. Albert Condanim, S.J. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

more or less remotely from their original setting. As to the ultimate value of this contribution to Isaian criticism, it is impossible just yet to decide. P. Condanim himself sets an example of moderation, both in recommending it to the attention of scholars, and in circumscribing the province in which it may be useful.

The commentary on the text is clear and illuminating, brief where brevity is best, and lengthened out where—as in the Emmanuel prophecy of chapter vii., and the prophecy of the "Suffering Servant" of chapter liii.—it would not be wise to be brief. In these latter instances the commentary gives a history of the interpretation of the passages in dispute, outlines the present theories of critics, and vindicates from objections the view which the author himself maintains. In regard to the Sublime Sufferer of chapter liii., it is, perhaps, needless to remark that P. Condanim upholds the traditional Catholic interpretation. We wish that he had given some consideration, in studying this probably insoluble problem, to the argument from analogy. To interpret this momentous chapter in a manner which to us seems the best, it is necessary first to make a painstaking examination of the general idea, scope, and spirit of Old Testament prophecy, and next of the "argument" of Deutero-Isaias. This analogical process would, we venture to say, be even more valuable as a step toward a solution than merely literary and textual investigations. We are not prepared, however, to state that this process would add to the strength of the traditional opinion.

Unfortunately, but inevitably, P. Condanim does not in this volume discuss the problems of the higher criticism of Isaias—the great questions as to authorship, date, etc. To take up these controversies adequately, would require as much space as the text and commentary themselves occupy. So our author reserves all these inquiries for a special volume of introduction to Isaias which will not, we trust, be long denied us. When that volume appears we shall be able to estimate more decisively than we can do now, the full value of P. Condanim's contribution to Isaian literature. But from the portion already in our hands we can declare with certainty that the work will be equal to the best that we have in this field, and will be indispensable to all future students of the greatest of the biblical prophecies.

JEWISH APOCRYPHA.
By Porter.

Professor Porter's handbook* on the Jewish apocalyptic writings is an excellent manual, and one that we sorely needed in English. The apocalypses which appeared in such abundance in Judaism, from the Book of Daniel in 170 B. C., to the visions of Esra and Baruch toward the end of the first Christian century, are being studied now with fresh interest by scholars, since we perceive, better than ever before, how great a light they can shed upon many a hotly disputed problem of the Gospels. It seems hardly too much to say that the greatest New Testament subject for either devout or critical study is the mind and self-consciousness—*Selbstbewusstsein*—of our Lord. To understand his mental attitude, to penetrate, so far as we may, to the constituent elements of his characteristic thoughts, is the highest hope of devotion, and the holiest ambition of criticism. Now, in the pursuit of this purpose, we can take hardly a step until we know profoundly and accurately the current ideas in our Lord's environment. For he clothed his thought, of course, in the forms that lay at hand, familiar to his Jewish companions and contemporaries. And only now do we adequately understand how much of these thought-forms may be recovered from the apocalypses which succeeded prophecy among the Jews. These mysterious writings, most of them not in our canonical Scriptures, are our chief source for later Jewish eschatology, and for the momentous matter of Messianic dogmatics. No one can read the similitudes of Enoch, the Apocalypses of Esra and Baruch, and even portions of the Book of Jubilees and the Sibylline Oracles, without being astonished at the influence which such works must have had upon the New Testament Scriptures. Almost the entire phraseology of such canonical apocalypses as the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, and the visions of that remarkable book which closes our Canon, may be paralleled in Esra, Baruch, and Enoch.

Eminently deserving, therefore, of our study are these fragments of late Jewish literature, and they are, in our judgment, destined to take on more and more importance, with every fresh investigation of their contents. Professor Porter's introduction to the study of these writings is done in a clear, sys-

* *The Messages of the Apocalyptical Writers.* By Frank Chamberlin Porter, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tematic, and erudite manner. He gives a summary view of their nature and subject-matter, and analyzes, at considerable length, the books of Daniel and Revelations. In smaller space he studies the apocalypses of Enoch, Esra, and Baruch. A few words on the apocalyptic passages of Jubilees and the Sibyllines would not have been out of place. Professor Porter holds a rather broad view of biblical criticism, but his tone throughout is scholarly and objective. We regret the expression "Romish Church"; and we notice that the bibliographical appendix does not include Wellhausen's essay on the apocalyptic Jewish writings published in the sixth volume of his *Skizzen und Vorarbeiten.*

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.
By De la Tour.

M. Imbart de la Tour has written a volume of the greatest value on the origins of the Reformation in France.* His purpose is to describe the state of society, poltical, economic, educational, and religious, out of which proceeded the great religious agitation of the sixteenth century. This aim is somewhat similar to that of Janssen's *History of the German People;* with this difference, however, that M. de la Tour pays greater attention to the social and secular side of his subject. Some of the features of the present volume are chapters on the absolutist and feudal principles in pre Reformation France; the situation of the great *seigneuries* of the kingdom; the growth of cities; public order; taxation and fiscal system; commerce and industry; capital and labor; the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the common people; and the condition of education. The ecclesiastical aspect of the work is provided for in two chapters on the Church's gradual subjection to the monarchy, and on the place of the clergy in the national life. All these topics are dealt with in an objective and impartial manner, and with extensive erudition.

From works like this it is clear that the state of European society toward the end of the fifteenth century must have led inevitably to violent changes of some sort. The economic conditions were often deplorable. M. de la Tour shows that about the year 1500 poverty and misery had so increased in France that neither the subventions of the public treasury nor the largesses of Christian charity could cope with the indigence

* *Les Origines de la Réforme.* Par P. Imbart de la Tour. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

of the lower orders. The monarchical idea was fast hardening into absolutism. And, saddest of all, the Church in France had come to such an extent under the sway of royalty, that it was beginning to be estranged from the people as a whole. This latter danger the popes had always dreaded as by instinct; and their long quarrels with the heads of the States of Europe had, for their constant end and motive, the liberation of religion from the tyranny of crowns. However much historians may censure the extent to which clerical immunities were carried in the Middle Ages, they must admit that these strenuously asserted benefits of clergy made for a free and popular Church as against an Erastian and aristocratic one. At all events in the state of France, in the year 1500, we can see in the popular discontent with the drift of political and ecclesiastical management, the germ-spirit of the Revolution. It is of utmost importance to history to know thoroughly this period of preparation and travail. Only by knowing it can we understand adequately what sprang from it. Consequently M. de la Tour has done a real and considerable service to historical science, and we wish for his book a success corresponding to its merit.

LETTERS OF BEARDSLEY.

Aubrey Beardsley, the artist, died at Mentone, France, in his twenty-sixth year, a twelve-month almost to a day from his reception into the Catholic Church. He was a gifted soul, a pious convert, and a brave and patient sufferer. Some of his letters to one or two intimate friends during the last year and a half of his life have been put into a volume, for which a priest of the archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh has written an introduction.* There is not a great deal in these brief notes, written generally from the bed of sickness, that is of biographical interest. Many of them, such as acknowledgments of invitations to tea, should not have been published. Still, in the underlying sense of resignation which characterizes them, there is something pathetically interesting. The incidents connected with Aubrey Beardsley's conversion are mentioned with considerable reserve. Enough is said, however, to let us know that the young artist, face to face with an untimely death,

* *Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley.* With an Introduction by the Rev. John Gray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

found in the Catholic religion the greatest peace of his whole life, and the best sustenance of fortitude and hope. He alludes to his conversion in these graceful words: "I feel now like some one who has been standing waiting on the doorstep of a house upon a cold day, and who cannot make up his mind to knock for a long while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveler."

A NEW MISSIONARY MANUAL.

The veteran Paulist Missionary, Father H. H. Wyman, has placed before earnest seekers after truth a book* of really convincing power. Himself a convert from New England Protestantism, he is sympathetic of current doubts and difficulties, and meets them with equal power and kindliness. The matter is arranged and treated wholly in the interests of clearness and force, the arguments put aptly, the illustrations suggestive of the writer's many years of active life as a preacher and guide of souls.

One must not think from the title of the book, *Certainty in Religion*, that this is a dry, philosophical treatise. It has, indeed, a strong tincture of that order of reasoning, as befits its author, at one time professor of ethics; but it is closely adjusted to the comprehension of ordinary men. Let it be remembered that multitudes of so-called uneducated, even of common workingmen and women, are nowadays perplexed with questions formerly known only among the educated classes. Without failing to interest a cultured enquirer, Father Wyman's book is fitted to instruct the less fortunate. How hapless is the lot of a man or woman, whose toilsome days are made darker by the shadows of doubt as to Christ, his truth, and his salvation. There are simply millions of such souls among us, many of them living right among instructed Catholic people, and readily drawn to our churches to hear the truth. Such a book as Father Wyman's will immediately relieve their mental misery, and give them convincing reasons for bearing their burdens with patience, and will lead many of them into the bosom of that gentle mother who consoles all aching hearts.

Father Wyman has met many doubters in his long mission-

* *Certainty in Religion.* By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, Paulist. New York: The Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street.

ary career, and this book is a summary of his most persuasive arguments with them. It will serve, we trust, as a manual for many other zealous priests. The publishers have placed it within reach of pastors and missionaries for free distribution by offering a paper bound edition at extremely low rates. It will doubtless take its place with Father Conway's *Question Box*, Father Searle's *Plain Facts*, and other such books, as the printed word now universally associated with the spoken word in our American Apostolate.

RELIGION AND SOCIETY. Seven lectures on religion, given originally at the *École des Hautes Études Sociales*, have been put together into an unusually valuable volume.* The authors are the eminent scholars, Théodore Reinach, A. Peuch, Raoul Allier, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Baron Carra de Vaux, and Hippolyte Dreyfus; and the subjects treated are: Progress in Religion; Early Christianity and the Social Question; The Free-Spirit Brethren of the Middle Ages; Christianity and Democracy; Christianity and Socialism; Islam and Modern Civilization; Babism and Behaism. Every one of these essays, whether one agrees with the author's principles or not, is full of information and fruitful suggestion. The names of the authors are a guarantee of that. Every one, for example, knows beforehand that an essay on Islam, by so deep an Arabic scholar as the Baron Carra de Vaux, will be of precious use to every student of religions, or of history. A high tone of dignified scholarship runs through all the lectures, as we should expect from the tribune of an *École des Hautes Études.*

Space will not permit us to examine all the essays in detail, or to set down wherein we have had occasionally to differ with the authors as we read them. But we should wish to make a special mention of the two conferences of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu on Democracy and Socialism in relation to Christianity. These are temperate and thoughtful papers which it would be to the profit of both sides of the question in dispute to study well. M. Leroy-Beaulieu recalls to the attention of his readers that although since the French Revolution there has been a rather constant conflict between the representatives of Democracy and the representatives of Christianity, there is

* *Religions et Sociétés.* Paris: Félix Alcon, Éditeur. 1905.

absolutely no reason in the nature of things for this opposition, Not only in the Gospel but in the history of the Church do we discover principles and facts which make it clear that popular sovereignty is against no Christian dogma or moral precept, and that whenever Church and people have come into conflict on the matter, this was due to some extrinsic cause which it is not hopeless to remove. Thus at the time of the great Revolution, extreme democracy overthrew the Church as well as the Empire, because the two were united. And the anti-Christian spirit of those days of blood and terror has been since passed on as an unhappy inheritance. But, M. Leroy-Beaulieu remarks, the hatred of religion as such, and the holding of it up to contempt as a necessarily despotic imposture, are discountenanced now by all intelligent men, who see how untenable were such opinions of the encyclopædists. Unfortunately, while all educated persons have given up those extravagant and dangerous views, the uncultivated and irreligious among the masses have retained them. To-day, consequently, there is a class of active atheists who maintain as bitterly as Voltaire himself that all religion is opposed to human progress. And it is from this class that proceeds the endeavor to hinder, persecute, and destroy religion which we observe now and then even in Christian States. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, insisting upon the point that the highest and purest democracy need have no dread of religion, points to the United States. The American Republic, he says, is deeply penetrated with the Christian spirit; its founders were brought up in Bible Christianity; its laws have never restricted belief or worship; and its future is secure because it believes in God. We can only say of this deserved tribute to our country, that we trust that France, too, will see that religion is the strongest safeguard of the State, and that God cannot be officially banned without bringing every hope of liberty and progress to the ground.

In the lecture on Christianity and Socialism M. Leroy-Beaulieu presents incisive proofs that extreme communistic socialism is irreconcilable with the Christian religion, for it rests upon a philosophy of man's nature, needs, and destiny which is in full opposition to every theory of the supernatural. He closes with these words: "Socialism perhaps can some day destroy the foundations of the present social order; but I question whether it can erect upon the ruins a new society, at

all events a society of liberty and justice. For to build any such edifice solidly and enduringly, you must have moral energies at work; and I must persist in maintaining that in the first rank of moral energies stands religion, which is to-day as ever in the past one of the indestructible bases of human society."

HERBERT SPENCER.
By Royce.

This little volume is one of the best—many will say, the very best—contributions to *Spenceriana* which have been called forth by the publication of Spencer's Autobiography.* The intimate information which the philosopher has left to the world concerning the personal origin of his views on Evolution contributes to a more accurate appreciation than could hitherto be arrived at, not of the objective value of the Evolution theory itself, but of the credit to be assigned to Spencer as an original contributor to the treasure-house of philosophy. An estimate of Spencer formed from the polemical literature of twenty years ago would represent him as, before everything else, the prophet of the Unknowable, the founder of Agnosticism—the adherents of that view of religious knowledge, or rather anti-religious nescience, would award him the crown of complete success. Yet Professor Royce seems to feel that he is merely pointing out the obvious when he remarks that to Spencer himself the problem of knowledge was but an incidental concern, which "he never attacked with any very serious and reflective interest"; and the professor dismisses the solemn Gospel concerning "the Universal Postulate," "Theories of the Metaphysicians," and "The Relativity of Knowledge" as "Conscientious but uninstructed preliminary efforts to clear the way for quite other considerations in which he was interested." What, then, was his chief interest and purpose? It was "to bring into synthesis an organic theory of the unity of the evolutionary process, with a doctrine regarding the freedom of the rights of the individual which had come down to him from an age when evolution and the organic unity of things had indeed interested Englishmen very little." The character of Spencer's method is happily hit off: "In sum Spencer appears as a philosopher of a beautiful logical naïvete. Generalization was an absolutely

* *Herbert Spencer.* An Estimate and Review by Josiah Royce. Together with a chapter of personal reminiscences by James Collier. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

simple affair for him. If you found a bag big enough to hold all the facts, that was a verification of science. If, meanwhile, you were ready to present a beautifully ordered series of illustrations of your theory, this showed that your facts themselves were conceived with a due respect to their own orderly theoretical unification." Professor Royce's charge against Spencer's formula is that while it offers a principle of differentiation, combined with a secondary subsequent process of unification, it offers no principle that will explain, in any given case, this subsequent tendency of unification which is opposed to the former: "Just because every case of evolution is obviously a case where mutually opposing tendencies somehow balance one another, and combine into higher unities, the requirement for the situation is, not that the philosopher should tell us (truly enough) that evolution involves both shrinkings and swellings, both mixings and sortings, both variety and order, but that he should tell us *how* these various tendencies are, in the various types of evolutionary process, kept in that peculiar balance and unity which, each time, constitutes an evolution." The criticisms passed upon Spencer's educational theories are concerned with its narrowness resulting from the fact that Spencer's principles are all drawn from the too restricted field of his own personal experiences. Persons who may not be able, or may not care, to read the autobiography will find a substitute for it in Professor Royce's pages, supplemented as they are by Mr. Collier's sketch.

APOLOGIES OF JUSTIN. The two apologies of Justin Martyr have just been edited in the excellent series "*Pour l'Étude Historique du Christianisme*," by Louis Pautigny.* The Greek text is given along with a parallel-page French translation. A brief but scholarly introduction indicates the dogmatic importance of these two great works. Altogether this volume is well within two hundred pages, and hence, from the point of view of convenient use, is one of the best editions available. The erudition of the work is guaranteed by the names of the editors of the series of which it is a part, Hippolyte Hemmer and Paul Lejay.

**Justin: Apologies.* Texte Grec, Traduction Française, Introduction et Index. Par Louis Pautigny. Paris: Alphonse Picard, Éditeur.

SAINTS AND FESTIVALS. By Brewster.

Mr. H. Pomeroy Brewster's volume* of brief sketches of the Saints is well and reverently written. Mr. Brewster is not a Catholic, but he endeavors to tell the story of the Saints in a devout spirit, and he succeeds. The one unfortunate slip is that he speaks throughout of the Roman Church, which is an unhistorical and objectionable designation of Catholic Christendom. Apart from this we have found in his book nothing that we cannot admire. Mr. Brewster has gone to considerable pains in the way of study in compiling these sketches, and we incline to the opinion that no other volume of the size of this one contains so much hagiographical information. The book is tastefully published, and should have a great influence for good.

A new edition of that popular story *For the Old Land*,† by Charles Kickham, has recently been issued. The book deserves a long life, so full is it of the humor and pathos of Irish life. Such well-known types as Con Cooney, Rody O'Flynn, and Mrs. Dwyer are as welcome when they reappear as old friends. Happily some of the conditions presented here have been greatly improved within the past few years, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that the Irish farmers and peasantry are not likely to suffer again the humiliations and deprivations of twenty years ago.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE. By Weyman.

Again Mr. Weyman seeks his material and his inspiration in a troubled period of French history; and if his latest book does not surpass his past successes, it is inferior to none of them. *The Abbess of Vlaye*‡ opens at the council board of Henry IV., from which the monarch sends forth a young soldier of fortune to restore order to one of the provinces in which a powerful noble is carrying things with a high hand, and riding roughshod over the wretched peasantry. The story has all the characteristics of Mr. Weyman's work, a whirlwind of incident, a goodly number of well-defined characters, the leading ones

* *Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church.* By H. Pomeroy Brewster. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

† *For the Old Land.* By Charles J. Kickham. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

‡ *The Abbess of Vlaye.* By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of which, as the wise man tells us is the case with the world, are set in balance and antithesis one against the other. There is, too, just a little of what many of Mr. Weyman's admirers consider one of his weaknesses—a tendency to draw rather too largely on the credulity of his reader. The rapid succession of wonderful coincidences, hairbreadth escapes of the good people, providential interventions just in the nick of time, are all wrought out with such skill that, separately, they are all plausible, but they come so close together that they prevent the reader from lulling himself with the fancy that the story is one of reality—a delusion necessary to the enjoyment of fiction. Many of the situations are so powerful, and the characters are so deftly woven into the story, that one will want to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of improbability. The wretched condition of the peasanty, drawn with a powerful pen, is probably the feature of the book in which, as any historical novel worthy of the name should do, it offers something of value to the historical student. As we view the picture of the wicked, daring, young abbess we look out, but in vain, for some intimation that an abbess in those troubled times frequently reached her position through family influence, and was a religious often only in name. Her sister is really a charming creation, capable of inspiring her worthy lover with the conviction that "in their clear moments men know that love is the one great thing in the world, and a thousand times more substantial, more existent, than the things we grasp and see—the love that gives and does not ask, and being denied—loves."

As we can scarcely suppose that a writer who is so careful of his facts, and so scrupulously faithful in the verification of his historic material, could be ignorant that an error of person, as it is called, renders a marriage null and void from the beginning, we must presume that he was tempted to sin, in this respect, by the effective aid which a marriage of this kind lent him in working up a powerful climax.

RULES FOR PSALMODY. The present volume is a treatise on the "pointing" of the Psalms, but we do not see the practical necessity for a work of this kind, which, we presume, is an explanation of the method used in pointing a "Psalter with notes," mentioned in the course of the work. As some of our

readers are aware, pointing the psalms means the addition of various marks to the printed text to enable the singers to make the various inflections and pauses together. Every choirmaster knows that it is absolutely necessary to have a pointed arrangement of the psalms in the hands of his singers, not only for Vespers and Compline, but also for occasional services; such as Tenebræ and the Office for the Dead; but it is quite immaterial to him by what method the pointing was done, provided it answers the purpose for which it is intended.

On page 1 of this volume* we read: "The difficulty of chanting lies in adapting the different verses to the distinctive tone which never varies in the course of a psalm. On this account it is essential to have a method at once exact, consistent, and simple. This is all the more necessary if the chanting of the psalms is expected to be congregational."

Then follows a table of the Eight Tones, with their ten mediations and twenty-six endings; the portioning off of the syllables for the *intonations;* the "Tenor" or *recitations*, the mediations, and terminations; illustrated by capitals, small letters, modified letters, accents, cedillas, dissyllabic types, tetrasyllabic types, pentesyllabic types, tonic accents, secondary accents, tonic dactyls, tonic spondees, paroxytones, proparoxytones, etc., etc., all of which are intended to make a method for the choir and congregation "at once exact, consistent, and simple."

We notice some innovations which we suppose must be recent discoveries; on page 7, *e. g.*, the solemn intonation of the Magnificat is given in notes, with the following explanation: "In the 2d and 8th modes the intonation shown above is used for the first verse alone, the following verses (giving the 2d and 3d with notes) have the festal intonation." One would be led to infer that the remaining verses have no intonation. According to the "Liber Usualis" (1896) the solemn intonation is to be used for all the verses of the Magnificat.

We notice again, on page 13, that words from eight different psalms are adapted to the *Tonus peregrinus.* We were always under the impression that this tone belongs exclusively to the "*In exitu Israel*" in the Sunday office, when this psalm is sung with the antiphon *Nos qui vivimus.*

There is a delightful uncertainty about the pauses: "The length of the pause (at the mediation) *must be exactly* equiva-

* *Rules for Psalmody.* Adapted from the revised second edition of the Petit Traité de Psalmodie by the Benedictines of Solesmes. Paris: Desclée, Lefebvre & Co.

lent in value with the last tonic dactyl or spondee of the mediation"—"Those who think this pause too long may reduce it to a single beat." We may imagine the result if in the same choir or congregation there are some who do and others who do not think the pause too long.

There is a great deal of "clarité" about the following:

"The short penultimate *mi* is not given an extra note, but has the clivis, which thus becomes weak; the accented syllable *Dó* no longer is found under the clivis, but is put back and is given a strong extra note which robs the clivis of its force. This extra accented note is a reduplication of the first note of the clivis, and must be placed in column 2 where the accented notes are always to be found."

On page 32 we find the whole subject in a nutshell: "To sum up this little book in one sentence, the secret and the successful practice of Roman psalmody depend upon the substitution of tonic dactyls for the original tonic spondees."

This book* is a rather pitiful and pathetic attempt of an unlearned man to accomplish a task that is difficult even for the most learned—to prove by reason the immortality of the soul. The brochure represents rather the heart-strivings of an honest man than the mind-product of a philosopher. It may be said to expose the hopes and beliefs in the future life, as they alternate with doubts and fears in the mind of a simple man who has no more solid ground for his faith than the data of his own reason and his own experience. The learned, of course will smile at such an effort; but the simple and unlearned, who are after all the elect, may find some little help and consolation in the fact that a sensitive soul can persuade itself independently of a truth which can be placed beyond all doubt and uncertainty only by the teaching of a divine authority.

In the November, 1903, number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we took pleasure in recommending Bernard St. John's work, *The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century*.† The work has had a wide circulation, and has lately been translated into

* *Immortality of the Soul.* By Alois von Bauer. New York: J. Diamond.

† *The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century.* Apparitions, Revelations, Graces. By Bernard St. John. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

French. The following letter from Cardinal Merry del Val tells of the Holy Father's appreciation of the volume.

> I have with pleasure placed in the hands of the Holy Father a copy of the book, which you have published with the view of furthering devotion to the Blessed Virgin in English-speaking countries. It is unnecessary for me to tell you how acceptable to the August Pontiff is this act of filial homage on your part, and how he appreciates the intentions which underlie your work. His Holiness has profoundly at heart that all Catholics, forming but one heart and one mind in the unity of faith, should more and more love and venerate their common Mother, the Blessed Virgin. The Holy Father, while thanking you for your homage, augurs for your book that the Queen of Heaven will smile benignantly upon it, and thus concur in the fomenting and increasing of piety among Catholics, and especially in connection with the auspicious event of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In thanking you for the copy of this same book with which you have graciously presented me I herewith transmit you the Apostolical Benediction affectionately granted you by the Holy Father.
>
> R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

In the April Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we published the subscription price of *The New York Review*, to be issued under the editorship of Father James Driscoll, President of Dunwoodie Seminary, as two dollars per year. This was an error. The subscription price is three dollars a year.

April 11, 1905.

Editor Catholic World, New York City:

> As my name has been published by George Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, as a member of the Editorial Board of *The History of North America*, I would ask the courtesy of your columns to state that their use of my name is without authority and without warrant.
>
> I was engaged some months ago by George Barrie & Sons to make a Catholic revision of this work, and did revise the first volume, and part of the volume on Canada; but as my revisions, for the most part, were not incorporated by the editor, where I deemed them essential from the Catholic

standpoint, I declined to proceed with the work, and distinctly refused to allow my name to be connected with the *History*, and so informed the publishers.

I would apprise the public--especially the Catholic public—that in no way do I stand as a guarantor of the character of *The History of North America.*

Yours truly, CONDE B. PALLEN.

The Waters of Lethe * is the first work of its author, Lida L. Coghlan. Like the first literary productions of most writers, it shows both faults and virtues. A certain awkwardness in the handling of incidents, an inability to condense, and an utter lack of humor, are the faults which off set a dramatic, well-conceived plot, some able character drawing, and genuine enthusiasm on the part of the author for the people of her story.

The volume has these merits at least, which we note with pleasure, and what is more important still, the book is marked thoughout by a high moral tone.

Miss Anna C. Minogue, in this romance of Kentucky,† has given us a decidedly thrilling and melodramatic story of that country during the period of the Civil War. The background is a Southern community of the familiar type, and the characters figure in a plot that, in its minor details at least, is strikingly original. In the writing of the tale there is often an evident striving after redundancy and pseudo-poetic effect, but the writer undoubtedly manifests a distinct ability in the matter of story-making.

* *The Waters of Lethe.* By Lida L. Coghlan. New York: John Murphy Company.

† *Cardome.* A Romance of Kentucky. By Anna C. Minogue. New York: P. F. Collier & Son.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (11 March): The first leader is a sharp criticism of an article in the *National Review* by M. Combes, in which the ex-Minister of Worship tries to justify himself before the English public.——Fr. Thurston concludes his series on confession in England before the Norman Conquest. The result of his investigation is, that from the time of Bede onward auricular confession was practiced habitually in every part of Christian Britain.

(18 March): Under the title, "The Catholic Church in Sweden," a writer describes the condition of the Church there, and gives a short history of the present Catholic revival.——The Rev. John S. Vaughn contributes an interesting letter to the discussion on the theories of biblical inspiration.

(25 March): Fr. Joseph Rickaby presents, in conversational form, the Catholic doctrine on original sin.

(1 April): The letter from France gives an account of the debate on Separation, and particularly on the question: What shall be done with Church property? A socialist leader proposes that it be given to the Church.

The Month (April): Fr. Gerard exposes many misconceptions of certain Freethinkers concerning the relation of faith to scientific investigation. There are those, he says, who contend that intellectual freedom is impossible unless one has absolutely no convictions concerning the problem which he attempts to solve by experiment and argument. Freethinkers for the most part regard faith as a blind assent. Fr. Gerard shows that this notion of faith is erroneous, and after explaining its true character goes on to prove that the acceptance of a truth on authority does not render one incapable of arriving at the same truth by means of investigation and argument.——Miss Petre outlines the excesses and the deficiencies of Oscar Wilde's philosophy of life and morals; and admires his courageous exercise of his artistic faculty in the midst of adverse circumstances.

Le Correspondant (25 Feb.): M. Henry Lacombe contributes the first of a series of articles on the "Divinity of Jesus

Christ." It is a learned controversy, for, to defend a dogma so obstinately attacked, the writer draws proofs of his thesis from all authentic sources, showing thorough acquaintance with the works of all his predecessors in Church history and theology.——A highly interesting paper is that of M. Charles de Loménie on "Madame Récamier," called forth by the appearance of a new book, *Madame Récamier and her Friends*. There is a judicious criticism of the work, followed by M. de Loménie's own careful sketching of Madame Récamier's portrait, and her personality apart from her surroundings. (10 March): M. E. Daudet concludes his series on the relations of Napoleon with the Bourbons, terminating with the execution of the Duc d'Enghein, March, 1803.—— M. André Chéradame accuses Germany of having, for the past ten or fifteen years, steadily egged on Russia to her insolent and unjust policy in the Far East.—— M. Paul Nourisson severely arraigns the French Government for its criminal indifference in not repressing crimes against social order and public morality.——The policy of the United States towards the interoceanic canal is reviewed by a writer (De Barral-Montferrat) who divides it into four periods: La période de désinteressement; la période d'ambition; la période de domination; la phase commerciale. The writer, while looking upon the agressive activity and imperialism of Mr. Roosevelt as a threat to peace, thinks that it might be just another piece of American luck if the President's temerity should turn out to be more apparent than real.——An unsigned article criticises the latest *projets de loi* regarding the separation of Church and State.——There is a historical study of Anna Comnenius and the First Crusade.——M. Béchaux contributes a somewhat desultory but interesting and suggestive paper on the bearing of some actual facts on the socialistic movement.

(25 March): M. Olivier, of the Academy, justifies the Concordat historically; and says of the proposed law to suppress it: In suppressing the salary of the clergy, it proclaims national bankruptcy; in appropriating the goods of the Church, it is guilty of robbery; in profaning the sancturies, it inaugurates a persecution.——An anony-

mous writer finds that the jealousy of the English colonies towards the establishment of a French naval base in the New Hebrides, will be a source of trouble to French and English statesmen in their efforts to render permanent the present understanding between the two countries.——M. Faquet, of the Academy, severely criticises the views expressed by Abbé Delfour in his book, *Catholicisme et Romanticisme*, the thesis of which is that the classic school should be substituted, in higher education, for the romanticists of the nineteenth century, because these writers are neither good Frenchmen nor good Christians.——M. de Lacome (Sur la divinité de Jesus-Christ) outlines the course of polemical activity in the age of Bossuet.——Fustel de Coulanges and his writings are the subject of an essay from M. Imbart de la Tour.——M. Léon Séché has a convincing apology for Madame Charles and her platonic friendship for Lamartine. He disagrees with some conclusions arrived at by M. Doumie, and "laisse à cette femme charmante tout son aureole."——There is a welcome note of optimism in M. Laudet's "Impressions of Gascony," where he finds much change introduced recently, but not all for the worse, in village life.

Études (5 March): Henri Berchois reviews at length the great wrongs committed against the Church in France during recent years. Speaking of the attitude of French Catholics during all this time, the writer asks: "Whence comes the inertia that has astonished both friends and enemies?" He says they should, in the very beginning, have made an "intelligent, energetic resistance." In conclusion, he appeals for more real, active faith in Catholics.——Gaston Sortais gives some interesting citations from the work of an Italian Dominican, R. P. Papagni, regarding the scholastic controversy over the question of free-will. Father Papagni is quoted as saying that the theory of physical predetermination is "intrinsically false," and in addition, that it is in complete contradiction with "la pensée de Saint Thomas d'Aquin." (20 March): The great historical value of Jesuit writings is evidenced in an article by Jules Doize on Japan. The history of that people and its customs are

drawn from the accounts of travelers, but principally from the records of the Jesuit missionaries to that country. Their books, correspondence, official reports, etc., are cited. The work of St. Francis Xavier is narrated, showing how marvelously the seed of faith planted by him grew amongst the Japanese people.——*The Masonic Conquest*—an historical treatise on masonry in France, the recent work of Mgr. Delassus—is frequently referred to touching on the Masonic danger just at this present day. It shows how enormous is the influence of Masonry in the Government; also, the urgent need for Catholic activity to prevent the complete Masonic conquest in France.

La Quinzaine (16 March): The literary productions of Don José Echegaray, sage, politician, and poet, are the subject of a lengthy article by Angel Marvaud.——In an article entitled "Religion in the Human Evolution," H. Dauvergne gives us his opinion as to what are the progress, conditions, and factors in society. Science, he believes, plays only a secondary rôle, while the part of religion is essential, and unless our Christian societies be founded on integral Christianity, that is, Catholicism, they cannot succeed.——The ending of the work of the commission, consequent on the incident at Hull, is the occasion of an article by Henry de Montardy.

Studi Religiosi (Jan.–Feb.): A. Ghignoni, on the problem of the essence of Christianity, warns us not to forget that Christianity has ever been a living organism, and that consequently we cannot justly estimate it unless we join to the study of the Gospels the study of Christian experience in all the ages since.——The newly-discovered "sayings" of Christ are translated and briefly commented on by F. Mari.——M. Frederici summarizes the great work of Clemen on St. Paul, and takes occasion to remark on the failure of the destructive school of Von Manen and Schmiedel, to gain any notable number of adherents.——The first instalment of a new Italian version of Isaias concludes the magazine.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (March): This number contains an article on "St. Hubert, Patron of German Huntsmen." The paper is devoted to an account of the saint's mira-

culous conversion, his subsequent life, especially as Bishop of Liége, and the veneration which has been paid him in Germany and northern France.——Fr. Baumgartner concludes his series on Fr. Isla, the Spanish humorist.

International Journal of Ethics (April): The movement for reform in church music offers to Prof. J. W. Slaughter an occasion for giving a psychological analysis of the relation between music and religion. They both, he maintains, make the same claim on human nature, and consequently, unless music is made to serve, it will supplant religion.——Mr. S. H. Mellone has a remarkable article on the significance of the late decision of the House of Lords in the Scottish Church case. The fact that eleven hundred churches were dispossessed of the whole of their property will have a far-reaching ethical result. The principle on which the decision was based is, that the churches do not now profess the creed they taught when the money was contributed for their support. This principle, the writer states, if carried into execution in England, would cause endless confusion among all non-Conformists.

Revue Thomiste (March-April): An article entitled "Credibility," by Fr. A. Gardeil, discusses the meaning of that term as applied to the truths of revelation, together with the part played by it in the genesis of an act of faith. Following the thought and method of St. Thomas, the writer states clearly enough the common theological position on the question. The credibility of a truth of revelation, and its claim to be accepted as an object of divine faith, come not from the intrinsic evidence of the truth itself as perceived by reason, but from the fact that the truth proposed for our acceptance has been revealed by God who is all truth and cannot deceive. This, however, is only one element in the origin of an act of faith, since divine grace must come in at every step in the process, and concur with the human will in its final act of adhesion to the truth proposed.——R. P. Hugueny, O.P., continues to discuss the teaching of St. Thomas on the question of the "vision of God" as the final happiness to which man is destined.

The Hibbert Journal (April): The Bishop of Ripon advocates such modifications in the present system of clerical training, in his Church, as would enable the theological student to realize more strongly the change which the adoption of scientific methods have wrought. Professor Henry Jones severely takes to task the method pursued by Mr. Balfour, in his *Foundations of Belief*.——Under the caption, "The Lord is a man of War," Rev. Mr. Orde-Wade sets forth the view that, in the divine plan of the Universe, progress towards ultimate perfection in the physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, is assured only by the conflict of contending forces and the synthesis of opposites.——A fellow of Merton College, Oxford, Mr. H. W. Garrod, thinks that the elements of our moral ideal which men, whatever be their verbal professions, value the highest, are neither Christian nor Greek, but Gothic—the ideals of chivalry and honor.——Professor Charles gives an account of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, "a veritable romance in the region of ancient religious literature." ——In "discussions" Baron von Hügel takes exception to the interpretation offered last month by "Romanus" of M. Loisy's view of the Church.——Professor Gardner, too, maintains that M. Loisy's own statements refute the contention of "Romanus" that, "applied to the critical movement in theology, the antithesis of Catholic and Protestant is out of place.

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Current Events.

Russia.

The most noteworthy feature of the situation in Russia is the state of serious disturbances still existing in many parts throughout the length and breadth of the European provinces. Those disturbances are no longer confined to the workingmen of the towns, but have extended to the hitherto peaceful and loyal peasantry. This loyalty of the peasantry is being made a motive for moving them to an attack upon the property of the officials and the landlords. Leaflets have been circulated declaring that the Tsar is in danger, and that he has been thrown into prison by the nobles. "Hasten to help him, plunder the landlords, slay the enemies of the Tsar and the Fatherland." The peasants accordingly, armed with axes and scythes, plundered and destroyed the houses of several landlords, some of whom barely escaped with their lives.

Among the Armenians a serious agitation exists. They having formed the hope, which they take no pains to conceal that the Kingdom of Armenia may be revived at the cost of Russia and Turkey. Officials have been shot in many places. Property of every kind has been looted. The red flag has been carried in procession. Students of Universities and Colleges have refused to attend lectures until the constitutional reforms which they demand are granted. Even the police are becoming disorganized, and have passed all legal bounds. In many towns the police stations are said to have been converted into torture chambers, private houses have been broken into, unarmed persons massacred, and, where the police ought to have acted, they have failed to do so.

An appeal has been made by Father Gapon to the peasants, in terms which make it evident that worthy leadership is not to be found in him. Speaking of the governors, popes, and other authorities, he says: "Death to them all. Let us avenge the innocent blood of our brethren; let us sacrifice our lives for ourselves, for our relatives, for the whole people. Hurrah for the armed insurrection of the people, for the conquest of the land and of liberty." The proclamation is addressed: "To you Russian peasants. I call upon you, inhabitants of the small

towns and of the villages, you who are oppressed, exploited, deprived of all rights, given up to hunger and misery, to the bastinado, to the knout, to the *nagaika*, I appeal to you as judges. Judge for yourselves, O people, peasants of Russia. Judge according to your conscience as you always do." Although in this appeal the oppression undergone by the people may not be exaggerated, the spirit of the appeal is not that which should animate the constructor of the better order of things which we hope is coming for Russia. Unless the country can find a man of a different type, the new order established under such auspices will be worse than the old.

It is not to Father Gapon, therefore, that the people can look for guidance. Is there no other leader? What can we hope of Count Tolstoy? He, too, has issued not a manifesto but a statement. But if Father Gapon errs in being in favor of measures which are too energetic, Count Tolstoy goes to the other extreme. All agitation, even the most legitimate, will, he thinks, only delay the true social amelioration. "True social amelioration can be attained only by religious moral perfectioning of the individuals. Political agitation, putting before individuals pernicious illusion of social improvement by change of forms, habitually stops the real progress, as can be observed in all constitutional countries—France, England, America." It is the inner spiritual activity which alone gives true welfare to individuals as well as to society. The Russian Government is no better and no worse than any other government. They all sanction and seek to sanctify the most dreadful crimes, and therefore all the efforts of those who wish to improve social life should be directed to the liberation of themselves from all governments. This is to be done by each one becoming himself more perfect. He does not approve of any effort being made to improve the radically unimprovable. There is, of course, a good deal of truth in what Count Tolstoy says. St. Paul looked upon authorities as being concerned rather with the evil-doer than with the well-doer, and Christians were not to go to law in heathen courts. The testimony of Mr. Gladstone to the secret wickedness of the European Chancelleries may be found in Mr. Morley's *Life*. And we know that when the end comes of this dispensation, even the rule of Christ as man is to come to an end, that all things may be subjected to God. But until then we fear that we shall have to have governments of one kind or another,

and that it will be part of a Christian's duty to strive for the bettering of governments (as of other things) by every legitimate means.

For this reason we cannot think that Count Tolstoy can be accepted by the Russian people as a guide in their struggle, when he counsels them totally to abstain from every effort for improvement. To whom, then, are they to look? No hope can be placed in the Tsar—"the waverer still, man of much heart, and little will." The choice is between those who have minds of their own, and those who are striving to secure a dominating influence over the Tsar. The Grand Dukes on the one hand seek to maintain vested interests, and on the side of Reform, who is there? One man only has given evidence of capacity and insight—M. Witte. To him is due the awakening of the best forces of national labor to a sense of self-reliance, and he for some time successfully administered the finances of the Empire. He was, however, removed about eighteen months ago. In the discussions on Reform which have been going on for the purpose of giving practical effect to the Tsar's Rescripts, M. Witte has taken a leading part, and his influence is on behalf of the abolition of the present arbitrary *régime*. Consequently he has many enemies, and it is doubtful whether he will not be defeated. In fact it is rumored that, having lost all hope, he is going to leave Russia. Should this prove to be the case, hope of amelioration will be very small. The Imperial Word, conceding the representative principle, has it is true been plighted, but what of that? Who can bind a despot? It is, however, too soon to despair. Discussions are still going on, and great changes cannot and should not be made hastily. Moreover, the influence of the man who has been called the evil genius of the Empire, M. Pobiedonostzeff, has received a rude shock. He has held the office of Procurator of the Holy Synod, since 1881, and has represented the most unbending form of autocracy. He was, too, the most trusted adviser of the late Tsar, Alexander III., and to him, therefore, more than to any one else, is due the present crisis. But a movement has been initiated for the revival of the Patriarchate suppressed by Peter the Great. A Council of Bishops has been called to meet in Moscow, for the purpose of discussing the matter. The Tsar has given his consent to the calling of this Council, although the success of the proposal

would mean the conferring upon the Church of some little degree of greater independence of the State—at all events an appearance of distinction, instead of the almost absolute identification now existing. It would, too, deprive M. Pobiedonostzeff of the power which he, as the agent of the Tsar, has so long wielded.

Germany, France, and Morocco.

While the Tsar is shut up in his own palace, surrounded and guarded by troops, and virtually a prisoner in his own Empire, the Kaiser has been traveling. Leaving his own dominions, he has made an incursion into a Continent unvisited from time almost immemorial by any European potentate. Worse than that, he has been making speeches, and this he seldom does without causing anxiety to the statesmen both of his own and of other nations. Before setting out for Africa his Majesty made a speech at Bremen in furtherance of the world policy upon which he has set his heart. The construction of a Navy which may be "a defiance to the world and a defence to the Empire" is an essential element of this policy. Strange to say, with all his zeal for the Army first and now for the Navy, the Kaiser's most ardent desire has, he declared, always been for peace. When he came to the throne he told his auditors at Bremen that he swore a soldier's oath that he would do his utmost to keep at rest the bayonet and the cannon; but, he adds, he also swore that the bayonet must be kept sharp and the cannon loaded, and both efficient. This, however, was not for conquest, but for defence; for he had learned from history that all world-wide Empires had speedily come to ruin. The world-wide Empire for which he was striving would be one founded, not upon conquests gained by the sword, but by the confidence of those nations which press towards the same goal.

To form an Empire in this way will certainly be the inauguration of a new era, and no great confidence can be felt in any such result being achieved; the Emperor himself does not seem to place much reliance upon it, for he proceeded to insist upon a strong and a large Navy as being necessary even for the preservation of his present dominions. The speech included a reference to God, and in these days of irreligion and

unbelief this is something at which to rejoice. Perhaps, however, he identified the Father of all mankind somewhat too closely with the destiny of the German Empire to be altogether reverent. "Cherish," said he, "the firm conviction that our Lord and God would never have given himself such pains with our German fatherland and its people if he had not predestined us to something great. We are the salt of the earth." The last affirmation will not, we fear, be assented to by every, perhaps not by any, other nation. However, no one will have a right to complain if only the Germans will fulfil the duties of so lofty a vocation; if they will, as the Emperor inculcates, preserve good morals, discipline, and order, reverence and religious feeling. Then although other nations may not, perhaps, owing to their own vanity, be willing to take quite the same view, yet they will be entitled to respect, perhaps even to affection and confidence, as safe and trustworthy people, such as the Emperor urges them to be.

But in all humility we think that the Emperor should set his people a better example, if other people are to form towards the German Empire these sentiments of trust and confidence. For immediately after making this speech the Emperor proceeded on that voyage to Tangier, which seems to have had no other object than to disturb the peaceful relations which have lately been formed between France and England, and to do this in such a way as to render it very difficult to repose any confidence in the trustworthiness of German policy. The Anglo-French Agreement, concluded last year, included among other things a renunciation on the part of England of any active interference with the affairs of Morocco; and France was left alone to carry out the task of its restoration to order. This Agreement was brought to the knowledge of the German Government, no protest was made, and this silence was taken as consent to the terms of the agreement. For, while Germany has commercial interests in Morocco, these interests are small and, such as they are, fully safeguarded by the Agreement. Spain was the only country which had a right to complain, and with Spain France has made a special agreement satisfactory to the Spaniards.

France, accordingly, proceeded to peacefully penetrate Morocco, and undertook the task of bringing order where chaos exists, and some degree of civilization and justice where

barbarism and oppression are dominant. The Sultan of Morocco, like all other officials, does not like to be interfered with. He thinks all is well, or at least, if all is not so well as it might be, that he is the man who can best set things right. And so he does not relish the interference of the French, and is supported in his resistance by the large class who, in Morocco as elsewhere, profit by the existing evils. And an external supporter he has found in the German Emperor. No great surprise can be felt at this. For a long time England, to her eternal disgrace, was the supporter of the Turk, notwithstanding his crimes and abominations. Since she has given up the task as a bad job, Germany has taken her place, and it is to the German Emperor that the Turkish Sultan now looks for support; and not only looks for but finds it; for, had it not been for the Kaiser and the Tsar at the time of the Armenian massacre, the Sultan would have been deposed by a European coalition. And so it is fitting that another Sultan should look the same way. This is the result of the Kaiser's visit to Tangier.

He told the representatives of the Sultan on his visit that he had come expressly to maintain the absolute equality of German economic and commercial rights in Morocco, and would not allow any other Power to obtain preferential advantages. The Sultan, he said, was the free Sovereign of a free country, and Germany would insist on always carrying on her affairs direct with him, and would never allow the intermediary of any other Power. Doubtless he was well within his rights in making this declaration, although it might have been made to France direct. But when he went on to say that the present was an unfavorable time for the introduction of reforms on European lines, and that all reforms should be founded on Islamic law and tradition, he not only went directly against the proposals of France, but made himself the defender of the existing barbarism and encouraged the Sultan to resist every effort to make things tolerable.

One of the mysteries of the world is that when an evil seems on the point of being righted it often finds defenders among those who claim to be the best representatives of the good. Germany claims, and many allow its claim, to be the highest representative of science, of art, of learning, of modern civilization generally, and yet it now undisguisedly makes itself

the defender of the Turk and the Moor, with all their enormities and barbarities.

Austro-Hungary.

"For the sake of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, for the sake of the dynasty, and, above all, for the sake of Hungary herself, I cannot and will not give way." These are the words of the Emperor of Austria, spoken in his capacity of King of Hungary. For nearly two months the crisis in Hungary has remained unsettled. The King will not accept the proposals of the majority of the Parliament recently elected, and the majority will not take office unless their proposals are accepted. Every effort has been made to find a man able and willing to direct affairs, but so far without success. The demands of the Hungarian majority are a compromise between the several minor parties of which that majority consists; but they include one which the King considers inadmissible, and indeed fatal, to the unity of the Dual Monarchy. According to Mr. Francis Kossuth, the leader for the largest of these parties, this demand is that the word of command in the Hungarian army shall be given to the troops in Hungarian by the major and all subordinate officers, while from the major upwards the commands shall be given (as now) in German. It is apparently a mild proposal, but it meets with the absolute Imperial *non possumus*. The Austrian military authorities regard it as certain to lead to the disintegration of the Army. Its adoption would in their view render it simply impossible to command and direct the military forces. They apprehend that if the Hungarian language is allowed for Hungarians, the same concession will have to be made to the other nationalities of which the army is made up—the Czechs, Croatians, Poles, Ruthenians, and Italians; and where will officers be found of linguistic capacity sufficient for this? And so no solution has yet been found; and the crisis promises to be of indefinite duration.

Italy.

Italy has had a series of parliamentary crisis. After "Flight the Fourth" of Signor Giolitti, Signor Fortis attempted to form a Ministry, or rather to prolong the life of the former Ministry with but a few changes; he did not, however, meet with success. The Minister for Foreign

Affairs, Signor Tittoni, then undertook the task. His Cabinet however, fell within a week, and then Signor Fortis made a second attempt, this time with better results. The new Cabinet retains Signor Tittoni as Minister of Foreign affairs, and several changes have been made, but to all intents and purposes things are left as they were. The constant turmoils, to which these changes are due, are greatly discrediting Parliaments. Many are beginning to have doubts as to the all-surpassing excellence of the much lauded system. Let them, however, turn their eyes to Russia, where autocracy still holds sway, and their doubts should be removed.

France.

In France the Committee appointed to consider the Bill for the separation of Church and State having made its report, the debate on the reading of the Bill has begun in the Chamber of Deputies. An attempt was made to defer the discussion until after the general election, to be held next year. The self-willed spirit of the Chamber appears from the fact that only fifty-five members voted for the ascertainment of the real wishes of the people of France. Even in 1848, the year of Revolutions, when a similar proposal was made, the Committee then appointed reported that separation was impossible without consulting the electors. M. Briand, the reporter for the Committee which has just made its report, did not venture to affirm that the French people wished for the separation. He opposed the proposal on the ground that it would be a sign of weakness on the part of the Government to make such an appeal. An equally deaf ear was turned to the proposal of the Abbé Gayraud, that the opinion of the representatives of the Church should be asked, although he recalled to the remembrance of the Deputies the fact that the salaries of the clergy which the Bill proposes to confiscate were recognized, by the law passed in 1789, as a debt due to the Church by the State, and that this confiscation would be a breach of contract and an act of bankruptcy. Such considerations, however, had no weight with lawless legislators. The Abbé found only 144 supporters, while 386 refused to listen to the dictates of natural justice.

The preliminary questions having been settled, the general debate began, and has been going on for some weeks. In the

course of this debate the great injustice of several of the proposals of the Bill was brought out—injustice recognized by several Republican deputies. The Bill gives the various communes the right, after twelve years, to sell the cathedrals and churches, so that, for example, Notre Dame may, if it shall seem good to Parisians, be once again a temple for the worship of the goddess of reason. In old times these cathedrals and the parish churches were built to a large extent by the voluntary offerings of the faithful. But what was done in the days of old has no weight with those who worship only the new. Many churches, however, have been built by the money of the faithful in the period since the Revolution with very moderate subventions from the authorities. And three-fourths of the older churches in some districts have been rebuilt at the cost of the congregations. Yet the Bill proposes that after twelve years the national or local authorities may secularize these churches at pleasure. It is a pity that the much vaunted modern spirit, which is supposed to be so much more pure and lofty than the antiquated notions of the past, should manifest itself in actions which if done by an individual would consign him to a felon's cell. Even at the Revolution, when the State appropriated ecclesiastical property as belonging to the nation, it assigned the churches to public worship, and every nation that has voted separation has handed over the church buildings to the churches. The Concordat, under which France has lived since the beginning of the last century, provided for the payment of salaries to the ministers of religion in such a way as to make them a part of the national debt; the present proposals are, therefore, equivalent to repudiation, and are consequently a national disgrace and dishonor. The framers of the present Bill are anxious to prevent like dishonor falling upon their descendants; for they have included among its provisions regulations to prevent the enrichment of of the Church in the future. They are not only taking away her present possessions, but doing everything in their power to keep her in perpetual poverty.

The dissolution of the religious houses, as carried out by M. Combes, has been so severely condemned by many English Liberals as an act of unjust oppression that it has caused considerable annoyance to that eminent representative of continental Liberalism. He has made an attempt to justify his

action by writing a defence in the *National Review*. His first assertion is that the Catholic Church is in open revolt against the Government. M. Combes must take it for granted, and perhaps rightly, that the Liberals, for whom he is writing, have no knowledge of the repeated injunctions of Leo XIII. in which his Holiness called upon French Catholics to support the Republic. But it may be said many Catholics did not listen to the voice of the Pope. The Pope and the Church cannot be blamed for this, and it is, therefore, a monstrous exaggeration to say that the Church is in open revolt. But what if many Catholics are unable to look upon the Republican form of government as the best for France? Is it a revolt to try by legitimate means to establish a better form of Government? It may not be wise, but is it a revolt? That M. Combes should seek to stigmatize in such terms the exercise by French citizens of their legitimate rights gives a true measure of his liberalism. It may be regrettable, but in many European countries opponents of the established order exist, and the most arbitrary of the existing powers do not try to expel their fellow-citizens in the way in which M. Combes has expelled not only men but voteless women. The whole of his article shows that his notion of liberty means liberty to think as he does; every one who differs, be he Bonapartist, Royalist, Nationalist, or Plebiscitaire, is to be treated as a conspirator.

M. Combes will scarcely recommend his course to the English Liberals, to whom his article is addressed, by the principle which he lays down as the justification of his odious actions: "The supremacy of civil authority, and its absolute independence of religion and dogma, . . . is one of the fundamental conceptions of the Republican Constitution. An irreconcilable antagonism between the civil and the religious powers inevitably arose in proportion as the Republican *régime* became consolidated." Could any better vindication be offered of the opposition of religious men to the Republic, if what M. Combes states is the real truth? It is not the real truth, but we are concerned only with M. Combes' statements that the Republican Constitution involves the supremacy of civil authority, not equality, not freedom of both Church and State; and absolute independence not merely of dogma and Church authority, but also of religion. The Liberals of England make no such claim. Even the Church of England, estab-

lished as she is, and subject to State control in many ways, her doctrines being submitted to the interpretation of State tribunals, is looked upon rather as a partner to a bargain than as subject to the supremacy of the State, in the sense indicated by M. Combes. In fact here again he shows that no notion of what liberty really is has entered into his mind.

In one respect M. Combes' article gives great encouragement to those who are fighting for the Church. It testifies to her great power in France, and to the success which has attended her work. The present persecution is not an evidence of the weakness of the Church, but a testimony of the dread with which her success has inspired her enemies. "[Under the Monarchical Governments] the Clerical Party had captured every sphere of public activity. Its nominees occupied the most conspicuous positions throughout the country. Under the cover of the famous *Loi Falloux*, which had substituted liberty of teaching"—observe that it is under liberty that the Church flourishes—"for the University monopoly, clericalism had founded schools, in competition with the State schools, in all our country towns and chief rural communes. Clericalism . . . was thus able to capture the liberal professions. . . . Female religious orders had greatly multiplied. . . . In proclaiming the general liberty of teaching"—again it is liberty that M. Combes hates—"without mentioning the Monastic Order, the *Loi Falloux* enabled them to build schools to their hearts' content. They even succeeded in invading the public schools, owing to the liberty enjoyed by the Communes to decide whether education should be under lay or clerical schoolmasters." Whatever claims M. Combes may have for honor and fame, the defense of liberty will not be reckoned among them on his own avowal. It is this liberty of teaching that he and his predecessors have been taking away. What stronger testimony to the power of the Church, when she has anything like fair play, can be given than that which M. Combes proceeds to give? "As fast as the Orders were expelled from the State schools, they developed their own schools, and year by year increased the number of their pupils. Gradually they succeeded in killing lay competition, while they competed with the State in the number of pupils receiving secondary education. Their influence grew with the growth of the rising generation, which

had become impregnated with their spirit. It had become urgent with the Republic to defend itself. Ten years later, as Waldeck-Rousseau said, it would have been too late." *Delenda est libertas.* Such is M. Combes' attitude towards liberty; such the reasons for his suppression of the rights of his fellow-citizens. Are these reasons more likely to meet with the approval of the lovers of real liberty than the actions themselves? What these were we cannot give a better account of than that which Viscount Llandaff gives in his reply to M. Combes.

"It is difficult to realize the magnitude of the ruin wrought by these measures. Complete statistics are wanting. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in introducing the Law of 1901, stated that some 75,000 persons had to be dealt with as members of unauthorized Congregations. M. Combes is said to have received applications for authorization for 12,800 houses or establishments. There were twenty-five teaching Congregations of men, with 1,690 establishments in the list of the unauthorized. Eight of these had no less than 228,523 pupils. The first batch of establishments closed included 750 schools taught by the Christian Brothers, 1,054 schools for girls taught by religious women, and nearly 600 orphanages where the waifs and strays of the country were tended by the sisters. There were numerous establishments where the deaf and dumb were taught, where the blind were educated, where the sick were nursed. No less than 250,000 aged and infirm persons were supported, clothed, and served by the charity of the Congregations. All those schools and charitable institutions were erected, maintained, and equipped by voluntary effort, and without any assistance from the public taxes. The cost to the public of replacing them is estimated in millions. The State cannot provide the lay teachers who are to succeed the Religious in sufficient numbers, or with sufficient qualifications. Orders that have existed for centuries, like the Dominicans with their list of celebrated names from St. Thomas Aquinas to Lacordaire, or the Benedictines with their noble traditions of learning, of labor, and of prayer have been swept out of France. Franciscans who have followed the precepts of their Founder and have taught the fraternity not of M. Combes but of the Gospel have disappeared with their missions in China, Abyssinia, Turkey, and the Holy Land. The suppression of these mis-

sionary Congregations is described by M. Leroy-Beaulieu (who is not a 'clerical') in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as a 'policy of national suicide.' Thousands of men and women have been turned out of the homes where their lives were devoted to prayer and works of charity. Many were of advanced age, and ill-fitted to begin life afresh in the menial occupations to which their poverty compelled them to resort. Many were driven into exile, for M. Combes allowed them no peace in France. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were sent to expel peaceful women from the homes where they had lived for years in the service of God and of their neighbor. Some officers resigned their commissions rather than assist in this hateful task; and M. Combes describes this recoil of outraged consciences as an 'unheard-of act of insubordination.'"

Although the laws of M. Combes have been drawn up with the utmost skill in order to carry out effectually the ruthless results thus described, the Ursulines of Avranches have found a flaw in the methods pursued in their case, and instead of taking the road to banishment have, after having been driven out of their monastery, rented a house in the city and are waiting now to see whether the government will attack. In this undertaking they will have the sympathy and the prayers of the Catholics of America.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE death of Jules Verne, on March 24, has elicited many telegrams of condolence from distinguished men. At his home in Amiens he was honored by election to the municipal government, yet on account of his edifying life as a Catholic he got little recognition from the freethinking immortals of the French Academy. A few years ago he wrote: "I have just completed my seventy-third year, and it is not at that age that I am likely to be found with the ambition to enter the Academy." His greatest ambition then lost, he contented himself with the honor which the world bestowed upon him as a most successful writer in the popularizing of science.

Few men have ever undertaken and fulfilled such a contract as M. Verne bound himself to during the last forty years of his life. When in 1861 he published *Five Weeks in a Baloon*, his first scientific work, M. Hetzel, his publisher, at once appreciated the value of the ideas with which M. Verne was imbued, and two years later made a contract with the writer for all his literary output, of at least two novels a year. For his service M. Verne was bound for many years, and was to receive annually a large sum, which, however, left him with a small percentage of his earnings.

Until a few years ago M. Verne fulfilled his contract, producing his two books a year, all of them with his usual care and completeness. Most of them are now found printed in all European languages. He once said: "I work from five o'clock in the morning until noon. Then I take lunch and my day's work is finished." Unlike some other great writers, he wrote with his single pen. During his life he produced in all more than eighty novels.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom lived to an advanced age. The eldest of them died fourteen years ago, at the age of 110. After receiving at home a start on his education, M. Verne went to Paris to study law. His favorite study was always geography, but in Paris his time was almost entirely taken up with literary projects, and at the age of seventeen he wrote several tragedies and comedies. Many of his friends were musicians, and with them he soon was writing operettas, two of which were produced in Paris.

While in Paris M. Verne met the younger Dumas, and was also introduced to the elder, with whom he collaborated on several works.

M. Verne was married more than a half century ago to Mme. de Vianne, a widow with two daughters. They had one son, Michel, who lives in Paris with his wife and two children.

The writer's recreation consisted mainly in yachting, but he always sailed with an eye toward getting information for his books. Once only he visited America, then as a passenger on the *Great Eastern*. He landed at New York and went as far as Niagara Falls, which he saw locked in ice. He traveled all over Europe, but knew the Mediterranean best.

Among the greatest honors M. Verne ever received, and his only decoration, was the rosette of officer of the Legion of Honor. "I was the last man decorated by the Empire," he once said. "Two hours after my decree was signed the Empire ceased to be. Yes, that is some recognition."

* * *

The manager of the Columbian Reading Union appreciates very much

the kind words in the following letter, which will serve to awaken renewed efforts for the diffusion of Catholic literature:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for sending me the various guide lists prepared by the Columbian Reading Union. From afar I have long admired the efficient methods employed by the Union in its thorough-going plan of campaign; but never more so than after examining these lists, which reveal such unwearied zeal, skilful research, and real enthusiasm for the work on the part of their compilers. The apathy we, as a body, have shown (I am, of course, speaking of the laity) to our glorious opportunity for spreading a knowledge of the faith, by a widespread diffusion of the best Catholic literature, has certainly been most extraordinary and most disheartening. Even more culpable, it seems to me, has been our indifference to the fact, so glaringly evident, that by the printed word, more potently perhaps than by any other means, have been scattered broadcast with pestilential activity the deliberate attacks against the Church of those who glory in calling themselves her enemies. Hardly less dangerous are the strange misconceptions, prejudices, and errors publicly expressed in all departments of literature by those who write as they do, not through malice, but through such ignorance as they would be ashamed to show regarding any other subject than the Church of the Living God. And yet, knowing all this, many of us have been content to look tranquilly on, wondering meanwhile that our prayers for the conversion of our non-Catholic brethren have not been "heard" more frequently, and crying out with amazement at "the leakage in the Church!" We should be thankful, indeed, that there have been a few far-seeing leaders among us, thoroughly alive both to the opportunity and to the tremendous danger; unwearied in sounding the call to arms, and in striving to vanquish the enemy on their own ground, by opposing to the printed word containing their baseless accusations the printed word clearly stating the Divine principles of Catholic teaching. To this providential fact that something of Father Hecker's faith in the inspired mission of the Apostolate of the press has descended on so many of his brother priests in this generation, must surely be due, in great measure, the awakening to a like realization which now at last seems to be stirring mightily the entire body of the Catholic laity. Led on by the pioneers—the Knights of Columbus and the members of our innumerable Reading Circles—it does seem as if the vast army of the faithful were getting so thoroughly into line in this endeavor that Father Hecker's dreams would be more than fulfilled for an extended and systematic diffusion of Catholic literature throughout the land. Do you not feel that "the true, right time has come" for the Columbian Reading Uuion to publish the proposed list of books by Catholic authors of which you have sent me sample pages? If the list could be brought out exactly as planned, it would be far and away the most comprehensive and the most reliable in the English language, and would be invaluable not only to specialists—students, teachers, librarians, and directors of Reading Circles—but to the Catholic reading public at large.

In answer to the question regarding the list of Catholic authors in the English language, we regret to state that the outlook at present is not favorable. The contributions for that purpose sufficed only for the publication of the first part, which has already been mailed to all sending a donation. It is a work of very great magnitude, requiring much time and patient research,

and deserving of ample compensation which is not forthcoming. The discussion of the project in these pages has borne fruit in a number of special lists prepared for the use of the patrons of public libraries, especially in Baltimore and Buffalo.

* * *

Madame Helena Modjeska, the actress, who has been living in retirement in California for a year, is to have a benefit in New York City, and no less a personage than Paderewski, the pianist, has volunteered his services at a concert to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 4. Daniel Frohman, who has engineered some of the biggest benefits in the history of New York, will undertake the business management.

It is expected that Madame Sembrich, who is now on tour with the Metropolitan Opera Company, will take part, as will several other noted artists. She was to have sailed for Germany very soon, but in response to a telegram from Paderewski replied that she will change her plans if the date of the concert cannot be altered.

Madame Modjeska made a fortune during her prime, and the news that she is in financial straits will come as a surprise even to her intimate friends. Next to Mary Anderson she has maintained the highest standard of dramatic art, and her departure from public life will furnish an occasion for a fitting tribute to her worth.

Madame Modjeska has been most exemplary in her life as a Catholic, though exposed to the dangers inseparable from her chosen profession. Some time ago she consented to prepare a paper for the Newman Reading Circle, of Los Angeles, Cal., and appeared at one of the meetings to read it in her own finished style. Her subject was: The Influence of Christianity Upon the Stage. The paper is here condensed as follows:

I should only weary you if I related here the beginnings of the Christian drama. Its development is very well known. It was born in the cathedrals first in the shape of liturgic dialogues, later on in the so-called plays, which for a long time supplied the only popular entertainment for our forefathers, whose pious minds they edified by episodes from the Holy Scriptures and from Lives of the Saints. I prefer to pass to another illustrative fact which, being less known, may offer you some interest, and which, moreover, concerns a Christian woman. I claim myself happy to have had the occasion of proclaiming the name in a paper which I read before the International Woman's Congress in 1893. I refer to the influence, however indirect, upon the drama exerted by the works of a German nun of the tenth century, called Hroswitha, or as she is better known, the nun of Gandersheim.

This great writer and holy woman may claim the honor of having marked the first steps in the evolution of the modern drama. Well acquainted with the classic authors, especially the Roman playwright, Terencius, some of whose works were then frequently studied and even performed in the cloisters, the only asylum for a long time of learning and literature, she felt, as the good Christian she was, a strong aversion towards pagan morals and lascivious pictures contained in the Roman comedies, and so she conceived the laudable ambition of writing a series of plays in which the literary charm of the ancients would be subservient to Christian ideas and pictures of Christian life.

Her works are of great literary and artistic merit. Full of poetic imag-

ination, with a mind rich in the most delicate shades of sentiment, Hroswitha was the first to break with many traditions of the old classics, such as the rule of three unities, and to introduce into the dramatic literature new elements, due entirely to Christianity.

Strange to say, considering that she was a pure and pious nun, her conception of love between man and woman, so entirely different from the old pagans, may seem to have inspired our modern romantic poets.

It is only just to say that she stands between the ancient and modern drama like a solitary column, the only logical and genuine transition. For six centuries her works remained hidden in the recesses of German convents. It is only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that a German humanist, the poet Conrad Celter, had them printed in Nuremberg and offered them to public light. They created a strong impression and were soon translated into Italian, German, and Spanish. The supposition that she impressed the Elizabethan writers, and especially Shakespeare, is justified by the fact that, as we know, the poet took many of his plots from the Italians, who on their part followed in some of their works the subjects treated by Hroswitha, among others the story of Romeo and Juliet. Certain scenes, notably the whole plot of the fifth act, follow rather closely the nun's tragedy called Calpurnius. Of course, the very end is different; the lovers are brought back to life by a miraculous intervention more acceptable to the Christian audience of the tenth century than it would have been to the English people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On the first occasion I spoke in public of Hroswitha, my subject was the connection of woman with the stage, my object was to show how much the drama is indebted to woman. It is a pleasure for me now to again glorify her name as a Christian, to procalim how much we owe to her for having first used the drama as a vehicle for the highest Christian ideas, for having first brought into it elements of charity, purity, abnegation, forgiveness, and the most delicate refinement.

After the Renaissance movement the drama had passed many ups and downs. Not only did its authors forget its Christian origin, they often proved false to an artistic standard. The dramatic literature of the present century, whilst brilliant during the revival of romanticism, especially in Germany and France, became in the latter half a matter of pure handicraft, and was prostituted only too frequently in order to pander to the lowest instincts, and catch the pennies of the greatest numbers.

But the fault does not lie in the dramatic art itself. The so-called commercial spirit, so aggressive in all manifestations of life at this time, has had a great deal to do with the degradation and with the deviation of the stage from its higher mission. Happily there is no lack of signs of a revolution for the better in its sphere. The public taste is already surfeited with the mediocre, idiotic, corrupt plays that were offered to it during the last decades, and it welcomes heartily any new works of a higher moral and artistic standard. I think we can safely look to a healthy revival in this direction, and I do not know anything that can help more to this result than such work as the Newman Club has for its object, the broadening of the minds and the improvement of the souls by the spreading of high Christian literature.

M. C. M.

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THE STRANGE REASONING OF BISHOP DOANE.

BY JOHN T. CREAGH, D.D. J.U.D.

IN view of the solemn and explicit manner in which the Catholic Church reprobates divorce, we can imagine very readily how great was the surprise of non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, when Bishop Doane, of Albany, recently advanced the claim that the "Roman" Church sanctions divorce "in the freest possible manner," and that her matrimonial discipline is "equivalent to the non-Roman or Protestant recognition of divorce from the bond." * Surprise is, in fact, a poor word to describe the feeling caused by such a claim, especially in the minds of those who are in any measure acquainted with the doctrine and practice of the Church in regard to marriage.

In the absence of contradiction, Bishop Doane's statement of the position of the Church on the divorce question will have weight with some persons. He is a prelate grown old in the service of his church; he is Chancellor of the University of the State of New York; he has received honorary degrees from various institutions of learning on account of his presumed acquirements; he is a minister of God who may be rightly expected to treat the tenets and discipline of even the "Roman" Church with justice as well as with charity, and who may be believed to be free from that unholy spirit which leads bigots to speak beyond their knowledge, and to substitute malevolence

* "Remarriage after Divorce; the Practice of the Roman Church contrasted with its Theory," in the April number of the *North American Review*.

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for science when they have to discuss another religion. What more lawful presumption than that this venerable, seemingly learned, probably unbigoted prelate of a respectable church will not discuss publicly a religious matter without being informed on it, and especially will not attribute to another Church a position which it never held, which it does not hold, and which it never will hold?

This lawful presumption, however, is not conclusive in the present case. Like most presumptions it fails in presence of a contrary fact. And the fact here is that Bishop Doane, in endeavoring to tell the readers of the *North American Review* what the Catholic Church teaches and practices concerning re-marriage after divorce, has demonstrated his absolute incompetence to treat the subject of his article, has made public his ignorance of Catholic law and theology, and has been guilty of misrepresentation which is so gross and so reiterated that it takes on the nature of a crime.

It is, in truth, nothing short of criminal to misrepresent and falsify in this matter and in these circumstances. The Catholic Church condemns divorce and excommunicates those who seek it. Her children, on account of this stern disapproval, shrink from divorce. The influence exerted in consequence on our social life is highly beneficial, it is the best and most effectual that we know. No good man would care to see this influence destroyed. Any one who rashly and unreasonably sets to work to subvert it is an enemy not only of the Catholic Church (such enmity would be easily pardoned by many), but of the State; for he weakens the barriers which stem the dangerous current of divorce, and he thereby menaces the welfare and permanency of our republic. He commits an act of immorality, the more heinous when it comes in the form of pernicious doctrine from one whose position, while it obliges him to a sacred adherence to truth, lends to his utterances on any subject a high authority and assures him, before he speaks, of a very considerable following.

Of this reprehensible offence, the Bishop must plead guilty, and guilty with aggravating circumstances. His achievement surpasses what our wildest fancy could have contemplated as possible. A careful reading of his argument discloses that he has consummated more error in a briefer space than any writer who has ever contributed an article on any subject to a respect-

able periodical. His paper covers barely ten pages of the *North American Review*, and from these we must subtract over two pages of an introduction, which deals not at all with remarriage and divorce in the Catholic Church, but with the doings of the last General Episcopal Convention; we must also exclude from the Bishop's work a full page quoted from Father Thein's Dictionary, which does not support the Bishop's contention, but contradicts it; so that the pertinent matter covers less than seven pages of print. It would be regrettable enough if the Bishop had fallen into one or two serious errors, or even seven, one for every page; but he is by no means so comparatively innocent; each page tells its story of misrepresentation, gross and reiterated, and in some passages sentence closely follows sentence, each staggering under its heavy burden of indefensible and inexcusable error.

A notable example of the Bishop's peculiar method is found in five sentences to which he directs our attention in particular, and on the truth of which he rests his claim that the Catholic Church has no right to be considered the special guardian of the institution of marriage. We quote these lines as they appeared in the *North American Review:*

> According to the Roman Church, marriage being a sacrament, and no one being able to receive the grace of a sacrament unless he is a Catholic Christian, it follows that the marriages of persons who are not Roman Catholics are not sacramental, and have no sacramental grace or sanctity connected with them. They are simply legal contracts which the law creates and which the same law can dissolve. Some Roman theologians hold that if both parties are baptized, their marriage is Christian marriage, though they have no grace of the sacrament unless they are Roman Catholics; but the modern Roman fashion is to rebaptize all converts to Romanism, and so to invalidate all baptism but Roman baptism. So that even when both parties to a marriage are baptized persons, unless they are both Roman Catholics, the marriage is merely a legal contract. Whatever difference there may be as to the theory, the practical fact is that Rome regards as dissoluble the marriages of all unbaptized persons, marriages between an unbaptized person and a baptized Christian who is not a Roman Catholic, marriages between a Roman Catholic and a non-Romanist, baptized or unbaptized, which has (?) been contracted without dispensation.

To these five sentences, as I have said, the Bishop calls the special attention of his readers; on these he rests as a sufficient proof of his claim. In the first sentence there are four errors, so plain that we need not declare them to our Catholic readers; in the second sentence, likewise, there are four errors, not less glaring; in the third sentence, four errors again; in the fourth, there are two erroneous statements; and in the fifth, the Bishop indulges once more in his favorite practice of making one poor sentence bear the burden of four misstatements regarding the practice of the Church. So that we have in these five sentences eighteen errors—errors that need no captiousness to detect them; errors that are explicitly confuted by the authoritative sources from which Bishop Doane assures us he has drawn his information. Most of our readers will have difficulty in reconciling such an achievement with good faith; their difficulty will not be lessened when they turn their attention to other features of the Bishop's argument, and note how continually and unblushingly he brings forward charges which he does not substantiate, and for which no warrant of any kind can be discovered in the teaching or practice of the Church.

Eighteen errors in five sentences dispose forever of any pretension of Bishop Doane to be considered a capable witness when the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church are under discussion; and he cannot even allege in his own behalf that the passage so grievously burdened with misstatement stands alone. There are others equally offensive to truth and justice. One such is the paragraph in which much is made of the conjugal adventures of Henry VIII. and of the marriages of Napoleon, in order to discountenance the Church and demonstrate the laxity of her discipline in regard to divorce and remarriage.

Taking up first the case of Henry VIII., the Bishop declares: "It seems to me unmistakably clear that he (Henry VIII.) used as a means for gratifying his passions the ecclesiastical system under which he had been trained, and with which he was perfectly familiar." This would signify to an innocent reader that as Henry was trained as a Roman Catholic, and was familiar with the system of the Catholic Church, it must be the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical system that he used as a means for gratifying his passions. It would not

signify the real facts of the case, *viz.*, that Henry, who, it is true, was brought up a Catholic and was familiar with the doctrines and practice of the Catholic Church, found it necessary to cease to be a Catholic when he desired to gratify his passion by a union with Anne Boleyn. It would not convey the idea that the Pope refused to annul the marriage between Henry and Catharine, that the Pope forbade Henry, under pain of excommunication, to attempt marriage with Anne, and that, when the complaisant Cranmer pronounced Catharine's marriage invalid, Pope Clement VII. declared "that the marriage between the aforesaid Catharine and Henry, sovereigns of England, had been and *is valid and canonical*, and has had and has a right to obtain its due effects, and that the aforesaid Henry, King of England, is bound and was and shall be under obligation to cohabit with the said Queen Catharine, his *legitimate spouse.*" The historical record of Henry's matrimonial transactions shows that to secure countenance for them he had to create an ecclesiastical system of his own, which was not at all what we understand by the Roman system, a system that was at war with Rome on many issues, but particularly on the matter of Henry's marriages. It is hardly honest to blame the Holy See for crimes that it reprobated. Precisely because Henry could not use for his questionable purposes the ecclesiastical system in which he had been trained, he broke away from that system and set up the church to which, I believe, Bishop Doane's church must trace its origin.

Here is the account of Henry's case, as given by a non-Catholic historian, Makower, in his *Constitutional History of the Church of England*, pp. 49 and 53:

> By the king's wish, the Pope had commissioned Campeggio and Wolsey to determine the issue in England. But, on Catharine's appeal, he revoked the case to Rome, and on July 23, 1529, the two Cardinals adjourned the court. From that time, the Pope adopted an attitude of decided refusal. In spite of the fact that the Pope had reserved decision to himself, the question of the king's divorce was tried before Cranmer as judge of the archiepiscopal court. Cranmer, on May 23, 1533, pronounced the marriage null and void. Anne Boleyn, whom the king had married privately some months before, was now crowned. The Pope's answer was to give his own verdict, and to declare the marriage of Henry and Catharine valid, March 23, 1534.

For a fuller understanding of the case we should also know that the Pope's sentence was preceded by three letters, one of 1530, in which any other marriage was interdicted while proceedings in the case of Catharine were pending; another of 1532, in which the Pope expostulated with Henry, pronounced any marriage with Anne null and void, and threatened excommunication; and a final remonstrance addressed to the polygamous head of the English Church in 1533.

The Bishop continues:

> His (Henry's) original marriage to Catharine was a violation not only of the law of the Church, but of the law of God, because she was his brother's widow.

Now, here are two assertions, first, that this marriage was a violation of the law of the Church, and, secondly, that it was a violation of the law of God.

The first statement is disproved by a remark of the Bishop himself in the sentence of which the above quotation is a part. He says that "the Pope had dispensed with the law and allowed the marriage." The marriage therefore was not a violation of the law of the Church, since the dispensation had made the law inoperative in this case. The law of the Church, by the way, is that such marriages are unlawful unless a dispensation is obtained.

The second statement supposes that the law forbidding such marriages is really divine, which many persons think open to very serious controversy. Gury, whom Bishop Doane says he has consulted, says that the impediment in such cases is a purely ecclesiastical law. However, on this point, while I believe that Gury is right, and while I know that the Bishop does not represent the unanimous opinion of his own church, I do not care or need to dwell. The important fact is that Catharine's first husband was dead when she married Henry VIII.

The next curious statement is that in spite of Henry's own "protest that the marriage was not lawful, and of opposition both public and private, they were, so to speak, married."

The marriage *was* lawful in view of the Papal dispensation, and Henry's opposition, which was really the only essential circumstance in the case, can be appreciated when we remember that within six weeks after his father's death, the young king hastened to take Catharine to wife.

> And then, *says the Bishop*, because of a flaw in the dispensation, or because it was held that the Pope could not dispense with the law of God, the marriage was declared null and void, not by the Pope, but by the Church, along strictly Roman lines.

No information could be more misleading than this last. Neither the Pope, nor the Church, of which the Pope was the head, declared the marriage null and void. The use of the designation "the Church," would certainly lead a reader to imagine that, while the Pope personally had nothing to do with the case, his Church was responsible. To tell the truth in this matter, it is necessary to say that the Pope solemnly declared the marriage perfectly valid, and that the Church which issued the decree of nullity was not the Roman but the Anglican Church, which had severed the bond of Roman obedience, and evidenced its separation by pronouncing in a matter which the Pope had reserved to himself. Nor was the Anglican declaration along strictly Roman lines. For, as has just been stated, the Pope had forbidden any merely local or national tribunal to pronounce in this case, and had ordered those interested to await the judgment of the Holy See. No decision, therefore, could be given along strictly Roman lines, unless it were given by the Pope himself. Moreover, in virtue of ancient usage, the matrimonial cases of princes are to be decided only by Papal authority; an inferior tribunal, even acting by Pontifical delegation, must not go counter to the will of the Vicar of Christ. Hence, we can easily judge whether the sentence of Cranmer, given by an unauthorized local tribunal, at war with Rome and openly contradicting the will of Rome, was "along strictly Roman lines."

So, also, when the Bishop immediately afterwards declares that Henry's "marriage with Jane Seymour was made possible by a dispensation, Roman though not from Rome, before he beheaded Anne Boleyn," he is leading his readers astray. Henry had a church of his own by this time, a church which was not Roman, and it was this church, and not the Roman Church, which gave the dispensation that made possible his marriage with Jane Seymour. It was an Anglican, or if the Bishop prefers, an Episcopal dispensation; it was certainly not Roman. Rome would never have granted it.

Similarly incorrect is the assertion that Henry "married

Catharine Howard because, by a dispensation strictly along Roman lines, his marriage with Anne of Cleves was declared null and void, on the ground that he had never given his inward consent." Does the Bishop not know that the rupture with Rome prevented the obtaining of a dispensation from the Pope? Does he not realize that, since the dispensation in such a case would have to come from the Pope, it is difficult to see how an Anglican tribunal, proceeding in violation of Roman Canon law and in rebellion to the head of the Roman Church, can be said to act "along strictly Roman lines?" The fact is that it did not so act, but followed a course of action that, pleasing as it was to Henry VIII., could not but be reprobated by the Pope.

If the Bishop desired to be candid in this matter, he should have informed us that the Roman Church, acting through its head, had decreed the validity of Henry's first marriage, that an opportunity was never given to Rome to speak in the later matrimonial ventures of Henry VIII., but, inasmuch as Rome declared his union with Anne Boleyn to be adulterous, and adhered to that declaration at the cost of the loss of England to the Papacy, we can readily fancy how unlikely it would have been to follow the course adopted by the Anglican bishops.

However, Bishop Doane foresees and answers the objection that the Pope did not grant this dispensation, *i. e.*, the one which enabled Henry to marry Catharine Howard. His answer is, that "it must be remembered that in those days, 'l'Église c'est moi' had not been pronounced, and the secret of the possibility of these performances lay in what I have called the innumerable grounds of dispensation and countless definitions of prenuptial impediments."

His answer then is two-fold. He says in the first place that, because no one had said "l'Église c'est moi," it was possible for Henry to get this dispensation from the Church without getting it from the Pope. The fact is, the possibility of the dispensation was really owing to the declaration made by Henry VIII.: "l'Église c'est moi." The Church, the Catholic Church, was Papal. That Church Henry had forsworn. He had set up another of which he could truly say: "l'Église c'est moi"; since it was a church which he had created, which he could control, and which did his bidding only too servilely in the affair of his marriage with Catharine Howard.

In the second place, Bishop Doane attributes Henry's ability to obtain the dispensation to "the innumerable grounds of dispensation and countless definitions of prenuptial impediments." Passing over for the moment the false implication that in the Catholic Church grounds of dispensation *are innumerable*, and definitions of impediments *countless*, we may remind the Bishop that in this instance it was question of only one impediment, as he expressly tells us, namely, absence of "inward consent," and that grounds for dispensing from this specific impediment were not submitted to the judgment of the Pope or of the Papal Church.

Why did not some good angel whisper to Bishop Doane that the case of Henry VIII. was the last one that he should choose to substantiate a charge of malfeasance against the "Roman" Church? Henry's sins against the sanctity of marriage merely show to what lengths man can and will go when he removes himself from the wise and conservative judgment of Rome. They demonstrate not what the Church did, but what could not be done by one who remained in her communion.

The divorce and remarriage of Napoleon, which the Bishop cites as reflecting on the attitude of the "Roman" Church in relation to the sacredness of matrimony, are by no means as conclusive as he seems to judge them. The only sentences pronounced in the matrimonial case of Napoleon emanated from local tribunals. The first sentence from the diocesan court, and the second from the archdiocesan tribunal, were motived; they rested on the absence of consent and the failure to observe certain essential conditions in the form of celebrating the marriage. To decide whether these reasons were sufficient to justify a sentence is not to the point now. What is pertinent is that the sentence, relating as it did to the marriage of a sovereign, could come properly from no other authority than the Holy See, if it was to be pronounced "along strictly Roman lines." The refusal of thirteen Cardinals to assist at the religious celebration of the marriage between Napoleon and Marie Louise, was based on the uncanonical character of the action in the local ecclesiastical courts; and this refusal is conclusive proof that the divorce and remarriage of Napoleon were not approved and sanctioned by the law of the Church.

Those who desire to know the real attitude of the Church

towards the marriages of Napoleon will find it correctly described in a letter written by Cardinal Consalvi to Cardinal Pacca on November 18, 1814:

> It might be true that the first marriage was not valid, but, until its invalidity was decreed by competent authority, a second marriage could not be contracted. The root of the difficulty lay in the fact that the Vicariate of Paris, which declared null the first marriage, *was not a competent authority*, since the matrimonial cases of sovereigns are reserved exclusively to the Pope.

We must not overlook the way in which the Bishop strives, in one passage, to enliven his journey and sustain the interest of his readers by growing facetious. He pictures himself as sitting under a "shower of anathemas so thick that if one escapes here, one is caught there"; and he gives the list of anathemas found in the Council of Trent. Of course he expects us to smile at his pretended confusion, but we confess that after we have repressed the smile which, in spite of ourselves, the general tenor of his article has caused, we are unable to join in his merriment over the law of Trent. An anathema is an excommunication. It is a shower of excommunications, therefore, over which the Bishop becomes humorous. Here are some in the list that provokes his mirth: The Church excommunicates, *i. e.*, cuts off from her communion, any one who says that polygamy is lawful, any one who says that matrimony is not a sacrament, any one who says that the Church errs in allowing separation from bed and board for a number of reasons, any one who denies the truth of St. Paul's statement that virginity is a higher spiritual state than marriage, any one who condemns as superstitious the benedictions and ceremonies employed in the celebration of marriage. These are the objects of the Bishop's ridicule; but I venture to say that few serious men, even of his own religious communion, will consider them proper matter on which to exercise one's wit. Most persons will admire the wisdom of these enactments, and the authority and discipline which make them effectual forces for the good of society; and not a few would welcome their recognition outside the Catholic Church.

Those of us who are acquainted with the canons as they are given in the Council have a very special grievance which

hinders our appreciation of the Bishop's humor, for on closer examination, we find that he has given all the canons save one, and this omission we find it difficult to ascribe to chance. The Bishop's list proceeds step by step with the Council so faithfully that he must have had the text before him as he wrote. Yet he passes over in silence the fifth canon: "Let him be excommunicate who says that the matrimonial bond can be severed on account of heresy, or cruelty, or desertion." Why did he omit this canon? Was it because he felt that at one fell stroke it made his entire article worthless, and that if he expressed it as he did its companion laws he would have to beg the editor of the *North American* to excuse him from attacking the "Roman" Church on the issue of remarriage after divorce?

The Bishop's leading charge against the Church, which he repeats in different places, is that "the multiplied possibilities of remarriage by *innumerable* grounds of dispensation and *countless* definitions of prenuptial impediments," take away all value from the claim that divorce is not tolerated by the Church, and demonstrate that therefore the Church is not the "special guardian of the marriage bond."

It would perhaps be sufficient for our purpose, if we left the entire matter at the point where we now stand, with the Bishop evidently convicted of being, to say the least, an untrustworthy witness in matters bearing on the matrimonial doctrine and practice of the Church.

But we can afford to put the Bishop on his feet again, and to take up this statement of his as if we were not already acquainted with the questionable character of our accuser. And so we shall proceed to discuss what he says concerning our "*innumerable* grounds of dispensation" and our "*countless* definitions of prenuptial impediment." But at the very outset we must ask the Bishop to withdraw two words from his charge. The grounds of dispensation are not innumerable, and we are sorry to say that the Bishop shows himself acquainted with this fact, since in one paragraph of his article he tells us that he has read the limited number of grounds of dispensation as given by Gury, and, moreover, the reading of Gury's statement must have made it clear to him that not all of the grounds mentioned will be applicable in regard to any one impediment. Nor are our definitions of prenuptial impedi-

ment "*innumerable.*" The only impediments which affect the validity of the marriage bond, and in consequence the only impediments of which the Bishop can possibly be speaking, are the diriment impediments; and these are fifteen in number, and for that reason cannot be said to be *innumerable.* Again we regret to state that the Bishop gives proof (in the same paragraph above referred to) of his knowledge of the precise number of the diriment impediments, since when enlightening his readers on Gury's doctrine, he says: "He gives *the fifteen* diriment impediments." Anyhow, it is certain that grounds of dispensation are not "*countless*," and definitions of prenuptial impediment are not "*innumerable.*"

The question is therefore reduced to this: Does the recognition of impediments, and of the lawfulness of dispensing from them, evidence a looseness of theory and practice which conflicts with a high regard for the sacredness of marriage? The Bishop says that it does. We are sure that any one who will ponder the philosopy of the Canon law on impediments will find therein a most admirable and effective safeguard against whatever might prove detrimental to the permanency of the marital contract, and a system which States may envy in proportion as they find it impossible of imitation.

The Church has hedged round the sanctity of marriage with certain decrees which we call impediments. Some of them are merely prohibitory in character; they do not affect the validity, but the licitness, of marriage; and, since they leave the bond intact, they cannot form an issue in a discussion which relates to divorce. One who marries while detained by a prohibitory impediment, is really married, and no ecclesiastical judge would dream of declaring a marriage null on account of the presence of an impediment which can have no other effect than to forbid the union of two parties.

It is different with diriment impediments. They have more than a prohibitory effect. They do not simply proclaim that a union will be unlawful, they prevent it from coming into existence. If persons attempt marriage while such an impediment stands between them, their attempt fails and they are not married.

Is there anything objectionable in such impediments to marriage? To answer such a question wisely, we must bear in mind the nature of the married state. Its obligations, its

permanency, its peculiar character, demand that every precaution should be taken to see that it be never entered unless those who embrace it be so situated that no evil can result to themselves, and especially to society.

One who would consider it unnecessary and inadvisable to make parties desirous of marrying subject to regulations that operate as a hindrance to whim or deceit or malice or thoughtlessness, would not only come into conflict with the first suggestions of common sense, he would question the righteousness of legislation that has commended itself as sound and necessary to the various commonwealths of our Republic. The Bishop cannot be unacquainted with the fact that our States generally in their legislation distinguish between void or voidable marriages, and those that are simply prohibited. If he gives the matter the slightest consideration he will see that this supposes that the States pretty generally have their own diriment and prohibitory impediments, and that he cannot make war on the system of impediments without placing himself outside the pale of both secular and ecclesiastical law, as well as of common sense.

Neglecting as not pertinent to our present matter the prohibitory impediments of the secular law, it may be instructive to see what is the nature of some of the diriment impediments recognized by the different States. Turning to the Bishop's own State, New York, we find the following list under "void or voidable" marriages:

> Within prohibited degrees; bigamous; when either party is incapable from want of age or understanding; or incapable from physical causes; or when consent of either party has been obtained by force or fraud.

Despite the difference of terminology, and some variance in application, we have no difficulty in recognizing in this list, the "cognatio, vis, ligamen, error, impotentia, aetas, raptus," that figure in the list given by Gury. In the law of Alabama we find a parallel for Gury's "affinitas" and "honestas." The law of Kentucky, and of other States, requires the celebration of marriage before an authorized person or society, and herein is reproduced, in a secular garb, the "clandestinitas" of Gury. More than one State has class legislation which justifies Gury's "disparitas cultus." Gury's "crimen" does not figure, in so

far as I have been able to ascertain, in our legislation, but since this impediment renders impossible the marriage of a guilty husband or wife with an accomplice in the crime of adultery or conjugicide, committed with the hope or intention of a future marriage, its adoption would meet with universal approbation.

So that Gury's list is not so foreign and unfamiliar as one might be led to imagine after reading the Bishop's remarks. I do not say that the impediment has the same field of application in the civil as in the canon law, but there is at least a substantial resemblance, and one which it is important to bear in mind. In fact, "Holy Orders" and "Solemn Vows" are the only impediments in Gury's recension which have not some warrant in the law which is applied every day in the courts of our country and in Bishop Doane's church. The presence of these two impediments can be easily explained in a canonical code which consults the spiritual and religious interests of individuals.

There is one important feature in which the diriment impediments of the State differ from those of the Church, and it is a difference which is signally of advantage to the Church when the relative concern of the two powers for the matrimonial bond is under discussion. The impediments which I quoted from the laws of New York were ranged under the heading, "void or voidable marriages." The civil law, then, recognizes a voidable marriage, that is, there may be cases in which the impediment will operate only after the marriage, on a decree being given by some competent court. The marriage, therefore, in spite of the impediment, comes into existence in these cases, and is subsequently destroyed. The Church, on the other hand, will not allow a valid marriage in presence of a diriment impediment, and consequently does not admit that voidableness of marriage which the State frequently allows. The sacredness of marriage is in one case conserved, in the other it is menaced and frequently defiled. There can be no question which of these practices manifests a greater reverence for the permanency of marriage and a greater unwillingness to sever the bond tied by God himself.

However, it is precisely on this point that Bishop Doane is most querulous. He insists on the equivalent admission of divorce by the Church in its system of impediments:

> . . . the impossibility of defence against the immoralities resulting from the definitions of impediments, the declarations of nullity and the dispensations for marriage afterward, often only discovered and declared, and used as reasons and excuses for getting rid of an unhappy marriage and finding a way for entering upon another; *and again, he says:* It seems to me really true to say that Rome justifies and practically sanctions what amounts to divorce, although it is not called so, *in the freest possible way*, unless both parties to the previous marriage are Roman Catholics.

From which cloud of words we gather that there are immoralities resulting: 1. From the definitions of impediments; 2. From declarations of nullity; 3. From dispensations for marriage; 4. That the Church justifies and sanctions divorce in the freest possible way, unless both parties to the previous marriage are Roman Catholics.

Let us proceed to the discussion of these different points in the order in which the Bishop has presented them.

I. The immoralities resulting from the definitions of impediments! We may leave the Bishop to fight it out on this line with the law of his own State and of his own church, which we have seen to correspond to the law of the Catholic Church in no slight measure. Is it immoral to prevent an impotent person from marrying, or a woman who is subjected to duress, or one who already has a husband or wife living, or one who is a victim of gross fraud, or who is so closely related to his partner that reasons of health and humanity forbid marital intercourse? Is it immoral to take measures to forbid clandestine unions which promote bigamy, or to prevent very young children from entering a state of life whose obligations they can neither appreciate nor fulfil? And, with regard to those impediments of Gury, that are specifically religious in character, one who admits freedom of conscience will hesitate to declare immoral, regulations that are intended to preserve inviolate the spiritual interests of members of the Catholic communion, or are designed to bind priests and religious to the performance of an agreement which they have made freely and in the most solemn manner. A churchman should be the last person in the world to detect immorality in the "definitions of impediments."

II. The immoralities resulting from the declarations of nul-

lity, the Bishop says, are incapable of defence. Inasmuch as they do not exist, they certainly cannot be defended. The charge of immorality in this connection rests on a misapprehension of the nature of a declaration of nullity, as decreed by ecclesiastical tribunals. A declaration of nullity is a decree which affirms the existence of a diriment impediment at the time of marriage, and the consequent invalidity of the marriage. We find no difficulty in saying that the Church is bound, by her very system of diriment impediments, to admit the possibility of such decrees of nullity. A marriage may be entered into when the parties are legally incapable of contracting and when their incapacity may fail of detection on account of peculiar circumstances. If later, the character of this union is brought to the attention of ecclesiastical authority, a declaration of nullity may be rendered necessary, and is sometimes decreed.

It is not necessary to insist on the absolute dissimilarity between such a decree and a divorce. The decree of nullity operates where the bond has never united the parties, the divorce severs it after it has been brought into being by a valid contract. In one case there is not, and there never has been, a marriage; in the other case the parties are really man and wife.

Nor is it necessary to insist on the impossibility of denying the lawfulness of such a decree. The sentence of the ecclesiastical court simply confirms the principle laid down in the law which created the impediment. That law for just and sufficient cause declared the parties incapable of marrying, because of some unfitness. That unfitness continues. As it rendered them incapable of marrying, logic demands that it continue to exercise its effect, and that these same parties be considered incapable of being recognized as man and wife. The Church must be prepared in certain cases to issue a decree of nullity.

Does the Church therefore encourage immorality? She would, if she exercised no supervision over the parties previous to the matrimonial contract, or if she administered matrimonial law in her courts in a lax and negligent fashion.

But neither hypothesis is true. It is only because Bishop Doane is unfamiliar with our matrimonial legislation that he brings forward a charge of immorality on the present score. I

cannot here set forth in detail all the law governing the action of priests and people previous to a marriage, nor is a complete treatment necessary. The essential note in everything done before marriage is a most religious care to prevent an attempt at union in face of an impediment. The priest interrogates the parties together and separately concerning any possible impediment, their names are published on three different occasions in those places where they are known, in order to bring the future marriage to the notice of all those who may be able to object and allege cause against it, all the faithful are under the strictest obligation to reveal any impediment that may have come to their knowledge; if one of the parties has been married before, he or she must adduce unquestionable proof of the death of the former spouse; in a word, the possibility of contracting an invalid marriage is minimized as far as is possible to human prudence. The reader can judge of the extent to which this preliminary process, far more minute and painstaking than that enjoined by any other authority, ecclesiastical or civil, tells against the charge of immorality.

However, even the best directed human agencies will at times prove ineffectual. It may happen in spite of every care that an undetected impediment has rendered the marriage invalid. Will such a happening be prejudicial to morality, will it be a menace to the sacredness of matrimony? If we remember that such cases will be rare on account of the preliminary procedure of which we have just spoken, we shall be inclined to doubt the possibility of any serious immorality arising from this source, and still more inclined to doubt the impossibility of defending it, even if we adopt the Bishop's terminology and call it immorality. But there is a more cogent reason against Bishop Doane's charge than that to be drawn from the comparative rarity of the instances needed to support his view, and it is to be sought in the procedure which has to be followed by one who attacks marriage on the ground of a diriment impediment. Without doubt, if all that is necessary be the mere allegation of an impediment, consequent immorality will have to be feared. Husbands and wives who have tired of a first matrimonial experience can trump up a cause of nullity the more easily if collusion takes place, and bigamy will be a thing of easy accomplishment. But the trumping up of causes and successful collusion are rendered impossible by the

law of the Church. Does Bishop Doane know anything about the procedure governing matrimonial cases in our courts? Is he acquainted with the law governing the right to accuse, with the stricter rules of evidence that apply in cases looking to a decree of nullity? Has he ever heard of the official known as the defender of the marriage bond who must contest all claims of invalidity, and cannot accept a decree of nullity even when the evidence is conclusive against validity, but must appeal and carry the case on to other courts, with the expense and delay and inconvenience which render these processes so uninviting? Does he know that more of these cases issue adversely than succeed? We cannot but think that if his knowledge were proportionate to his zeal, he would be more chary of spying out immorality in this field where few care to walk, and where they have little opportunity of doing wrong; he would never say that causes of nullity "are *often* used as reasons for getting rid of an unhappy marriage and finding a way for entering upon another."

The unsoundness of the Bishop's argument becomes more apparent if we employ an illustration which will appeal to every one. Suppose that two persons are found living as husband and wife in Bishop Doane's home city, Albany. The Bishop says: "You must not separate this man and woman, in any circumstance or for any reason, because you will thereby do what the Catholic Church does, you will make them free to marry some one else, you will encourage remarriage after divorce." But, we ask, what is to be done if the man in the case has a wife by a former marriage living in Buffalo, or if the woman was compelled against her will to go through the form of marriage, and is still compelled against her will to lead a married life, or if they are simply living unlawfully together? The Bishop still says: "You must not do what the Catholic Church does, you must not declare that there is no marriage in such a case, you must not decree nullity." The Bishop is bound to say this in order to be consistent with his line of argument; but every one else will say that in such a case the proper authority must pronounce that this man and woman are not married, must order their separation, and, if the form of marriage has been gone through, must declare its nullity. This the Church says, and this the Church does; not in many cases, but in infrequent ones; not hastily and remorse-

lessly, but only after every other means of remedying the unhappy condition has proved unavailing, after reconciliation and her dispensing authority have been spurned or found inapplicable. She declares the truth, she says that this is not a marriage, that the parties are not husband and wife, that they must be separated. And because of declarations of this kind, relating to cases in which there has been no marriage and consequently can be no divorce, declarations that are not at all numerous, Bishop Doane asserts that the Catholic Church recognizes divorce in the freest possible manner. He points exultingly to one such declaration, and comments on the commotion which it caused, unmindful that in his own illustration he is arguing against himself and demonstrating that the Catholic sense is so finely trained to abhor divorce that even the semblance of that great evil is shocking, and moreover that these decrees of nullity must be almost unheard of when one of them will excite so much comment among members of the Church.

III. It is not easy to discover why the Bishop felt justified in invoking "dispensations for marriage" to support his contention that the Church sanctions divorce. A dispensation supposes an impediment affecting *unmarried* persons, whose union it renders lawful; it does not in any way relate to re-marriage after divorce. In fact, a divorced person cannot obtain a dispensation. To speak of "dispensations often only discovered and declared and used as reasons and excuses for getting rid of an unhappy marriage," is to use language altogether unintelligible and utterly contradictory of the genuine idea of a dispensation. The mystery which veils the Bishop's meaning is only rendered more impenetrable when we reflect that Catholics discover and declare, not dispensations, but the reasons for granting them.

IV. The Bishop has now to prove that "Rome justifies and practically sanctions what amounts to divorce, although it is not called so, in the freest possible way, unless both parties to the previous marriage are Roman Catholics."

His proof we have already seen. It is the famous paragraph, in which five poor sentences bear the burden of eighteen misstatements concerning Catholic doctrine and practice; the paragraph on which he stakes the truth of his declaration that "Rome cannot proclaim herself the special guardian of the

institution of marriage." We hesitate to believe that this proof will convince many that Rome practically sanctions in the freest possible way what amounts to divorce, since it is all too evident that the good Bishop has a very indistinct idea of what Rome does and does not sanction.

A full exposition of all the misleading assertions contained in Bishop Doane's article is impossible in the narrow compass within which we are obliged to confine our discussion; but, from the examples shown above, it will be easy to understand the general character of this latest and most reprehensible calumny against the Catholic Church. Never did such an article appear before, never, let us hope, will such a one appear again to discredit its author and impose upon him the odious duty of a general retractation. Never was so important a subject taken up by a bishop in such grave circumstances in so careless and unworthy a spirit. Insufficiently equipped, Bishop Doane has spoken beyond his knowledge, he has attributed to the Church doctrine which she does not teach and has never taught, and has made her responsible for practices which she would not dream of authorizing. If he had spoken in a hesitating way, as if uncertain of his ground, some excuse for his action might be pleaded; but he has filled his article with bold, unqualified statements of error, to which he has lent all the authority of his high clerical dignity, his supposed learning, and, what is most reprehensible, the assurance that he has drawn his information from authoritative sources. On these errors he has based a serious charge against the Catholic Church, a charge that menaces civil as well as ecclesiastical well-being; a charge which is in no way true or justifiable; a charge which, false as it is, leaves intact the reputation of the Church as the special guardian of marriage, but fixes forever the Bishop's rank as a religious controversialist and perhaps as a good citizen.

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST.

BY THE REVEREND JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

THE nineteenth century has with justice been named "wonderful." Over the wide field of all the earth its career of conquest ran; the army of its scholars laid under tribute land and sea and sky. The dead past was exhumed, buried cities were explored, the stories of forgotten civilizations recovered, books older than Moses found and read again. In the interests of new knowledge science put the living present under the microscope, wrested secrets from the ocean's depths and the heart of mountains, exploited the plants and animals of all the globe, and almost numbered each star in the long procession of the Milky Way. The far distant future was foreseen and bound to service ere its birth; prophecies were spelled out in the reign of changeless law; and coming events were traced with as much precision as if the limitations of time and space had been forever overpassed. Such were some of the achievements of the century.

As a result, more than one venerable tradition has ceased to be. We behold philosophies and schools of thought, recently popular, now possessed of neither disciple nor defender; political forms and religious systems, reverenced in the past, now in great measure set aside. And the outlook is such as to strike the mind with amazement; a new heaven and a new earth are dawning on the vision of the human race. Men affirm that what we have seen is but the beginning; that the new generation is sure to be more revolutionary than its predecessor. Already some of us seem to have heard the muttering of distant thunder forecasting a time of wider disillusionment, when still other walls will fall down at the trumpet-blast of criticism and the rivers at which ages have slaked their thirst will run dry.

It is now that the Catholic Church encounters an old foe in a new guise. Grim, hostile, scornful, Rationalism stands at the threshold of the twentieth century with menacing brow

and threatening finger, warning the Church: "Thus far shall you go, and no further. You have lived through a score of centuries; you have survived the storm and the battle. The tempest has been loosed and you have not perished. Nations have risen up against you and you have lived to chant their requiem. But now at last you are face to face with a test that you cannot survive. We shall no longer attack you; we are going to explain you."

Against Religion science is summoned to prove that religion is a mere form of animal emotion, developed out of the savage customs or the alarming experiences of primitive man. For does not organic evolution show all existing things to be the natural result of the sifting and singling out of the ages, the complex descendents of simple ancestors which again were descended from simpler forms—and man no great exception, but the mere climax of a long process of development from a prehistoric simian stock!

Against Christianity criticism is summoned to prove that the Scriptural basis of Christianity has been destroyed, that the Bible is but one of a group of writings, a mere national literature—not the oldest and not the best. For have we not learned that the sacred books are merely human products, reflecting the ignorance and errors of the ages in which they were composed; that they were made up largely of older Oriental traditions collected and adapted to the genius of the Hebrew people; that they have undergone various recensions and re-editings; that they are full of parable, legend, and poetry; that cruelty and superstition are more characteristic of them than historical accuracy; and that in few cases have they been written by the person and in the time which the Christian Church has always presumed to teach!

Against Catholicism history is summoned to prove that Catholicism is a mere phase in the development of Western civilization, due to clearly defined causes, and following in its various stages the laws which govern the growth of every social organism. For has not a chronicler of the Roman Empire's decline and fall enumerated the five sufficient reasons which account for the spread of the Christian Church! Has not a German historian of dogma put his finger on the component elements, and shown how Jewish hopes, Roman law, and Greek philosophy were welded together into the

composite called Catholicism! And has not a French psychologist sketched the growth by which a primitive conception of the Kingdom of God steadily and inevitably developed into discipline, dogma, priesthood, episcopate, and papacy, as we have them now!

Such is the statement of the case by Rationalism.

What has the Christian Church to answer?

Merely this. "You mistake my nature. No fact that has been proven, no fact that ever will be proven, can in any wise militate against my claim to be of God."

Religion is not a theory about the growth of the material, visible world, or the processes of human development. What it implies and insists upon is this, that at the beginning of all things is a first cause, God, without whom was made nothing that was made. Against that pronouncement and its implications, science, by its own showing, will never be able to declare.

Christianity does not stand and fall with any theory about the dates of the books, nor the names of the writers, nor the character of the composition of the Bible. What it is committed to is the assertion that these books were written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost for the moral betterment of the human race. As critical acumen and private judgment do not suffice for the correct appreciation and proper interpretation of Scripture, neither on the other hand can they ever pretend to demonstrate that the Bible is not from God.

Catholicism does not repudiate the conception which pictures the Church as a living organism marvelously well adapted to its environment, absorbing new elements of growth day after day, drawing upon the best that there is in the external world for its nourishment and its instruments of labor. As leaves change their hue season by season, and as animals vary from youth to age, the Church, too, alters various of her accidental details, always remaining, like the leaf and the animal, unchanged in essence and individuality. History must ever confess itself as helpless to explain away the Church as the biologist to reveal the source of the life animating the protoplasm which he is about to submit to analysis. And since, when we compare the Church with other living things, she is, so far as history knows, immortal, it seems reasonable to presume that her life is of an order as much higher than the

lives of men and nations as her existence is more enduring than theirs.

The Church, then, is purely sacramental. She has an outward and visible form and an inner divine life; that which the eyes of history see and the hands of science touch is the human vessel, the material embodiment; that which men love and believe and live by is the spark of divinity within. The Church conceives of herself as living in another realm than the field of scientific research; and of her doctrine as of something lifted up out of the reach of critical attack; and of religion as of a life lived down in the calm depths of the soul, untroubled by the ripples and the tossings and the tempests on the surface.

We learn to know the Church, as friends learn to know and love each other—by means of a subtle sense which pierces through the material to the spiritual; which goes straight to the Reality behind the veil; which communicates with the soul hiding inside the body. We get into sympathy with the Church only by becoming in our own little measure like unto the Christ whose body is the Church. We see the Church, in very truth, only after we have received and corresponded with the energetic grace of Christ; for only after doing the truth may we hope for the light.

Religion, then, is a spiritual life; and Christianity is a divine love; and Catholicity is a knitting fast of the soul to God—it is that, or it is nothing. As mere science, history, criticism never yet made a man a Catholic, so neither have they ever been able to destroy his Catholicity. And this we dare affirm: that mankind will never grow away from the Catholic Church while men are devoted to the spirit she was founded to diffuse.

The spread of this spirit is broader than the limits of the visible Church, it is true. Catholic doctrine teaches that all who ever attain to eternal life, do so in virtue of having been touched by the grace of Christ; they reach heaven through some sort of union with him, without whom no one goeth to the Father, without whom no one resists temptations for a long time, or keeps even the natural law intact. To be free from sin the soul must in some measure share Christ's spirit and live his life. His strength and his virtue are in all the strong and all the good, whether within the limits of his sheepfold or without: the ancient prophet, the martyr on the

sands of the Coliseum, the catechumen murdered by Chinese Boxers; African and Asiatic, Greek and Roman, Celt and American; Catholic and Buddhist and Puritan and Jew; the Indian maiden in the Mohawk valley, the Fakir on the banks of the Ganges, the Lama seeking the river of life—in a word, all the just and noble and pure and brave; all who at any time have spent their days and nights in the service of duty, or have been nailed to the cross for conscience' sake; for all are branches of the true vine, Christ, are flowers sprung of his root, are prisms breaking up into divers colors the white light of his holiness. If their stories stir our souls it is because, like iron magnetized by contact with him, they draw us with the magic spell of his sanctity; and because our very love of him compels us in some sense to imitate and be one with them.

This, however, is an invisible union only, a purely spiritual City of God; whereas the fundamental principle of the Incarnation was a manifesting of the unseen through the seen, an expression of the invisible in terms of the visible, a linking of the spiritual with the material, a revelation of the Word in the flesh.

Therefore, when Christ's earthly life was nearing its end, God formed in the womb of humanity a Mystical Body for his Son—a heart to throb with sympathy for the afflicted unto the end of time; a brow to wear the glory of Thabor and the shame of Calvary while the world should last; feet to tread the mountains of all the world, carrying the messengers of the good tidings of peace; lips to pronounce the pardon of every truly repentent sinner; hands to stretch to all nations, bearing gifts for every child of Adam; and fingers to break the bread of life to every famishing soul.

The Church's mission was to redeem countless millions from vice, to heal the soul-sick and the conscience-dead, to preach the Gospel of the homeless Christ to the poor of all the world, to tame the savage and sanctify the barbarian, to defy monarchs in the cause of justice, to convert woman into an angel of peace and a symbol of purity, to strike the shackles from the slave, to be a sign of contradiction to the world until the last hour of its wicked existence; out of the weak things and the ignoble and the base to construct heroes and Christians and saints.

This was the Visible Church of God, the Mystical Body of Christ.

She has drawn to herself what was best in old times and in new, in East and in West, in all places and all ages; and she has given it out again to men as their needs demanded. To her has the world gone to school for two thousand years, and from her has it learned the highest and best it knows. Through her each of us shares in the fruits of the collective life of Christendom; to her we owe it that we are born not into a spiritual wilderness, but into a flourishing civilization. Raised in her arms to a wider outlook than is possible to even the wisest of individuals or the oldest of nations, we discern an infinite horizon, we see things, as it were, with the eternal eyes of Christ, we appropriate his divine enthusiasms, the noblest heritage of the race. Stimulated by her inspiration, and guided by her age-old wisdom, we go out of our selfish littleness to become great in devotedness and generosity, and we are carried along by the crowds of her saints where he that walks alone must faint and lie down.

She names us, nourishes us, weans us, teaches us. She holds up the Crucifix before our childish eyes, and wins our young hearts' love for Christ. She reconciles us with God after we have strayed away. When we return from our wanderings, she sets us down at the heavenly banquet and cheers us with Christ's Sacred Body and his Precious Blood.

At Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, and Ordination she ministers to us the graces we need. She watches over and soothes us in our dying moments; and under her benediction we descend into the grave. She is, indeed, the sacrament of sacraments, the Mystical Body of Jesus. Truly does the Christ in her cry out to the Christ in us. Truly in her speaking his sheep hear his voice and follow him.

This then is the Church that is facing the twentieth century, not only brave, but calm and confident and smilingly certain of the future. That attitude of hers is indeed justified by the history of the century just closed, when, especially in this youngest and most progressive country of ours, she has given proof of so marvelous a vitality, exhibiting a capacity of growth the like of which history does not report. The explanation can be sought only in the fact that the Church is not the embodiment of a dead past, but the Mystical Body

of Christ, living with his life, and working his works among men, yesterday and to-day, and the same forever. Christ has endowed her with prerogatives appealing to every age and to every clime; and so to-day, among us, she vindicates her claim by the manifesting of characteristics which tell on our minds as perhaps no others could.

God knows we Americans have our faults, but, whatever we are in practice, we are not Pharisees in principle and sympathy. And we want a Church that, like Christ, will go to the sinner. The worst enemy of the Catholic Church makes no attempt to deny that she does this; that she receives any penitent soul into the bosom of her love and communion; that she works over the most hopeless cases, and nurses the weakest invalid back to life, if the chance be given her; that she never yet has broken the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax, but ever and always has carefully fostered the faintest sparks of moral vitality.

With our love of liberty we Americans have a keen sense of the value of government and authority; and we want a Church that, like Christ, will speak as one having authority; that will send forth a voice venerable and mighty to ring in thunder tones unto the ends of the earth; that will say definitely what to believe, and command finally what to do; that will shrivel up offenders with the Godlike wrath of her indignation.

Lastly, we are nothing if not practical; and we want a Church that does things with men—a Church that, instead of whimpering about loss of membership and lack of ecclesiastical vocations, multiplies buildings year by year to keep pace with the growth of her children; that attracts the very pick of the race to the defense of her cause and the propaganda of her doctrine; that can fill her temples to the doors, though storms and blizzards rage in a manner sure to frighten fair-weather Christians away; that insists on the proud humbling themselves in confession, and on the extortioner restoring his plunder; that dares bar from her communion those who kill off the race by depriving an unborn generation of its right to live.

These qualities appeal to the practical mind of the modern man; and the Catholic Church rejoices in the possession of them. So she goes on her way in quiet majesty, undisturbed

by newly discovered facts, untroubled about the possible verification of new hypotheses. Her ultimate purpose is purely spiritual; she concerns herself with things material and human only for the sake of things divine; she is never to be caught by the vicissitudes of human history or entangled in the meshes of science.

Scientific and historical revelations may multiply; theories come and pass away again, Jew give way to Gentile, Plato to Aristotle, and privilege to equality. Dynasties may crack and totter, ecclesiastical temporalities forever disappear, friends turn to foes, and the eldest daughter of the Christian Church lie prostrate, the shame of Christendom and the pity of the world. These things are of the earth, earthy, and they cannot destroy a life that is divine. With her finger on the pulse of humanity, the Catholic Church keeps beside it in its progress, ministering to its spiritual needs, helping it in its struggles, whispering to it of God. She is thus making ready for the moment when, tired of the deceits of the flesh, every man at length will turn to the spirit of Christ, and be folded in the arms of his Mystical Body, which is the Church.

A GREAT IRISH FAMILY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ANYTHING that concerns that romantic hero, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, must possess a great interest, not only for Irish people, in the cause of whose freedom he died, but for any one who possesses sufficient of the literary sense or the adventurous spirit to make them delight in this most charming of heroes.

Most happily, like many of the gentlemen of '98, he wielded a delightful pen. The letters to his beloved mother suggest that if he had not been a harum-scarum hero he had been a literary force. Revolutions in Ireland seem to make for literature. Nearly all of those Irish soldiers of fortune, fighting in a desperate cause, seem to have carried the pen of the ready-writer in their knapsacks. Lord Edward's letters and Wolfe Tone's diary are human documents of the most exquisite interest, while the memoirs *à servir* of Holt, Teeling, Cloney, and half-a-dozen others, bring the time before us in its habit as it lived.

In the history of the Leinster family there is material for a hundred romances. One thinks of our dear lost Stevenson in reading of those days. In Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in Tone, in Napper Tandy, in Holt, he had subjects made to his hand. They are there awaiting the coming of the Irish Stevenson.

If one wanted to know whence Lord Edward derived his quixotic spirit, one has only to look to her of whom he was indeed bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, his exquisite, adoring, adored mother, the Duchess of Leinster, the daughter of one Duke of Richmond, the sister of another.

She was a widow, and had borne seventeen children to the Duke of Leinster, before her romance began: Mrs. Delany described her as the proudest woman in Ireland. She had engaged as tutor to her sons a Scotchman, Mr. William Ogilvie, who kept a school in Cole's Lane, Dublin. He was a

good classical scholar and mathematician, but seems to have been a man of unprepossessing appearance; "uncouth" is the adjective used for him by Mr. Gerald Campbell, whose *Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald* is the latest addition to the steadily growing mass of Fitzgerald literature.

Mr. Campbell gives us a delightful glimpse of the terms upon which the new tutor was received into the family.

"Lady Leitrim," he writes, "was one day spending the evening at Leinster House with the Duchess when the Groom of the Chamber came in to tell her Grace that Mr. Ogilvie, the new tutor, was arrived.

"'Show him to his room.'

"'If you please, your Grace, is he to have wax candles or tallow?'

"Upon which the Duchess turned to Lady Leitrim and said:

"'Qu'en pensez-vous?'

"Finally she came to the conclusion:

"'Oh, moulds will do till we see a little.'"

It will be seen that this Mr. Ogilvie must have been a very remarkable man to have won the Duchess, not only for his wife, but for a wife who gave him unquestioning faith and passionate devotion. More, he won his stepchildren as no stepchildren were ever won before. "Mr. O——," who is constantly in the Leinster letters, was a father as much feared as loved, and he was well loved. Seeing what a big place he took in their lives, one wonders over the late Duke, of whose name one never finds a mention. Doubtless, like his son who succeeded him, he was a weak, well-meaning gentleman, whom the strong personality of the Scotch tutor swept out of the thoughts of his wife and children.

The family group at this time—or rather at a later time, when the young Leinsters were grown up to man and womanhood, and the two little Ogilvie girls, Ciss and Mimi, were not far behind them—was one of extraordinary interest.

The Duchess remains in one's thoughts as the wife and the mother. Her mind towards her second husband is revealed in her letters to her children; and those letters, burning and throbbing with motherly love, are among the most beautiful things in literature. These letters, and the letters of the children to her, can hardly be read without tears, especially

when one remembers the martyrdom she was fated to endure. She is always the centre of the picture.

On each side of her her two sisters, Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Conolly, group themselves. Lady Sarah, who, as Lady Sarah Lennox, all but became the Queen of George the Third, was a most remarkable woman. If her sisters, the Duchess and Lady Louisa, stand to us for heart, Lady Sarah wins our admiration for her intellect, her spirit, her wit, and common sense. She had married Colonel Napier, who at this time was in command of English troops in Ireland, but all her sympathy was with the Irish in the troubles, although she brought to the understanding of the matter a coolness, an impartiality, a wisdom very different from the hot-headedness of the young Fitzgeralds. Mr. Gerald Campbell says, no doubt truly, that a combination of Lady Sarah, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Moira would have settled the Irish question without all the blood and trouble, the heritage of wrong and hatred, which is a bane to both countries.

Lady Louisa Conolly was the wife of Mr. Conolly, of Castletown, Celbridge, County Kildare, a member of Parliament. She also was profoundly and tenderly attached to that country which has the gift of winning hearts—

"Our glory, our sorrow, our mother. Thy God
In thy worst dereliction forsook but to prove thee.
Blind, blind as the blind-worm, cold, cold as the clod
Who, seeing thee see not, possess but not love thee!"

—and which attracts to itself particularly the hearts of settlers within its borders.

Lady Louisa, in a way, was almost as interesting a character as Lady Sarah. In many respects she was a Jane Austen character, and might have been created by that most delicate and witty of observers. She was most affectionate and gentle, but at times over-amiable and ready to forgive for her quick-witted sister, Lady Sarah. Lady Sarah, after Lord Edward's death and the incredibly mean sequestration of his estate, kept "Lord Castlereagh and his sett" at arms' length; but complains of her sister:

"She excuses, doubts, pardons, and forces herself to show no sign of displeasure, because she has, as usual, transferred a

wrong thing into unkindness only to *her*, and therefore she has an opportunity of exerting her self-denial and Christian forgiveness to the highest degree, by calling it all want of kindness to *her;* she hopes to forget as easily as she forgives, and she succeeds in both."

However, even Lady Sarah acknowledges Lady Louisa's spirit at times; and she was as loving as her sister, the Duchess.

Within this big family there was an inner, intimate circle. With the Duchess and her sisters it consisted of Lord Edward, Lord Henry, and Lord Robert, Lady Lucy, and Lady Sophia —Fitzgeralds all, with the two daughters of the Duchess' second marriage, Ciss and Mimi Ogilvie. Round these names the letters and diaries of the delightful family revolve; their sayings and doings are chronicled, while there are only passing allusions to the rest of the family.

Lady Lucy, afterwards Lady Lucy Foley, was Lord Edward's favorite sister, and if she had been a man instead of a woman she would have been found fighting by his side. She was the only one of the family who went as far as he did in patriotism. She was much with Lord Edward and Pamela in the days when the revolution was hatching, was entirely in their confidence, and was, one suspects, somewhat in love with that other member of the *partie carrée* of patriots, the fourth of "*ce cher bien-aimé aimable quoituor*" of Pamela, Arthur O'Connor. Lady Lucy was forty years away from her golden youth. Pamela had followed Lord Edward when she wrote to Lady Bute concerning Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward:

"He (Lord Edward) was one and thirty before he discovered what he ever after called the twin of his soul. When at the time he was self-elected to free his country or die for her, he met a soul, 'twin to his own' was his expression, because each breathed and loved alike and their object, Ireland! Ireland, where each had first drawn breath—Ireland, more great in her misfortunes, in her wrongs, than the most favored country of the earth—Ireland so true to God, to the early, unchanged faith of the Gospel—Ireland, whom neither falsehood could entice nor interest bribe to apostacy, suffering through successive ages from the oppression of a nation inferior to herself in all but in some of the adventitious circumstances of fortune. It was the heart that felt all this as he

himself did. . . . It was that person who could have told how Edward once loved."

Lady Lucy, after Lord Edward's death, wrote a passionate and rebellious address to the Irish people, which, however, was never published. Fortunately the text was preserved, and we find it in Mr. Gerald Campbell's book.

She was like Lord Edward in other ways. She was "comical," as the family called it. Indeed, she was Lord Edward in petticoats, impressionable, ardent, impetuous. Her letters, so fresh and delightful, are of to-day as they are of yesterday and to-morrow.

Lady Sophia was very different. She was a plain-looking, delicate girl and woman, not strikingly intellectual, apparently not at all humorous. Yet Lord Edward's epithets for her indicate to us the regard in which she was held. She was "Silk and Steel"; she was "Father Confessor." "I love Sophy," said Lord Edward once. "There is more good in her little finger than in all of them put together." She apparently did not shine in the brilliant circle; she was slow, rather dull, a lover of solitude, fond of country walks and gardening, dreading society. But she was the reliable one. It was she who, in the stormy times to come, took Lord Edward's daughter, Lucy, and devoted herself to the child, and afterwards to Lucy's child. "She loved much and she was much loved," wrote Pamela's daughter, Lady Campbell, the grandmother of Mr. George Wyndham.

"Dear Henry, he is almost perfect," Lord Edward said of his brother, Henry, whose passionate struggle to be with Lord Edward at the time of his illness and death, and whose spirited outcries against the cruelty of the administration, make one of the most bleeding passages in Irish history.

The stepsisters, Mimi and Ciss, seem to have been dearer to those choice spirits among the young Fitzgeralds than the real brothers and sisters outside the charmed circle. They were objects of specially tender devotion to their mother, the Duchess, who felt it as a kind of wrong to these little daughters that they should be commoners and poorly endowed, while her other children held so proud a rank.

The family—"The Good Family" as its members called it among themselves—lived between Dublin and London, sometimes at Frascati, Blackrock, the Duchess' little country house,

or the various members went visiting about at Carton, the Duke of Leinster's seat, at Castletown, with Lady Louisa Conolly, or with Lady Sarah Napier, and other friends and relations. About 1785 Lady Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the Duchess, afterwards Lady Charlotte Strutt, quite out of sympathy with the wayward and brilliant members of the family, and another Jane Austen character, was staying with Lady Sophia at Castletown.

Mr. Campbell gives us an idea of how the ladies spent their time: " . . . In stringing bugles, looking at prints of dresses, reading aloud the English newspapers, the psalms and chapters, and other improving literature; working at their carpet-frames, and sewing trimming on to their Castle petticoats for their occasional jaunts to town. For exercise they indulged in long walks, which, like their talks, they called 'comfortable.' Every now and then they were cheered by a visit from 'the gentlemen' from Dublin, who went out hunting as soon as they arrived; and in the evenings, when they were not sleepy and stupid with their exertions, generally entertained them exceedingly. One or other of the ladies was usually in the state known as 'taking to her bed,' for the monotony told rather heavily on their poor bodies as well as their poor spirits. When they fell ill they took a powder; and some kind friend, usually Lady Sophia, was at hand to read them 'a Blair'; in other words, a sermon by the popular divine of the day."

One finds the Duchess in her darkest moment, when "that dear Angel Edward," as she called her best beloved son, had been taken from her so cruelly, seeking consolation in some well-worn phrase from Blair's Sermons.

The ladies seemed to have quarreled over little things, as one might expect. There is an account of a stormy evening at Castletown, in a letter of Lady Sophia's, in which every one seemed to have been at loggerheads. First it was Lady Charlotte who was huffed with Lady Sophia. Then it was her cousin Louisa:

" Louisa said she wou'd eat the guizard out of the chickens, and as she did not come for it immediately I put it between the two fowls to keep warm for her. When she came for it I told her what I had done, upon which she said she did not believe me. This huffed me excessively . . . and she huffed me

in the same manner at work, upon my proposing to have another table, as the one we were working upon was very inconvenient, its being so large, and I said I considered poor Harriette's chest, as it might hurt her to lean so much against it; and Louisa said: 'O to be sure, you consider her chest.' . . . And at dinner, as she gave me another cause to be huffed, I then did let my anger out. However we went to dress and were very good friends, and worked at the carpet in the evening."

There was another occasion in which Lady Sophia was going to a ball and had promised to go round by her mother's house, so that she should see her dressed. But her chaperon, the young Duchess, would not have it so, saying that they were already late. So poor Lady Sophia, very ill at ease, danced only one set, and next day was received very coldly by her mother.

"I cried most part of the night," she said, "shocked at the very idea of seeming disrespectful to my mother, tho' God knows I did not mean to do it, but it all proceeded from want of thought. Next day my mother was as pleasant to me as if nothing had happened, but I have not forgiven myself as soon as my dear mother has."

However, this life, which suited Lady Louisa and her daughters, and Ladies Charlotte and Sophia, would not have suited the more spirited members of the family. Lady Lucy about this time was dancing and receiving proposals of marriage and falling desperately in love and observing her world with a keen eye, and a "comical wit," as far away as London. Of course it was a little London in comparison with the monster we know, and a drive from Harley Street to Kensington in "the chariot," or in Lord Henry's "curricle," is worthy of record in Lady Lucy's journal. Here is an extract:

"At home all day. It is the King's birthday. They all went to the opera and to a great party at the Duchess of Gordon's. There is nothing thought of but the itch which is in the house. Opera in the evening, very pleasant. It was a new ballet and very pretty indeed; cupids flying in the air. I saw Moseley, who ordered me medicines. Played at Commerce in the evening."

Here is a bit of contemporaneous manners:

"By the bye, have you heard of the piece of work at the

opera the other night? The Prince found Charles and Mr. Lascelles in Mrs. FitzHerbert's box. They withdrew immediately, but he flew into the most violent passion, called them all sorts of names, and scolded Mrs. Fitz so loud that all the house heard it. He was drunk, as you may suppose. The next day he begged her pardon."

Again it is Lady Sophia who is in London, keeping a journal, and writing of herself quaintly in the third person.

"Very busy all morning making up things for the play, dined very early, and at four o'clock went to Richmond House Theatre to secure good places. Mother, Ciss, and Mimi, were in the Duke's box, Sophia in the pit in the front row in order to see Henry well. He really was more delightful and charming than can be expressed. Everybody that had seen Garrick thought Henry equal to him, some parts beyond him. Mr. Walpole and all the critics were charmed with him, and as for the ladies, they left the theatre dying for love of him.

"This is the first day of Mr. Hastings' trial. Sophia was obliged to get up very early, which she did not much like; breakfasted, then called upon Lady Talbot, and they both went together to the trial. Mr. Burke spoke and they were delighted with him. It was really very fine. Sophia came home rather pitying poor Mr. Hastings . . . hearing himself accused of so many crimes; but he seemed very indifferent about them. . . .

"We all went in the evening to see the play at Richmond House. Henry was charming. Mrs. Siddons was there. She rather disappointed us in her praises of Henry, as she said much more about Lord Derby, who certainly is not to be named with Henry. At the same time he is a very good actor, but in quite a different stile."

Lady Sophia's partiality for Lord Henry is very evident. Later they lived in adjoining houses, at Thames Ditton, and the tender friendship between them lasted harmoniously to the end. There is an excellent picture of Lord Henry, by Hoppner, which shows a face of extraordinary beauty, a face like a young archangel's. One can imagine the tender admiration of the sister who was always plain looking, the Ugly Duckling of a beautiful family, for this debonair brother, who was always her friend and confidant.

Lady Lucy is always up and down in her journals and let-

ters. Everybody is "human," or they are "wretched" and "inhuman." And she has an unhappy love affair which makes her journal read like a modern novel. How it makes her live for us to-day!

"We had many men in our box, one so like *him!* The way of sitting, the look of the head; I felt a sort of illusion of past happiness.

"They all went to the opera, not me. Mimi and I played together, harp and harpsichord. The music had its usual effect on me, but as usual made me wretched.

"We had a ball in the house, I danced with Tom Bligh and Charles; there was nobody else we knew, but a precious set of quizzes.

"Mama took me to make visits, which I hate; it snow'd for the first time this winter. My spirits worried because of being remonstrated with on what I can't help.

"Went to Lord Mount Edgecombe's and Lord Salisbury's; did not see *him* at any of those *odious* places. In the evening to the opera; nobody there. Where can he be? Alas, why should it concern me?

"I went to the opera with Lord Henry. While leaning on Lord Robert's arm *he* spoke to me. I never thought I should have again heard his voice, and address'd to me; I did not seek it."

There are several pages of this record of a young girl's transient wretchedness, as fresh, as vivid, as if it were not all done with more than a century ago. Once she mentions her first meeting with Arthur O'Connor, who at a later day was to have so large a share of her thoughts.

However, she is not always love-sick. There are rejected lovers of whom she discourses gaily.

"You did right," she writes to Lady Sophia, "to tell Tina about A—— if you thought it would amuse her; but don't talk of it to other people, as I don't think it quite right even by him to talk of those sort of things; and he begs I will not *wound his feelings* by divulging it; Edward will dye of it; I knew that day that he premeditated something, and I told Edward. Then came this letter from him. It is not ill-wrote; he desires leave to mention his proposals to Mama and Mr. Ogilvie, and says he has it in his power to settle 1,500 a year on any lady who honours him with her hand; then he says

that, beyond the powers of language to express, he loves me—grimy wretch! I hate to think of him."

Poor A——. Another sister writes of this proposal:

"You have never been told about that vile, that grimy A—— having dared to *propose* for Lucy. He wrote her a fine romantick *Love Letter*, throwing himself and *pelf* at her feet. He says he is no fortune-hunter or adventurer, but an *English* gentleman, and as such he thinks himself *(wretch)* not unworthy of her. Papa was in a fury. Mama still thinks it a joke of Eddy's. We all scream and laugh, as you may think. It was answered as it deserved, a *cold* but *decided* but *civil* refusal. A——! oh!"

About a month later Lady Lucy, sad to say, is writing to Lady Sophia of a certain B——:

"So B—— has been flirting with Miss G——. . . . If you had known that odd creature better, you would not have expected him to leave off flirting. You might as well tell him not to eat or drink. I don't much mind that unless it was serious, and if it *was*, why should I mind it? We have made no *promises* to each other; and therefore both are free. He has often told me that he would wish me to amuse myself as much as I pleased while he was away, provided I would promise to be glad to see him when we met."

And here is a portrait of another unhappy lover:

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am likely to get over that foolish antipathy I have had all my life for rats, as C——, one of my favourite beaux, is so like that animal that it is impossible not to be struck with it, and yet I don't shudder at his approach, which gives me hope that I may not faint away when next I see a mouse, as I did at Malvern."

That was a very gay winter for the Duchess and her children, in Harley Street, although already Lord Edward had begun to fall under the suspicions of the government.

"Everybody," says Lady Lucy, "seems gone wild for dancing: Cecilia and I have a very pleasant set of partners this year, mostly young things in the Guards. It is so moving to have them setting off after a ball to join the Duke of York. I described the feel to Edward once. It puts Ned in such a rage, our being so merry, for we are literally a laughing club that meet in our box at the opera. We are sometimes a little noisy to be sure; he never speaks to us but to

attack us, and he downright scolds mama for being so young."

"Ned," wrote another sister, "seldom makes his appearance in our box. 'Lord God,' he says, 'what should I do among all those boys? You are much too young and too riotous for me.'"

On this note of coming calamity we leave them; but I must quote three delightful letters, which Mr. Campbell has rescued from the family archives. They are all written to Lady Sophia, and are as follows:

From her sister, Lady Charlotte FitzGerald, very elder-sisterly:

"I hope, my dear Sophia, you will exert yourself to get a little forward in your learning, for believe me I should not have half the regret to leave dear mama if I thought that you were advanced enough to be a pleasant companion for her, and it is quite a grievance to me to think that, at present, you are so little fit for it. Mama is very lucky, to be sure, in having Mr. Ogilvie so fond of home, but he can't be with her every hour in the day. When the hunting season comes on she will be a good deal alone, and if you don't try to make yourself as agreeable as possible you will be of no sort of good to her, and the only way to make yourself agreeable is to try and apply yourself to your learning, and to get the better of that little obstinacy in your temper, that will make you so disagreeable and tiresome to mama to be obliged to be always finding fault with you. You ought also to behave both honestly and prettily to Mrs. Simpson, to endeavour to make her stay with you, for you won't get any other to stay with you; for suppose mama gets another, and tells her her daughter is fifteen years of age; why, that person will think that about a young lady of fifteen she will have nothing to do but to hear her read, etc., without any plague, but when she finds that you are so childish, and that you ought to be treated like a child, she won't know what to do."

From her grandmother, Lady Kildare:

"I am sensible your time may be employ'd more to yr. advantage than diverting yr. poor old granny, which the account of the vermin did that tormented you on yr. journey from Paris to the venerable château you are now in. How poor Ireland wou'd be abus'd if the Inns were half so nasty, but am sorry to owne that many houses in Dublin are infested

with buggs, that I believe the breed was imported hither by foreign goods from time to time, but hope will not increase by care of destroying them upon first appearance, as they are not yet so general as in London. They are filthy animals."

From her niece, Lady Mary Coote:

"My dear Aunt Sophia: We hope that your rheumatism is better than when you last wrote, now that the weather is more dry; tho' an East wind and here smoky and foggy. The reason of my now writing to you is to caution you, and to beg that you will caution your servants, and all persons that you can, against eating the blue or green parts of cheese, which some people prefer; for, only think of it, our cook, Mrs. W——, found last week nine or ten common brass pins in the blue or green part of some cheese, apparently Cheshire—some of the pins were inside the cheese and some of them stuck outside of it as in a pincushion. You may judge of our horror, when Mrs. W—— brought it upstairs to show it to us; how shocking! to put such poisonous and dangerous articles in what is perhaps the food of thousands, or perhaps millions, of poor persons, who can seldom if ever afford meat; and we think it right to inform and caution as many persons on the subject as we can; without naming the person from whom it was bought, who denies being aware of it. One comfort we find, that some persons to whom it has been mentioned had already heard of such things being done, but more persons had not; we understand that it is done to give part of the cheese an old appearance; but how shocking to insert such poisonous articles for that purpose; and we have also heard that they also for the same reason sometimes insert a brass wire in Stilton Cheese, and sometimes put a halfpenny in the saucepan with green vegetables, when they are boiling, to make them look green; so that the safest way is never to eat any if one ever dines out. We think it right to name all this, particularly about what we saw in the cheeses, as a caution, after being informed of it, to as many persons as we can."

"AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"As the faces of them that look therein shine in the water, so the hearts of men are laid open to the wise."—*Proverbs, xxvii. 19.*

IT is written in the parable that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and there fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him went away, leaving him half dead.

Times change. No man to-day is robbed on the highroad. According to modern custom, he is held up and stripped at his own fireside. And having been wounded by want and starvation, the sweated victim is left in his hovel, half dead.

Meanwhile the employer goes his way and the capitalist passes by on the other side. They both live afar off, where the cry of the oppressed does not penetrate. And as we read in the Book of Proverbs: "Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother afar off." So it is that the poor fall back upon themselves; for though the Decalogue may be broken in the tenement, the greatest commandment is faithfully kept. Thus in every mean street there are to be found a few saints, many sinners, and a multitude of Samaritans.

As I walked down a side street one day I saw a woman sitting on a doorstep. She was singing to herself, while her gray hair was blown in the wind. With a grimy hand she brushed it out of her eyes and nodded.

"Hiven keep you," said she.

"No easy task for the saints," I answered.

The woman threw back her head and laughed softly. We were allies.

"Where is your husband?"

"In bed"; and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder.

"Why not at work?" I asked.

"An' would you 'ave 'im a black leg?" she demanded.

"I didn't know the men were out."

"Well, they is an' they ain't. The lightermen is out, which means as the water-side labor is stopped. An', be the same token, the lightermen is paid an' we ain't."

"In the meantime," I said, "how are you getting on?"

"Shure the Lord only knows! Howsomever," she remarked after a pause, "himself is in bed; fur theer ain't nuthink to eat, an' no fire ter cook it wid. Glory be! but the times is bad!"

She gave a deep sigh and smoothed her hair. Presently the expression of her face changed.

"D' yer remember the letter from Injia? The letter wot me son writ. D' yer mind wot 'e put in the front of it? as 'e'd send 'is mother a packet o' tea?"

"Has it come?" I asked.

"Yuss, be the powers! It come o' Frid'y. An' the smell on it! Wait now—" The dishevelled figure disappeared up the tenement stairs, and with equal haste she returned, bearing in her hands a small tin. This she opened tenderly and, having held it under my nose, she awaited the verdict.

"It is good"; said I. Her face beamed.

"'Taint often, I reckon, as yer've smelt the like of it," she said with conviction.

"But why is there not more in this tin?" I asked. "Have you tasted it yourself?"

"To be shure an' I 'ave. But not to tell a lie abaht it," she said confidentially, "'twere like this. Seein' as 'ow times was bad, an' money a bit tight, I thinks ter mesilf as it would be a rare treat fur me neighbors to 'ave some. So I makes it up into little packets an' I gives them rahnd abaht. An' sich a to do as it made dahn the street! 'Twas nothink but—'Good luck ter yer, Sue!' as I passes along. Or mebbe a lady puts 'er 'ead aht of a top windy an' calls dahn: 'May the blessin', o' Hiven go wid yer,' sez she. W'y!" said the untidy figure, "jes' to 'ear 'em, were better nor drinkin' the tea."

A few days later I passed the same doorstep. "Is the tea finished?" I asked.

"Wuss luck!" was the response. Then the conversation drifted.

"You haven't been to Church lately, I suppose?" The woman shook her head.

"But you are going next Sunday?"—I suggested. Again she shook her head.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Hush!" She spread out her hands in mysterious protest. "Hush! I 'ave ter think of the people as lives at the back."

"Why should you?" I queried.

"Be the reason," she replied, "that they earns good money an' goes aht decent."

"Well, what then? I suppose your soul is your own?"

"Ah, Musha! w'y talk abaht me sowl, w'en me boots is broke. 'Tis me feet that's aht on the street." She raised a foot encased in a dilapidated boot. "Wot d' yer say ter that?"

"Go early," I said. "No one will see you." At this she was silent.

"Do you mind getting up?" I asked.

"'Taint the gettin' up," she answered, "nor yet the walkin' theer—fur p'heps the lady wot lives opposite would give me the lend of 'er boots. Taint thet," she said slowly; "but ter go to the 'ouse o' Gawd an' not ter give nuthink ter the altar, w'y it makes yer feel mean 'earted."

The following Sunday morning I was hurrying along to Church. It was 6:45, and on the other side of the road a muffled figure was returning. But in spite of her feet being tidy—for the Samaritan had lent the boots—the wearer kept to the far side of the road. Her head was bent and the brown shawl was pulled over her face. It was a small matter that she was starving, for that was the common lot; but to have gone to Church and to have made no offering to her God—this was a bitter and a shameful reflection.

In the Devil's Alley I heard the sound of moaning. I stopped and listened. It came from No. 47, so I knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a weary voice from behind.

"How?" I asked, for the door handle was gone.

"Arrah!" was the testy reply, "an' can't yer pull the sthring?"

I was about to put further questions, when my eyes fell upon an old bit of string which showed limply through a hole in the door. The string had a corpulent looking knot on its

extreme end, and in a spirit of scientific research I pulled. Then the door opened; though why it should, I cannot say. To get into the hovel you had first to squeeze through the partially opened door, then to evade the bedpost, whose agressive leg challenged the unwary. A woman lay under the bedclothes.

"Well! how do you feel?" I asked.

"The saints on'y knows," said Mrs. Flynn between her groans, "but I'm very bad entirely."

"What is the matter?"

"Shure! an' 'ow would I be knowin' wot's the matter?" she ejaculated sharply; "though p'haps," she added in a mollified tone, "an' mebbe 'tis the *poomony*."

"Perhaps it is," I acquiesced. "But perhaps, on the other hand, it's a wake." For I was not without knowing Mrs. Flynn.

"Divil a wake is it," she answered. And there was no resentment in her tone.

"What! no wakes lately?"

"Well!" said the voice under the blanket, "I won't be denyin' as I was at wan o' Toosd'y night. But 'tis little I took thin, an' more I could 'a done wid," answered this impenitent sinner.

"As open confession is good for the soul, where was the wake?" I asked.

"'Twas in the tenements rahnd the top o' the Coort. They was wakin' Dinny Slogan," she said discursively; whereupon I nodded. By some mistake I happened to have attended this same wake myself. But at sight of the corpse—with the stretched sheet and the sarcenet bows, and at the feet of the corpse the plates of tobacco and snuff—I had beat a hasty retreat. Therefore my experience was shrouded in silence. "No need to say what I think of wakes," said I severely; but my protest was obliterated in her groans.

Mrs. Flynn's present condition was difficult to diagnose; inasmuch as she adhered to generalities, referring you for particulars to the saints now in glory. That her state was abnormal was evident from her vacillation between deprecation and defence. But after gazing at her critically, I decided she was ill.

"Who looks after you," I asked.

"Little Mike does wot 'e can," she answered, "'e gits up of a mornin'—bless 'is little 'eart—an' 'e makes me a cup o' tea. 'Tis little else 'e kin do, 'cep' 'e goes to the dispinsary fur a bottle o' medicine."

"Shall I send for the parish doctor?"

"'Tisn't me that'll be bothered wid the likes of 'im," she replied with spirit.

"Well, may I tell the Nursing Sisters to come?" She lay awhile and groaned.

"Yuss"; she said finally, "tell the blessed Sisters to come, an' may the Lord reward 'em."

So for the next ten days the Sisters came and cared for her as they did for all the sick and maimed in the many courts and alleys of Stepney. Christian or Jew, saint or sinner, it mattered not to them; for as they did unto the least, they did unto him—the Author of life.

Over the little convent door might have been written the words of the Evangelist: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love his God, whom he seeth not?"

Therefore they nursed the sick and fed the hungry. And the blessings of the poor and the outcast ever followed the "Blue Sisters," whose veils were the color of the Italian sky.

A fortnight later I was passing through the deserted alley, when a rough brown hand was stretched out of a hovel.

"Shure I wants yer." And the hand and the voice belonged to Mrs. Flynn.

"What for?" I asked.

"In the matter of little Mike," she answered.

"Yes?"

"'Tis 'is schoolin', she began, "an' the inspector—bad luck to 'im—'e do be comin' dahn the alley, fur to arst me questions. An' sez 'e: 'they'll put me in prison an' they'll take away me little Mike, an' they'll put 'im to school, an' I'll never see 'im no more.' Achone! achone!" Her eyes were full of tears. "Shure, wot would I do widout 'im at all?"

She thrust a grimy summons into my hand. "Yer'll find it writ dahn on the paper," said she in gloomy apprehension.

"What am I to do?" I asked.

"Ah! can't yer write a bit of a letter to the magistrate?"

The suggestion was advanced with the utmost confidence in my jurisdiction.

"That's all very well," I said, "but what can I say?"

"Can't yer tell 'im," she said, "'as me little Mike is the on'y one as b'longs ter me? Tell 'im as 'is mother's bin ill. Say as my child runs me arrants an' biles me tea. Tell 'im as it'll kill me entirely if 'e takes away me little Mike!'" Her cheeks were wet and there was a prayer in her eyes. She laid her hand pleadingly on my arm.

"Ah! shure, 'tis yourself as knows wot ter put. An' if the magisthrate 'as a 'eart in 'im at all, 'e'll be good to me then."

"How long has Mike been away?" I asked impartially.

"'Tis three weeks, mebbe," said Mrs. Flynn.

I shook my head in protest. "You weren't ill three weeks."

"Dunno' 'ow long I was bad." Mrs. Flynn was obviously hedging.

"Well, about Mike. How long?"

"The divil knows," was the evasive reply.

"Very likely," I answered, "but in a British Court he's not sworn."

"Did any one ever know the like of yer!" and Mrs. Flynn gazed at me resentfully out of the corner of her eye.

"If I can help you, I will." I opened my notebook and took out a pencil.

Still the woman said nothing.

"Shall I say a year?"

"Musha! no"; said Mrs. Flynn, roused into indignant protest.

"Six months, then?"

"The Lord save us, an' it aint never six months. But p'heps" she said slowly—and here she looked anxiously into my face, as though she would read the magistrate's verdict—"p'heps you might say four."

"Four months." I wrote it down.

"An' yer'll write to the Coort ter-day?" she added quickly, or they'll come and put me in prison. An' then wot'll 'appen to little Mike?"

Mrs. Flynn's career had been interesting hitherto in its variety. It had also been chequered in parts. It was not known outside the alley—and the alley avoided the mention of broad arrows—that Mrs. Flynn had done time already.

Seven years' hard was the former sentence, and it was in the prison that little Mike was born. Times were always bad in the Devil's Alley, and she being weary with the struggle had gone under. So in partnership with another, and he Mike's father, she had coined false money. The plant was found in the hovel under the bed. Then the man escaped to America, and the woman bore the burden alone. And thus, eight years later, they lived in the alley—the woman and her child. Weddings and wakes and burials and brawls—these things were incidental; but Mike was an abiding treasure. It was for him that she pounded through the mud and the fog; with the rusty crape bonnet on her head and the basket of flowers on her hip It was for him she now pleaded. The grip of her trembling fingers was still on my arm, as I made my way back to the Settlement. There I laid the summons before the head-worker, and asked permission to intercede in favor of Mrs. Flynn. But the head, being wise, vetoed the appeal.

"She'll be sent to prison," I said sadly. For my heart had gone out to Mrs. Flynn.

"There isn't room for every one," was the sardonic reply; and with this I had to be content. Ten days later I was coming down stairs when I saw a woman sitting on a chair in the hall. She was huddled up in an old brown shawl, and she crooned to herself in sorrow. Presently she turned her head.

"Well, Mrs. Flynn," said I with an attempt at sociability, "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Achone!" she cried, "'tis in prison I've been. Fur the reason," she added, "as yer ain't never writ to the magisthrate."

Her tone was reproachful, and indeed I felt as if I had put her there.

"Yes, I know"; was my guilty admission, "and I'd hate it myself. But never mind," I said. "You are out now and you can go home to little Mike. He is waiting down the alley."

"Bless 'is little 'eart!" she ejaculated, "an' I 'opes the Almighty in his goodness 'as watched over 'im."

She stood up to go.

"What is in your apron?" I asked. Whereupon she extended the corners to let me see.

"'Tis the prison bread," she said huskily.

"You should have eaten it," said I in reproach.

A fierce light blazed up in her eyes.

"If 'twas on'y a crumb 'twould 'a choked me!" said she.

"What will you do with it?"

"'Twill be food fur little Mike," she answered softly. And with her eyes full of tears she gathered up her apron and was gone. I stood at the open door and watched her go down the steps and out into the night, where the snow beat against her face with pitiless force as though it would bar her way, and the bitter wind blew her rags as if in very mockery.

And this was just, for she was a sinner. Even so, in ancient times, did the culprit receive his deserts before the Jewish tribunal. For when the elders were asked whether they would abide by the letter of the law, the Sanhedrim made answer: "Wisdom without favor, and justice without mercy."

And as I peered out into the darkness, and watched the frail figure struggling with the blast, lo! the pitiless voice of the Sanhedrim seemed to speak again in the icy wind. But the woman did not falter. She bowed her head and drew the old shawl closer; and so breasting the storm she trudged on. Whither did she go? To the accursed alley; to the filthy hovel; to the tiny room she called her home. Yes; with a prayer on her lips and the prison bread in her hand she trudged on. For there, in the depths of the evil court, a little child sat waiting and watching.

It was one day last summer that a poor woman came to see me. I was not in the East End then. But by walking some of the way, and expending her savings—a few pence in all—she was able to buy a railway ticket, single fare, and so arrived at her destination. The lines had deepened in her face, since I had seen her, and she looked very careworn Not long ago she had worked for a good firm. She was a trimmer by trade. But her unlucky star was now in the ascendant; she had fallen upon evil times.

"So things have gone badly with you?" said I.

"Ah!" was the reply, "many a time I could 'ave took me own life, I've bin thet miserable, thet seemed like as if I couldn't face it. But the Almighty is good," she said, "an I ain't done it. But sometimes, w'en I'm alone, it makes me feel queer—to think of wot might 'ave bin! . . . An'

'twasn't as if I could 'ave wrote to yer," she added, "fur I 'adn't the stamp."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"D' yer remember as I wrote to yer from the 'ome? and I'm not denyin' as the Sisters wasn't kind; but I couldn't furgit as I was on charity. I'm nigh upon seventy, as yer not without knowin', but them hands was made fur work, an' I mean ter work ter the end. So I come aht o' the 'ome. I 'ad no money, an' nowheer ter lay me 'ead. Never mind, I sez, an' I prays ter the saints to 'elp me. An' as I walks along, wot do I see in the winder but 'WOMAN WANTED. APPLY WITHIN'; an' in I goes. It were 'alf rag shop an' 'arf ole-clo' shop, with a dirty-lookin' Jew be'ind the counter.

"'Yer wantin' a woman,' I sez to 'im, 'w'y not me?' 'E looks me up an' dahn.

"'Well,' 'e sez, 'yer ain't young, but yer looks active. Wot's yer trade,' sez 'e?

"'Trimmer,' sez I.

"'Theer's more'n hats to do 'ere,' 'e sez. 'Kin yer patch breeches an' mend blouses? An' yer'll 'ave to clean the 'ouse, an' lend a 'and with the cookin'.'

"'Wot's the money?' I sez to 'im.

"'Five shillin's a week,' sez 'e.

"'Gawd 'elp us,' I sez to myself, 'a tailor an' a dressmaker an' a slavey besides; all fur five shillin'.' But seein' as 'ow I 'adn't a penny in the world, an' it meant livin' in, I sez: 'Yuss; I'll do it.' 'Will yer show me,' I sez to 'im 'wheer I've got to sleep?'

"'Time enuff fur thet,' 'e sez, 'lend a 'and 'ere.'

"So I works all thet day in the rag shop, an' thankful I was ter be theer. But first I must tell yer, as the Jew 'ad a wife as dirty-lookin' as 'imself, an' a ole mother besides. An' neither of 'em couldn't speak the language. An' theer was a bit of a dark kitchen," she continued, "openin' orf the rag shop wheer them two old witches used to sit talkin' gibberish all day. I couldn't understand a word of it, so they used ter make signs to me. An' the filthy ways of 'em—Lord!"

"Where did you sleep?" I asked.

"Well, as I was sayin'," continued the woman, "when night come on I was tired an' I sez to the Jew-man: 'Wheer do I sleep?' sez I.

"'Theer,' sez 'e.

"We was standin' in the bit o' a kitchin, an' I looks rahnd. 'Wheer's thet?' sez I. 'In thet box,' sez 'e; an' yer kin make the best of it.' With that 'e slams the door on me.

"Well, wot with 'avin' to choose between lying in the box or lying in the street; an' wot with slavin' all day fur five shillin's a week; an' wot with 'earin' nothink but gibberish since mornin'; an' the Jew-man slammin' the door in me face—I was between laughin' an' cryin'. So I opens the lid o' the box—'twere a longish box, like a coffin—an' I sees a bit o' straw at the bottom. Then I sits dahn on the edge o' the box an' I looks dahn at the straw. Presently I takes it up in me 'and an' I feels it. 'Bad luck to—' Then I stops, an' thinks a bit. 'Umph!' I sez to meself; 'so straw ain't good enuff fur a Christian to lie on, ain't it! not good enuff fur an ole woman o' seventy—when the Almighty was laid in a manger. Gawd 'elp me,' I sez, 'wot did fur 'im, oughter do fur me.' But the tears was wet on my cheeks as I lays dahn on the straw. An' that night I wakes up, an' I feels the walls o' me bed, 'an',' sez I, 'is it layin' in my corfin I am?' an' I was afeerd. Well; that was my bed," said the woman after a pause; "the work was wuss. 'Twas nothink but sortin' out rags, an' mendin' dresses, an' trimmin' hats, an' servin' be'ind the counter. An' wot with seein' to the fire an' lendin' a 'and with the cookin', an' scrubbin' an' cleanin' an' fetchin' an' carryin', I was dead beat at the end of the day. Then Saturday come an' the Jew give me the five shillin'. But the nex' Saturd'y, 'e on'y gives me four-and-six, a 'arf crown, an' a two-shillin' bit.

"I looks at it fust to make quite sure, an' then I sez to 'im: 'This ain't five shillin',' I sez; 'yer've give me a two-shillin' bit by mistake.'

"'It ain't no mistake,' sez 'e, 'that's all yer'll git.' An w'en 'e sez this, I felt as if 'e'd knocked me a blow on the 'ead. Me knees was all of a tremble, an' everythink went rahnd.

"'Five shillin',' I sez, 'was the contract.' But me voice was gone like, an' me 'ead was swimmin'.

"'If yer don't like it,' 'e sez, 'yer kin go!'" There was a catch in the woman's throat. "'E knew as I 'adn't a friend—didn't 'e read it in me face w'en I took on the job? So with

never a word I takes the money an' goes back to me work. But me 'eart was sore. Well, the nex' Saturd'y I was sortin' aht the rags in the shop w'en 'e sez to me: 'I pays yer be the month,' 'e sez, 'not be the week.' D' yer see wot 'e meant?" she asked me abruptly. "'E wanted thirty days' work, an' 'e wouldn't pay fur more 'n twenty-eight days." Here her voice died away in silence.

"I went on workin'," she said presently, "fur I 'ad no choice. But wot with worrittin' abaht the money; an' never 'earin' a word o' English; an' workin' along all day from week's end ter week's end; I begins to feel lonely like in me 'ead. An' when the Jews was gone to bed o' nights, an' I was lyin' in the bottom o' the old box in the kitchen, it used ter come to me as p'haps I'd fergit 'ow to speak; an' I'd find meself makin' sounds with me voice—jes' ter see if I could.

"'What ails yer?' I'd say aht loud ter meself. 'What ails yer, to 'ave these queer thoughts?' An' then I'd answser meself back, an' tell meself things, as if mebbe I was some one else. But ne'er a soul was there; nothin' but the pitch dark, an' the cockroaches crawlin' over the floor. 'Twas one day when I was sewin' upstairs, an' feelin' low an' ill with overwork, an' payin' no 'eed ter nothink, when suddenly I drops me needle.

"'Wot was that knock?' I sez to meself. An' I dunno wot started me, fur I 'adn't noticed it at the time. But wot if it was the posty? With that, I run dahnstairs into the shop.

"'Who knocked?' I sez to 'im.

"'Postman,' 'e sez.

"'Where is it?' sez I, my fingers all itchin'.

"The Jew shook 'is 'ead. 'Gorn,' sez 'e.

"Like a flash I was aht the door an' rushin' like a mad woman dahn the street. Neither bonnet nor shawl was on me 'ead, an' me 'air was wild. Along Mile End I run, bumpin' into the people as I went. 'Wheer is 'e?' sez I; an' they never answered, thinkin' I was daft. Then I catches sight of 'im comin' aht of a shop, so I runs faster than ever, nearly cryin' as I went.

"'Give it ter me,' I sez to 'im, me voice all of a shake, 'Give it ter me—'tis mine,' I sez.

"'Wot is?' sez 'e.

"'The letter wot yer took ter the Jew. Weren't it fer Mrs. ——? Thet's me.'

"'Ere y' are, Mother!' 'e sez, 'thet's all right!'

"An' sure enuff," said the woman, brushing away the tears, "the letter was from yerself. 'Twere the answer to the one I writ yer. An' w'en I'd read the letter I puts it safe in me pocket. An' thet night w'en I goes ter bed, I 'olds it tight in me 'and, an' I cries meself ter sleep. Ah! Gawd 'elp a lone woman," she said brokenly.

"Did you stay on for that month?" I asked.

The woman nodded.

"Yuss; an' wot d' yer think 'e paid me? Sixteen shillin' fur thirty days! An' if I sez a word 'e sez as 'e'd beat the life aht o' me."

The tears trickled down the old woman's cheeks.

"On'y ter talk of it makes me feel bad," she said.

It was not very long after this that she broke down from overwork, and was taken to the Infirmary.

Her employer at this time was owing her three weeks' money which he refused to pay.

The woman came to see me after coming out of the Infirmary. Her hair had become white, and her face more careworn than ever. In a broken voice she told me about the money that was owing.

"Sometimes," she said in conclusion, "when I gits thinkin' abaht it, I feels as if I could curse that Jew until I died. Hell lasts furever," she said slowly, "furever an' ever. But theer's times w'en I feels as if hell ain't long enuff fur them as robs the poor." She paused; and her head sank on her breast. "May Hiven forgive me fur a wicked old woman," she said penitently, "an' may we both find mercy at the judgment."

There were tears in my own eyes as I tried to comfort her. "Do you remember what is written: 'Better the poor man walking in righteousness than the rich in crooked ways'?" But deep down in my heart the cry went up: "How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget the souls of thy poor?"

A tenement stood in my favorite lane. And it was the wicked end of the lane where the tares outnumbered the wheat. But it was here among the shadows—here, in spite of

all the laws of spiritual horticulture—that the flowers of human charity bloomed brightest. But concerning this particular tenement. Outside it resembled its fellows; inside it was different. From the street pavement you stepped on to the rickety staircase; and it wasn't like other staircases. Sometimes, when I was feeling reflective, I used to wonder whether it had not met with an accident in its early youth? For the base of its spine was twisted and then jambed into the corner, whence it climbed somewhat feebly up the side of the grimy wall. When the street door was left open you could just distinguish the lower part of its anatomy—as far as the fifth step; the rest had to be taken on trust. And you stepped up and up into the darkness, with nothing to cling to but the intangible axiom that all finite things must end; not even a slum staircase being exempt from the general law of limitation.

The upper part of the stairs was always wrapped in impenetrable darkness. It was a darkness that you could take between your fingers and feel. And it felt sticky. It was a kind of staircase that had a distant manner—and no rail. No matter how long you were acquainted with it, you never got to know it any better. For myself, I always thought it had more steps in reserve, and I was only advised to the contrary by coming in violent contact with a door which gave way—a concession which greatly facilitated one's entry.

"I suppose it is one way of knocking," I said apologetically, finding myself thus hurled into the tenement room one morning.

"Ah! 'tis yerself!" said a voice from the bed.

"Either a whole or a part," I answered vaguely.

"May the Lord an' 'is Blessed Mother love yer fur comin'," she ejaculated. And she offered me her hand in greeting.

But with the movement a sharp spasm of pain contracted her features, and her outstretched hand fell nerveless.

This woman was a bottle-washer, and just now crippled with rheumatism.

For months and months, year in, year out, she stood inches deep in water. Day by day she washed bottles, bottles—nothing but endless bottles,—down by the docks.

The hand that lay on the coverlet was knotted and deformed; and she was moaning with pain.

"Sit yerself dahn!" said she when she could speak. But

her face still twitched as she continued: "I'd been prayin' as yer'd come! Yuss; an' I listened all yesterd'y fur yer step. Lyin' 'ere all day yer gits ter know the footsteps. Fust it's the waker-up, to call the lady acrost the road. Thet's at a quarter ter five. But before thet agin, theer's a knock at 'arf past three. Thet's to wake 'er 'usband. Then yer kin 'ear the men startin' aht fur the docks. An' by an' bye the milk comes along, an' the sweeps goes aht. Then comes the women wot cleans the orfices up West—way aht be the Minories; then yer kin 'ear the factory gels 'urryin' orf; an' then comes the children goin' ter school Arter thet it's all quiet, fur the lane do be empty all day. But now an' agin some one turns aht of the main road, an' I lies 'ere an' I listens to see if I knows the step. I kin 'ear 'em comin' a long way off; fust 'tis on'y a footfall in the distance—faint-like; an' they seems all alike far off. But when they comes closer I knows 'em. Yer was way dahn the lane, jus' aht o' the Court, when I sez to meself: 'Thet's 'er!' sez I. An' 'ere y' are!"

"And I've been a long time coming," I said penitently, "considering that you were ill."

"Ah! but yer do 'ave a lot o' people to see," she said in extenuation.

"Never mind! I'm going to be a reformed character after this."

The woman's eyes twinkled. "An' 'ow are yer?" she asked.

"It isn't how I am," I answered, "but how you are. What!" I ejaculated, looking at the untidy grate, "no fire?"

"Divil a bit," she replied, "an' I do be feelin' the want of it. But wot kin yer do? 'Ere I've bin fur the las' six weeks not able ter move 'and nor foot, an' o' course earnin' no money. An' pore little Katie, wot kin she do in the way o' buyin' coal? 'Tis on'y five an' threepence a week she gits at the jam factory. An' wot with payin' the rent, an' the bit we 'as to eat, theer ain't much fur firin'."

"No, I should think not"; I answered.

"D' yer reckon as the Settlement would give me some coal?" she asked.

"Yes, I think it would"; and I jotted down her need in my notebook.

"Yer see 'ow it is," continued the rheumatic woman; "aht

o' Katie's money she 'as ter buy 'erself a dress now an' agin. Yer ain't never seen my Katie, 'ave yer?" she asked abruptly.

"Not yet," I replied. For Katie was always at the factory.

"Yer would like my Katie," she said simply. "Yuss; an' I don't care if she is me own gel, fur a better gel nor Katie yer never see. She works 'ard all day, very 'ard, she do, at the factory. An' when 'er work's done, she comes straight 'ome. No 'angin' abaht the streets fur Katie, but straight 'ome she comes ter make me bed an' ter tidy up the place a bit. Then of a mornin' she's up like a lark—boils me a cup o' tea an' gi'es me somethink to eat, an' away she goes to 'er work. There ain't no time fur much else," she said looking round the dishevelled tenement room, "fur if she ain't at the factory door w'en the bell rings, they docks 'er pay, so they do. An' she do keep 'erself so nice an' ladylike—gen'ally in black. W'y! 'er last is jes' sich a dress as yer might wear yerself, an' not feel ashamed of it neither! An' it ain't as if she spends much on 'er clothes, pore little Katie, fur she ain't got it. But wot she gets is tasty. She b'longs ter one o' them fact'ry clubs," explained the woman; "one as they gits up theirselves."

"How?" I asked.

"Well! say my Katie wants a noo dress. P'haps it might cost a matter o' twelve shillin'. Well, then, she gits twelve fact'ry gels ter join, an' each of 'em pays a shillin' a week fur twelve weeks. At the end of each week, d' yer see, they draw lots. An' one of 'em gits twelve shillin's in a lump, an' she kin go orf an' buy a noo dress. I'd like as yer'd see Katie's—" Again her face worked in pain. "But it's—put away," she said wearily.

"Later on I can see it."

"Please Gawd!" was the response. For Katie's new dress was pledged for food.

"Sich a pretty dress as it is, too," she continued; "an' she do look fine in it! 'Tis a black alpaca wid a blue silk front, an' a—"

Here the door opened stealthily and a head was thrust in. It was a weird looking object. The face was not visible, for the shawl concealed it from view. And, as if to make assurance doubly sure, a sooty hand held the brown shawl in place. From the upper opening of this shawl a tuft of gray hair stood up and asserted its independence. It was the only thing

to be seen, and therefore compelled attention. As hair it was unique. It simply stood on end and remained there. Like the suspended tomb of the Prophet it was a law to itself—a mysterious triumph of matter over force. Catching sight of me the owner of the tuft of hair hastily withdrew. Whereupon my friend, the bottle-washer, announced to me in a stage whisper that the apparition was her landlady—the house being a tiny tenement. Then, evidently conscious that her landlady's hair needed an apology, she remarked abruptly: "'Ad a fright once, she 'ad! an' ever since then 'er 'air won't never stick dahn. But she's reel good ter me," said the sick woman. "Yuss; she's jes' goin' ter the pawn-shop fur me—lendin' me some of 'er things she is, 'cos mine's all gone. She's got a black eye to-day, that's w'y she was 'oldin the shawl over 'er 'ead."

"She need not have minded me," I began.

But again the woman started with pain and the limbs were drawn up.

"May the Lord give me strength to suffer," she murmured, as she clutched at the bedclothes in agony. For some moments she lay there unable to speak. Then she raised her voice with an effort and called: "'Ere! Mrs. Mould!"

Again the eerie figure appeared round the door.

"Wot d' yer want?" said a voice from underneath the shawl.

"Come right in," said the sick woman, fur yer needn't mind this 'ere lady."

Thus adjured, the shawled figure came in, bearing under her arm a bulky packet tied in a colored handkerchief.

"I'm jes' a-goin'," she said, "but the 'andkerchief keeps comin' orf me eye."

"Let me help," said I.

The figure hesitated, and I felt as if I were being weighed in the balance. Then she put down the bundle of rags she was going to pawn and slowly withdrew the shawl.

"I 'ad a fall las' night," she said with diffidence. "Me an' me ole man was comin' along the lane, w'en I slipped an' nearly cut me eye aht."

"Yes, it's badly grazed"; I said. For, where her face was not cut, it was black and blue with bruises. "Where did you fall?" I asked, as I folded the old handkerchief lengthways.

"Yer knows the fish shop in the lane? Well, it ain't a fish shop exactly, but where they salts the fish. Theer's allus fish scales on the pavement," she added, "an' 'twas theer we slipped las' night—me an' 'im."

"A woman fell there just now," I said, "as I was coming along."

"'Urt much?" asked the battered figure hastily.

"She was moaning with pain as she was carried into the tenement."

"Ah! pore thing!" said both women with sympathy.

"Are you ready?" I asked, holding out the handkerchief.

"Yuss"; and the broken head was lowered.

"Tell me if I hurt," said I; for the stiff gray hair was an unknown quantity.

"Thank yer kindly," said the woman when I had tied up the black eye.

She drew her shawl over her head and tucked the bundle of rags under her arm.

In the doorway she turned round and nodded to us.

"S'long!" said she.

And the Samaritan vanished, to pledge her all.

Her footsteps died away in the lane, and the tenement room was hushed. And in the squalid doorway I thought I saw the Angel open the Book and write therein. After which, turning from the East End to the West, he stretched his hands over the city and said to a Christian world: "Go, and do thou in like manner."

CERVANTES AND HIS WORK.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D.

IT is the custom of the present day to sympathize rather condescendingly with Spain for the loss of her empire and the dissipation of that supreme influence in world affairs which she once possessed. In one phase of our modern life, however, it must not be forgotten that Spain still maintains a supremacy from which she will never be dislodged, and in which, indeed, she has no rival. The soldier-poet maimed at Lepanto, captive for so long in Algiers, whom the proud hidalgos of his time thought so little of, and whom even the most distinguished literary men among his contemporaries valued far below his worth, has, by his wonderful book, in the words of a distinguished American critic, restored to Spain the universal empire she lost. For all the world reads *Don Quixote* and takes that brave old knight to heart, and comes back year after year to find in this story a new meaning and a new message, until it has become part of the world's literary soul. All this is recalled the more appropriately now that the literary world is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of *Don Quixote*, and acknowledging its unrivaled supremacy as a work of art.

So much has been written and so much is thought of *Don Quixote* and of Cervantes, that somehow the impression has obtained that he stands alone in the Spanish literature of his time. Nothing could, however, be less true than this, and it may be said at once that no supreme literary genius has ever manifested itself without having been led up to by predecessors often much less distinguished, but never quite unworthy of the great master that was to be the culmination of their line. Victor Hugo once said, in one of the Delphic expressions he so much affected, that genius was a promontory jutting out into the infinite. It is not so very clear just what may be the definite meaning underlying the great French poet and critic's word, but it is certain that, in literary history, the promontory never stands alone, but is preceded by a chain of lower peaks from the mainland.

The greatest of Cervantes' predecessors in Spanish literature is undoubtedly St. Teresa, whose name in the world, Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, has been entirely eclipsed by her religious designation. It may seem an index rather of Catholic partiality than of genuine literary appreciation to give such a place to St. Teresa and her writings, but for those who must have critical authorities for their opinions, there is no dearth of acknowledged ones to overcome all hesitancy. The most recent, Fitzmaurice Kelly, who is himself a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and who was selected by Edmund Gosse to write the history of Spanish literature in Appleton's series of *Literatures of the World*, says of her:

> Santa Teresa is not only a glorious saint and a splendid figure in the annals of religious thought; she ranks as a miracle of genius, as, perhaps, the greatest woman who ever handled pen, the single one of all her sex who stands beside the world's most perfect masters. Macaulay has noted, in a famous essay, that Protestantism has gained not an inch of ground since the middle of the sixteenth century. Ignacio Loyola and Santa Teresa are the life and brain of the Catholic reaction; the former is a great party chief, the latter belongs to mankind.

The English poet, Richard Crashaw, himself surely capable of judging both of the mystical and the poetic side of her character, cannot find words strong enough to express his feeling.

> A woman, he says, for angelical height of speculation; for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman. Who yet a child, outran maturity and durst plot a martyrdom.

Over and over again writers have quoted his burning words of admiration:

> Sweet incendiary, the undaunted daughter of desires, the fair sister of the seraphim, moon of maiden stars.

How much of Crashaw's own conversion was due to the influence of Teresa's writings, and how much of the sublimer depths of his own great religious poetry, to the inspiration of her burning words, will never be known. Teresa's letters are, to this day, the model of classic Spanish prose style, and it is no surprise to find great genius ready to manifest itself through the same vehicle.

Nor were Cervantes' more immediate contemporaries unworthy of him. Lope de Vega represents one of the great sources of modern dramatic literature. Tirso de Molina is scarcely less well known to his countrymen, and only somewhat less admired, though the world outside of Spain knows so little of him. As to Calderon, who was to be Cervantes' great successor in attracting world-wide attention to Spanish literature, there is no doubt that he is one of the dramatic geniuses of all time. The Schlegels, Frederick and August, were unstinted in their admiration of the great Spanish dramatist. James Russell Lowell said of him:

> For fascination of style and profound suggestion, it would be hard to name another author superior to Calderon, if indeed equal to him. His charm was equally felt by two minds as unlike each other as those of Goethe and Shelley, and indeed admiration for Calderon has always been the touchstone of true critical appreciation, and the more broad-minded the critical judgment the surer has been its verdict as to the genius of Calderon.

Probably something of Cervantes' intellectual development was due to the fact that he was born in Alcala de Henares, where the great Cardinal Ximenes had founded the famous university which, in the early part of the nineteenth century, was transferred to Madrid. It seems probable from the records of the University that at the time of Cervantes' birth there were not less than seven thousand students in attendance at this university. At no time during the sixteenth century had the number fallen below five thousand.

It has been the custom to consider as trivial the old knightly romances which were so popular before the publication of *Don Quixote*. They represented, however, a definite phase of literary development. It must not be forgotten that the romances of chivalry, which Cervantes took it upon himself to satirize, were very widely read. Thirty years before *Don Quixote* was written, St. Teresa complained that many of the nuns in the convents in Spain gave themselves up to the reading of these romances, which she considered as neither suitable to their state in life nor likely to improve their minds or spiritual condition. She does not hesitate to confess, however, that as a young woman she herself took great delight in reading them, and this,

too, even after she had become a nun. There is a tradition that she tried her hand at writing some of them when she was in her teens, and knowing her facility of expression in Spanish prose, and the imperative need at all times for a woman of her disposition to have something to do, this would not be surprising.

That it was not the idle rich nor the young nobles alone who devoted themselves to this sort of reading can also be appreciated from many well-known facts. Charles V., serious as he always was, had a favorite romance of this character, and continued to enjoy it even after he himself had promulgated decrees against the reading of romances of chivalry. It is said that the distinguished theologian, Mendoza, when sent on an embassy to Rome, took with him in his library *Amadis of Gaul*, one of the books that is particularly satirized in *Don Quixote*, and another of the same character, *Celestina*. The reading of these romances of chivalry was considered to be so serious a matter after a time that even ecclesiastical regulations were made in order to try to break up the evil habit. There is no doubt that the books did a great deal of harm, more because they encouraged a certain dissipation of mind, than by any positive immoral influence. The story of a passionate, universal devotion to the reading of romances of a character not so different from those of the old Spanish times, either in their literary value or their truth to life, has been repeated in our own times, and we are still in the midst of the unfortunate movement.

Occasionally the reading habit, acquired through the perusal of the romances of chivalry, seems not to have been without its good results. It will be remembered that when Ignatius Loyola was wounded at the battle of Pampeluna, and had to bear long weeks of convalescence in bed, he demanded that certain romances of chivalry should be given him. None of them, however, were to be found in that remote and uncultured part of Spain, and so he had to content himself with whatever reading matter there was at hand. The only books to be found were a *Life of Christ* and some lives of the saints, and accordingly Ignatius devoted himself to these. There are not wanting those who hint that some of the ideas for the formation of his great company of knights, who were to fight for the Church, were obtained from the reading of romances

of chivalry, which had been such a favorite occupation of his younger days. It is rather curious to think that some have even hinted that Cervantes was satirizing the life of Ignatius Loyola in *Don Quixote*, though of course this is entirely without foundation.

Cervantes wrote his *Don Quixote* with the avowed purpose of undermining the popularity of the old romances of chivalry. It has sometimes been said that the arrows of his wit and humor were aimed at the old chivalry itself. Nothing could well be less true than this, however. Cervantes himself was the last of the knights of the olden time, and he had all the utter unselfish spirit that animated them. His life is full of actions that ever since the writing of his book would be called nothing less than Quixotic. His enlistment as a Crusader under Don Juan of Austria was only the first of these chivalrous steps. On the morning of the battle of Lepanto he was in bed with fever; when he heard the preparation for fight no entreaties could keep him below: "I would rather die fighting for God and the king," he exclaimed, "than think of my own safety and keep under cover."

Not only did he insist on coming on deck, but he pleaded earnestly for a special post of danger, though what he asked for was a post of honor, and his request was granted. He fought from a skiff alongside the galley, and he would surely have lost his life but for the fortunate chance which transferred the fiercest fighting to the other side of the vessel. His description of the battle afterwards breathes all the inspiration of the moment. Notwithstanding his wounds, when the trumpets sounded the triumph of the Christian fleet he was utterly unconscious of the injuries that he had received.

> I held my sword in one hand, he writes; from the other flowed waves of blood. My bosom was struck with a deep wound, my left hand broken and crushed; but such was the sovereign joy that filled my soul that I was unconscious of my wounds. Yet was I fainting with mortal pain.

After six months in the hospital he again enlisted, and was present at the capture of Tunis. When two years later Cervantes heard of the recapture of Tunis by the Turks, with the brave garrison overpowered by numbers perishing to a man at their posts, he cried out: "Would to God that I had remained to help them or perish with them." Later on, when

he was captured by the Moors, the same spirit of self-sacrifice for others characterized his life. When money was sent for his ransom, he insisted that his brother, Rodrigo, should first be set free, and remained himself in captivity, though he must have realized that all the possible efforts of his friends to help him had now been exhausted, and that he must be ready to bear long years of slavery. Twice he was the leader of attempts to break from captivity, and on each occasion he insisted, at the risk of death, in assuming the whole responsibility and taking whatever punishment might be meted out to the organizer of such an outbreak. Apparently it was only the genial character of the man himself, which had so impressed his captors, that saved his life. Surely no one was better fitted than Cervantes himself to tell with supreme sympathy, and the utter kindliness of good humor, the story of Don Quixote's knightly efforts to help others, absolutely regardless of the consequences to himself.

While *Don Quixote* is the only work for which Cervantes is famous, it must not be thought that this is his only work of great merit. It seems not unlikely that, if he had never written *Don Quixote*, he would still have deserved an enduring place in Spanish literature for some of his novelas and short stories. These are conceived in the style of modern realism, and indeed contain many reminders of the work of so modern a writer as the Russian realist, Maxim Gorki. Like Gorki, in Russia, Cervantes had seen, in Spain, much of the life of the tramp, the unemployed, and the gypsy, and it is these that he has particularly pictured in his short stories. The most important characteristic of these tales is their absolute fidelity to the life of the time and their value as social studies of the period. "Rinconete and Cortadillo"—a story of Seville founded on Cervantes' own experiences—is the best example of these. Thieves and ruffians and bullies, as well as typical characters of all the criminal classes, are described with the pen of a master. This short story contains some of the elements of comedy and humor that foreshadow *Don Quixote*.

"The Colloquy of the Two Dogs" is not without its reminders of Burns' poem with a similar title. "The Illustrious Kitchen Maid" is noted for its simple straightforwardness and apparent absence of all artistic effort. The scene is laid in a lodging house in Toledo, still visited by the traveler, said to this day to be in the condition in which it was at the time

of the story. "The Illustrious Kitchen Maid" in many respects recalls to the reader Maxim Gorki's "Night Refuge." This is true particularly because of its verisimilitude and its almost brutally plain statement of facts with regard to the condition of the poor. Another, perhaps the cleverest and best known of Cervantes' short stories, is "The Little Gypsy." This is the first of a series of short stories in which a baby girl, having been carried off by gypsies, is brought up by them, but finally restored under romantic circumstances to her proper station in life. The story contains some simple, tender ballads that have added not a little to Cervantes' reputation.

Though these short stories were so different from the romances of chivalry, they sprang into popularity at once, and ten editions of them were called for in nine years. If we recall that at the present time short stories are the special *bête noir* of the publishers, and that few of them get beyond a first edition, and very few beyond a third or fourth, this will enable us to realize that, with the smaller circle of readers in Cervantes' time, these short stories must have been almost universally read in Spain. One of his distinguished contemporaries, Tirso de Molina, because of this collection of short stories, spoke of Cervantes as the Boccaccio of Spain. The title is, however, to say the least, unfortunate, for Cervantes' work is disfigured neither here nor anywhere else by any appeal to sensuality. There is no doubt, however, that to the mind of Spanish critics these short stories are written in purer Spanish than is *Don Quixote*. Even Lope de Vega, who was not prone to praise his contemporaries over much, and who was especially sparing of praise in Cervantes' regard, conceded that the stories were not wanting in grace or style. They have not, however, appealed to the wider world as *Don Quixote* has. The latter has been translated into every language, the former are to be found in comparatively few. Cervantes was from the very beginning a favorite with English readers, and yet, even down to the present day, there is no translation of his complete works. At least there was none ten years ago, and the lacuna has not, we believe, been since filled.

It is not surprising to find that the great critics, and especially the most human among them, have all been unstinted in their praise of Cervantes' great work. *Don Quixote* was never, however, a classic in the definition of that word—which has sometimes been given—a book that every one praises and

no one reads. The "Knight of La Mancha" became a precious possession for the critics, and they learned to speak of him, not so much as a character of fiction, but as of some one whom they knew better than they knew their intimates, and to love very tenderly, even while they laughed at him very heartily. A typical example of this attitude is our own Lamb, with whom Don Quixote was a favorite character. Lamb's wonderful taste for what is best in literature enabled him to appreciate, as few English before his time, the surpassing beauties of Cervantes' work. A greater difference could scarcely be imagined than that between the personalities of Lamb and Coleridge, their critical faculties and their training; yet Coleridge was quite as completely won by the marvelous creation of the Spanish writer as was Lamb.

Their great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, liked *Don Quixote* above most books, and often turned to it and found it restful from his labor, yet an inspiration in his work. It is a matter for some wonder, however, to find that Heine, the scoffer, for whom almost nothing in life was serious, should have realized all the pathos that there is in *Don Quixote*, and should, indeed, have been one of those who insisted most on the fact that it is the saddest of all sad books. On the other hand, the great French critic, Sainte Beuve, for whom mere beauty of style so often seemed to dominate critical opinion, has not a word to say of the lack of style in *Don Quixote*, while he cordially appreciates the wonderful humanity of the book and the broad world-sympathy with which it is written. It is he who said that *Don Quixote* is the one book to which no one, with any pretensions to culture, can afford to miss a reference in any language of Europe.

Horace's prophecy of himself, "I have raised a monument more lasting than bronze," has seemed overweeningly pretentious to many, but it pales before the declaration of Cervantes that no language would be without a translation of *Don Quixote;* and the Spaniard's prophesy has been fulfilled, if possible, more truly than that of the Roman. *Don Quixote* has been translated more frequently, and into more languages, than any other work, even that of Dante or our own Shakespeare. The dear old knight of the rueful countenance has literally become a friend and very living person to more cultured men than any other character fiction ever created.

True to the life of the little country town in the most backward district of Spain in the sixteenth century, Don Quixote is yet the type of the idealist of all time, and his fat little pudgy squire with the sharp eyes, ever on the lookout for his own interest, is the contrasting type of the self-seeking realist. The whole story is written so close to the heart of human nature, and comes so directly from that mingled fountain of tears and of smiles in the depths of every human heart, that we feel rather than appreciate it, and re-live rather than re-read it.

Yet it was all done by the brave and rather shiftless soldier-poet, the wanderer who suffered much, and in suffering saw things for himself, who was the butt of fortune, and whose life assuredly spelled failure, if any ever did, according to the ordinary standards of worldly success, but who kept a buoyant heart through it all and saw life, in spite of the "lachrymæ rerum," to be not such a bad lot, all said and done. At the end, he turned as naturally to the faith that was in him as the child to its mother, and having written in a last letter: "Farewell wit, farewell my pleasant jests, farewell my many friends!" concluded with the sublimely simple words of Christian hope: "Dying I carry with me the desire to see you soon again with joy in the other life." To any one who knows how St. Francis of Assisi, with his utter lack of conventionality, must have appealed to the heart of a man like Cervantes, for whom life had been so thoroughly stripped of its illusions, it is no surprise to learn that Cervantes, towards the end of his days, became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. According to directions, left in his will, he was buried in the habit of the order, with the brethren as his chief funeral attendants. His only child, his beloved daughter, had become a nun in the Convent of the Holy Trinity at Madrid not long before, and in order that his remains might not be far from her, Cervantes requested to be buried in the little cemetery attached to the convent.

The immortal creator of *Don Quixote* had his last fond dream of peace for all that was mortal of him, within the echoes of the convent choir and apart from the busy hum of city life beyond the garden walls. When the convent was moved, Cervantes' body was transferred to another convent cemetery, and all trace of the last resting place of Spain's greatest son was lost.

PARCEL-POST SYSTEM OF GERMANY.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,
Head of U. S. Consular Service.

ANY ONE who has stood in a German post office, at the counter where parcels are received for transportation to places far and near, and has seen the constant stream of private carriers—men, women, and children—pouring in through the doors with packages of all descriptions and sizes, and lining up in never-ending rows before half a dozen and more receiving officials; who has watched heavy wagons driving up to the doors and depositing hundreds of packages, all directed from a single manufacturing house; and who has noticed the mountains of parcels heaped up in the rear rooms of the post office, cannot but have been forcibly struck with the magnitude of the parcel-post system of transportation in Germany, and its immense importance and value to the industrial and commercial interests of the Empire. The writer remembers distinctly the deep impression which the first sight of this great transportation agency in its feverish activity made upon him, and his firm conviction that the inauguration of such a system throughout the United States would prove an inestimable blessing and would revolutionize numerous cumbrous, time-killing, expensive, and inconvenient, though under present conditions unavoidable, methods in retail business.

In this article all the leading features of the parcel-post system of Germany are presented, beginning with the despatch of the package, and ending with its delivery to the addressee.

Every package must be accompanied by a parcel-post address card, about 4x6 inches in size, and with black print on yellow paper of the strength of a common postal card. Where a number of packages are sent to the same address, three may be sent under one address card, unless one or more of them are also to be registered, insured, or a collection made on delivery. In the latter cases every package must be accompanied by its own address card.

Every address card is divided into two parts. A third of the card to the left is devoted to the address of the sender of the package, the stamp of the receiving post office, and for any communication that the sender may wish to make to the addressee. This part is detached from the rest of the card on the delivery of the package, and forms a convenient record of the day and place of its despatch, name of sender, and his communication. The other two-thirds of the card contains the address of the intended receiver of the package, a right-hand upper corner for stamps, a blank for the indication of the number or character of the packages sent, the weight of the package as determined by the receiving official at the post office, and a distinguishing number corresponding to that of the parcel and given to it at the post office. At the top of the back of the card, next to the one-third left blank for communications, is a space for the storage number (if kept in store), for any direction of the sender in regard to the delivery of the package, and then a place for the signature of the receiver, in case of insured packages, with declaration of value. The rest of the card contains directions as to its use and the more important regulations respecting the transportation of parcels by the post office.

These address cards may be bought at the post office for the price of the stamp upon them, if stamped, and at the rate of twenty for 5 cents (20 pfennige) if unstamped. The use of private cards is also permissible, provided such cards are made in exact imitation of the standard official card.

The package itself must also be addressed in the same manner as the card attached to it. In addition it must also show whether postage has been prepaid by inscribing the word "free," and whether the package is "registered," or to be "delivered per special messenger," or a certain amount "collected upon delivery," etc. In case the package consists of a crated living animal, a further direction must be stated, as: "If not delivered, return to ——"; or, "If not delivered, send to ——"; or, "If not delivered, sell"; or, "If not delivered, telegraph sender"; etc. All addresses must be written plainly, with names in full and street numbers. Where packages are insured their value must be written upon the package itself, as well as upon the card.

In case of lighter objects of little value, which can with-

stand pressure and which have no moist or fatty exterior, a simple wrapping of ordinary paper is sufficient. All heavier objects, weighing more than 6 pounds or thereabouts. must be put up in several covers of heavy wrapping paper. Parcels of greater value, which suffer easily from moisture, pressure, or rubbing, must be covered with oilcloth or pasteboard, or be packed in boxes covered with heavy linen material. Fluids shipped in bottles and flasks must be packed in special cases or baskets. Live animals must be so boxed as not only to protect them from injury, but also safeguard the officials who handle the cases.

The packages must be so tied or sealed that the contents cannot be examined without appreciable injury to the package. Insured packages with a declared value must be securely sealed by the use of sealing wax and a stamp. In case of specially locked packages, or cases, or well-made casks, no further sealing is required. Detailed regulations govern the shipment of coins or paper-money and other valuable paper.

Ordinarily parcels are sent only by the accommodation trains and not by the limited trains. It frequently happens, however, that in case of live animals, flowers, etc., rapid shipment is highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Provision is made that on condition of the payment of an extra charge of 1 mark (24 cents) such parcels will be sent on the limited trains and delivered on their arrival by special messenger. In such cases the parcel pays the regular charge, which will be given presently, plus the special messenger charge of 10 cents and 1 mark.

Urgent shipments cannot be registered or insured. They must be easily distinguishable through the attachment of a special colored card, with the word "urgent" written or stamped in large letters. The address card must be distinguished in like manner.

Ordinarily a delivery of packages is made from the receiving post office twice a day, and sometimes oftener, in large cities. Where a package is to be hurried to its destination, a special messenger may be sent out in the familiar manner. The charge in such cases is 10 cents in case of delivery within the city, and 22 cents in case of rural delivery. Instead of delivering the entire package, the messenger may be instructed to deliver the card alone, thereby giving notice to the receiver of the

arrival of a package. In the latter cases the charge is the same as in case of the delivery of letters, money orders, etc., namely, 5 cents for city delivery, and 15 cents for special rural delivery.

If the sender pays the special messenger, this fact must be recorded on the address card, as well as on the package itself, in the words "*Bote bezahlt*" (messenger paid). In other cases the charge is collected on the delivery of the parcel.

In the absence of a special delivery, the parcel is taken out to the addressee on the regular daily route, either in the morning or in the afternoon, by the parcel-post delivery wagon. The charge for delivery varies with the weight of the package and its destination, that is, whether it is to be delivered within the city limits or out in the country. The minimum charge for city delivery is 2½ cents, and includes all packages weighing less than 5 kilograms (11 pounds). Heavier parcels pay 3¼ cents. If a number of packages is delivered to a single address under one address card then the charge is as above for the heaviest package, and but 1¼ cents for every other package, that is, for the other one or two, as it will be remembered that no more than three packages can accompany one address card.

In case of the rural delivery, of ordinary packages the charge is 2½ cents for every parcel weighing less than 5½ pounds, and 5 cents for every other package, irrespective of their number.

It must be noted here that the general delivery fees, as presented above, vary in different cities, this being determined by the central postal officials through local regulation. It is not a matter regulated locally by local authorities.

The very large mass of the parcels sent in Germany appear to be sent to the post office by private messengers, namely, office boys or girls, clerks, servants, etc. This means is both expeditious and convenient, where somebody is at hand to carry the parcel. Otherwise the parcel collection wagon, which at the same time also acts for delivery, may be called to the office or house by a postal card addressed to the local post office. Packages may also be carried out to a parcel delivery wagon while on its regular route when it passes or while it stops in the neighborhood. The charge for collection is the same as the charge for delivery—2½ cents—provided the parcel is delivered inside the city limits.

In the case of rural collection, all parcels weighing less than 5½ pounds are accepted for 3¼ cents; if heavier, the charge is 6½ cents.

When, for one reason or another, it is impossible to deliver a parcel, the sender is notified and requested to give instructions for its disposition within seven days, and at the same time pay a charge of 5 cents. If the sender has any doubts as to a difficulty in the delivery of the parcel he can, as was already stated, write instructions as to its disposition on the address card at the time of the despatch of the parcel.

The question of the charges for transmission is, of course, of vital and determining importance in a parcel-post system, and it is here that the German system offers an admirable service, for its chief virtues are moderate charges and an almost infallible service. Weight and distance determine the amount of the charge. The distance charge is determined by means of zones. Taking the point from which a given package is to be transmitted as the centre, the first zone lies within a circumference whose radius is 10 geographical miles; the second zone lies between 10 and 20 geographical miles; the third, between 20 and 50 geographical miles; the fourth, between 50 and 100 geographical miles; the fifth, between 100 and 150 geographical miles; and the sixth, or most distant zone, beyond 150 geographical miles.

For parcels weighing less than 11 pounds, but two zones are distinguished—one within ten geographical miles, and the other beyond this distance. The charge for a parcel weighing less than 11 pounds is 6 cents within the first zone of 10 geographical miles and 12 cents for every greater distance.

For parcels weighing over 11 pounds the charge for the first 5 kilograms is the same as given above. For every additional kilogram, or fraction thereof, the charge varies proportionately.

Every parcel is weighed on its delivery for transmission note of its exact weight being made on the address card by the receiving official. Extremely heavy packages are received, the limit in weight being 110 pounds.

In case the postage upon parcels is not prepaid, an extra charge of 2½ cents is collected where the packages do not weigh more than 11 pounds. In case of heavier packages no extra fee is charged. The aim of this provision is, apparently,

to avoid the shipment of unpaid parcels in weights of less than 5 kilograms, the chances for so doing being greatest for the smaller class of packages, which constitute by far a majority of all parcels sent.

Parcels of light weight, but considerable size, or which possess a delicate character which makes them difficult of transportation, both in handling and in the space which they occupy, are placed in a special class by themselves, under the name of "special express," under the American usage of the term. In this class are included all parcels whose dimensions in any one direction exceed 1.5 meters (59 inches); also parcels which measure 1 meter (39.37 inches) in one direction and more than 0.5 meter (19.68 inches) in another, and yet weigh less than 10 kilograms; also baskets with plants, hatboxes, furniture, delicate basket work, cages with animals, or when empty, etc. all of which occupy comparatively large space and require comparatively careful handling.

Packages such as the above pay, in addition to the regular postage, an extra charge equal to one-half of the regular postage charge. Insurance fees are not calculated in determining the extra charge.

Parcels which possess an extraordinary value are generally insured, the rates being most favorable. The minimum charge for insurance is 2½ cents, and covers all parcels less than 600 marks ($142.80) in value. Every additional 300 marks in value pays a charge of 1.19 cents. Thus 1,500 marks ($357) pay an insurance fee of 25 pfennige (5.95 cents), 6,000 marks ($1,428) pay a fee of 1 mark (23.8 cents), 12,000 marks ($2,856) pay a fee of 2 marks (47.6 cents), etc.

The postal charges, both for insured and for ordinary parcels, are so moderate, and the advantages of a rapid transmission of smaller shipments of commodities, etc., are so great, that the German parcel-post system of transportation has grown to be one of the most important commercial communication agencies of the country. The parcel-post brings the fish from the North Sea, the colonial products from the seaport towns, the dairy products from Switzerland, the wines from the Rhine valley, the fruits of Italy, and the vegetables of the whole South into the heart of Germany. When the Mannheim or Chemnitz fruit-dealer runs short, he sends a telegram for 12 cents to his import dealer at Hamburg, Bremen, or Berlin, and

the next day the case is delivered at his store, the whole transaction involving an expense of from 12 to 50 cents or $1; and involving this highest rate only when the case weighs at least 50 pounds. The rates which permit of the sending of parcels up to 11 pounds in weight any distance for 12 cents attract an utterly inestimable quantity of packages Everywhere business men express high praise of the system, and declare it to be an indispensible institution, performing a service which could not be rendered as promptly or as conveniently by any other known agency.

The parcels post rates of Germany, from the inland cities to foreign countries, are extremely moderate. The parcel rate and letter postage to Austria-Hungary are the same as in Germany itself, and parcels for Egypt via Switzerland and Italy are sent for 52 cents per 11 pounds.

The charges for parcels to the United States are: One kilogram (2.2046 pounds), 33 cents; 1 to 5 kilograms (2.2046 to 11 pounds), 31 to 88 cents, according to the circumstances of sending and delivery.

In all cases certain requirements for the foreign customs department must be followed, which for the United States are, besides the card of address, two declarations pertaining to cost and contents; and as regards size, packages for the United States must not be over 105 centimeters (41.24 inches) in length, and the circumference must not exceed 180 centimeters (70.87 inches).

The rate on from 2.2 to 44 pounds is 26 cents. For each additional 22.046 pounds, or fraction thereof, there is a charge of 13 cents, so that the rate for 220.46 pounds, is $1.31.

The railroad express rate on 44 pounds is 30 cents, so that the express rate for 220.46 pounds is $3.04.

The Manchester street railway (or tramway) committee has for some time had under consideration the details of a scheme for carrying parcels on the street cars in that city. Lately the committee adopted a scale of charges for parcels, inclusive of the charge for delivery, for two areas, the "inside" and the "outside." The "inside" area will include the whole of the city of Manchester, the borough of Salford, and the township of Stretford as far as Warwick road. The "outside" area will include the suburbs which are around the district thus outlined and within the tramway's circuit. Par-

cels will be delivered to all parts covered by the scheme at intervals of not more than a quarter of an hour. It is expected that the service will be put into operation next month, The following are the charges for the two areas:

Rates for carrying parcels on street cars in Manchester, England.

Weight. *Not exceeding*	*Inside Service.* *Cents.*	*Outside Service.* *Cents.*
14 pounds,	4	6
28 pounds,	6	8
56 pounds,	8	12
112 pounds,	12	16

Manchester, with Salford and Stretford, all included in the "inside" area, has a population of about 800,000 people. The "outside" area includes a number of suburban towns and villages. Persons who have been discussing parcel-carrying schemes by trolley cars in American cities will watch this experiment with considerable interest.

The numbers of pieces mailed during the past year, in Germany, England, and France, were 6,894,899,000, 4,251,-709,000, and 2,849,577,000, respectively. Per capita, the highest numbers of pieces mailed were as follows: Switzerland, 130; Germany, 114; the Netherlands, 86, and France, 83. In the telegraphic service Germany ranks fifth, with 67 messages to every 100 inhabitants. The countries which surpass Germany are England, 214; France, 114; the Netherland, 78; and Switzerland, 72 messages each for every 100 residents. The German post office at the end of the year enjoyed a surplus of $14,624,095, being surpassed only by England, which had a surplus of $20,088,947. In France the surplus amounted to $14,063,519.

The exports from France in 1904 amounted to $864,771,-500, of which the goods sent by parcels-post amounted to $61,123,100.

These statistics are most interesting. At a time when the world is wondering what it will or ought to do with its vast and valuable franchises concerning public or quasi-public utilities, the question of a parcels-post is sure to force its way into the papers and into the halls where such problems are discussed. A great danger lies in indifference. At no time in

our industrial or economic life was there so much need of intelligent thought and action as now. No matter how vast the interests of the express companies concerned, the people will be justified, until greed is eradicated and replaced by a spirit of fairness, in demanding not only a parcels-post system that will enable them, at small cost, to send commodities to foreign countries, but one that will replace, to a very large extent, the present expensive system of sending goods by express. If the question is ever put properly before our legislators they will hardly dare to hold back so effective a means of promoting the public welfare. It is hard to see how any system of opposition will be allowed to prevail against so necessary and commendable a change. Conservatism, of such a character as is called for by those who oppose reforms, is foolish if not wicked when offered in opposition to a system such as is outlined here. Of course nothing will be done till experts have looked over the entire field. Luckily others have gone through the experimental stage; and they also have borne the losses, inconveniences, etc., consequent, as a rule, upon experiments. We are now able to go on, avoiding most of the evils which others met. The foregoing article was made up from material furnished by the United States officials stationed abroad, and from personal experiences gained during my twelve years service in Germany as United States Consul.

JAPAN AND CATHOLICITY.

BY DARLEY DALE.

OF the making of books about Japan there is no end; but one has been published lately in England which differs from all that have hitherto been written on the subject, inasmuch as it is written by the Japanese themselves. Experts in the various questions dealt with have given their views, which have been translated, and the whole* edited by Mr. Alfred Stead, with the result that a most interesting volume, full of valuable and reliable information, has been produced. We propose here to touch only on those chapters which treat of the questions of religion, education, and the position of women, as coming more within the scope of a Catholic periodical than political, financial, commercial, constitutional, and industrial matter, with all of which the book itself deals.

No Catholic could read this remarkable book unmoved, or without crying to heaven for another St. Francis Xavier to plant the true Faith in this Island Kingdom, which lies like a ploughed field, waiting for the sower to sow wheat, barley, oats, or turnips, as seemeth to him good; waiting for a religion, uncertain which to embrace, and equally drawn to Confucianism Buddhism, or Christianity.

The Japanese themselves confess they are in want of a religion, and most pathetic, and alas! also, most humiliating to us Christians, is the way in which they weigh the various advantages and disadvantages of these rival creeds. Listen to Professor Tnazo Nitoke, one of the writers on Religion:

> Buddhism has lost its earnest strivings, busying itself with petty trifles among its small sects. The light of Confucius and Mencius has paled before the more taking, if more variegated, light of later philosophers.
>
> Christianity has wandered far from the teachings of its

* *Japan by the Japanese.* Edited by Alfred Stead. London.

Divine Founder, and as too often preached is a farce and a caricature of the original.

The heart of the nation is still swayed by Bushido.

And what is Bushido? The nearest translation of this mysterious word, Professor Nitoke says, is chivalry; but yet Japanese chivalry differs so much from our Western notions of chivalry, that he almost despairs of making Europeans understand exactly what he means, especially as it is commonly said in the West that the age of chivalry has passed away. Professor Nitoke argues that as an institution chivalry in the West has passed away, but sad indeed, he thinks, will be the day when the virtues it inculcates have disappeared also; but yet as a gentleman is everywhere a gentleman—if we can divest a Japanese knight, a Samurai, of his, to us, quaint manners and odd circumstances, and, looking beneath these, behold in his soul the soul of a modern gentleman—we shall easily understand the Japanese chivalry and moral system; in short, we shall understand Bushido.

Chivalry or Bushido is still the dominant moral power in Japan; but Bushido is a moral code which chivalry was not, so it is a more comprehensive term; it was the "noblesse oblige" of the Samurai class, that is of the knights, who in time of war were soldiers, in time of peace, gentlemen. The morality of Bushido is based on manliness, and the cultivation of all manly qualities. It existed first as a code of honor for the Samurai or knights, and has since come to stand to the whole nation in the place of religion.

To this code of honor, or foundation of Bushido, was added a certain Confucian element, but it was more the Chinese forms of expression than the dogmas of Confucius which Bushido adopted. It also derived something from Buddhism, principally the habit of contemplation, without assimilating its philosophy; and lastly, it owed something to Shintoism, which is the worship of nature and of ancestors.

Having attempted to define Bushido, this writer describes some of its ethics. It places first the duty to one's self in the preservation of health, not for health's sake, but because the health of a man is a source of pleasure to his parents, and of profit to his master. The body is looked upon as something lent us for the time being, as a clothing for the spirit;

the followers of the teachings of Bushido are pre-eminently stewards of health.

The sense of shame is keenly cultivated, though this sense is quite different from our Christian acceptation of the term. A man who has lost his sense of shame, forfeits all claims to be treated humanely. Conscience, called by a word which means also heart, spirit, and mind, is the only criterion of right and wrong; Bushido has no dogmatic creed. Whatever conscience approves is right, whatever enables a man to do right is courage, and, as might be expected from its warlike origin, courage is an important factor in Bushido.

The crowning grace, however, is benevolence, and in this connection the author makes a strange confession. He confesses he feels an indescribable difference between the love taught by Christ and the benevolence inculcated by Bushido. He cannot understand why he perceives this; he tries to analyse his reasons, and asks among other questions, is it that the one is of heaven heavenly, the other of the earth earthly? Again we long for another Xavier to convince him and his country that he has guessed right. His final conclusion is that Bushido anticipated a further and more glorious revelation of love.

What if Buddhism did the same? What if that most mysterious of religions, the most like and the most unlke Christianity, which while it in some points so startlingly resembles the latter, is yet such a horrible travesty of it, should have anticipated as it undoubtedly did, a more glorious revelation; awaited, we might say, the doctrine of the Incarnation? What if some prophet should be raised up in these latter days to convince the Japanese followers at least of Sakyamuni, the Light of Asia, that he but anticipated the Light of the World, that his religion was but the distorted shadow of a far more glorious faith; and thus win for Christianity this wonderful nation, waiting for the truth?

But to return to Bushido. Other virtues inculcated by it are patriotism, love and loyalty to the Emperor, and filial piety. The author quarrels with Christianity because, he says, it sets conjugal love above filial love; though in his opinion Christ never meant it to do so, even when he said, a man must leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife.

Of course the truth is that filial piety is the only piety

known to the yellow race. Christianity sets no lower value on filial piety than do the Chinese and Japanese. No; but it rightly places real piety, devotion, and love to Almighty God, before our duty to our neighbor, and teaches that, if these clash, our duty to God must come first.

Professor Nitoke tells rather a witty little story apropos of this virtue of filial piety. Once upon a time a Chinese sovereign made Japan a present of *The Book of Twenty-four Acts of Filial Piety*, which gift seems to have irritated the recipients, who sent the Chinese Emperor in return a *Book of Twenty-four Acts of Filial Disobedience*, with a letter saying that, whereas in all China only twenty-four acts of filial piety would be recorded, in all Japan only twenty-four acts of filial disobedience could be discovered.

The virtue of self-control, and this to an heroic degree, is evidently insisted upon by Bushido, and this not among men only, but among women and children also, all of whom were subjected to Spartan discipline, and it was considered unworthy of a Samurai's wife or mother to sob or shriek.

Such is Bushido; it is rather a moral system or a code of honor than a religion, but nevertheless it is placed before "Ancestor-Worship" which is described in this volume by Professor Hozumi. He ascribes the origin of ancestor-worship not to the dread of ghosts, as is commonly said, but to the love of ancestors, which led to offering them food and drink and worshipping their spirits. Ancestor-worship was the primeval religion of Japan; it dates back 2,500 years, and is practised universally by the nation at the present day. There are three forms of ancestor-worship: 1. The worship of imperial ancestors; 2. The worship of the patron god of the locality or of clan-ancestors; 3. The worship of family ancestors.

In every Japanese house there are two sacred places; the Shinto-altar or god-shelf, a wooden shelf on which are placed offerings of rice, sakè, and the sakaki tree, in honor of the first imperial ancestor, to whom the Shinto altar is dedicated; the second sacred place is a second god-shelf, dedicated to the family ancestors of the house; on this shelf are placed tablets, bearing the names of the ancestors, their ages, and dates of their death, and offerings of rice, sakè, fish, and sakaki tree. Lamps are also placed on both these shelves; these are lighted

in the evening, and every morning the family worships before the Shinto altar by clapping their hands and bowing.

Eleven festival days, which are public holidays, are kept during the year, all of them save two, New Year's Day and the Emperor's birthday, relate to feasts of the imperial ancestors. On these days flags are hung from all the houses, women put on their best dresses, and holiday-makers fill the streets; the children go to school to assemble before the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, while his Majesty's speech on education is explained to them; which does not seem a form of holiday-making calculated to appeal to Western children, whatever it may do to the Japanese.

Marriage is recognized by law as an institution, because it is regarded as "a means of perpetuating the worship of ancestors." Marriage was instituted for the purpose of obtaining a successor to keep up the worship of the family ancestors, for it was considered the greatest misfortune for a man to die without leaving a son to perpetuate this worship.

In another chapter Baron Suyematsu maintains that the moral precepts and ethical rules are exactly the same in Japan as in the West, though he thinks some points might be more developed in Japan, and others in the Western world. He also says that the Japanese are very tolerant in religious matters; perfect liberty is allowed by the Constitution in the choice of a religion, and no difference is made in the law or in society on account of religious opinions. One of the leaders of the largest political party, recently dead, Mr. Kataoka, was a Christian, and died while holding the office of President of the House of Representatives. The Salvation Army is allowed to parade the streets of the large towns; even Mormonism is tolerated, though only under condition that its missionaries do not preach polygamy. The Red Cross Society is working well there and numbers one million members.

Christianity was first introduced by the Spanish and Portuguese Jesuits in the sixteenth century, and many converts were made. Many of the feudal chiefs were converted, churches were built, and for sixty or seventy years Christianity was tolerated. With the advent of the Dutch, however, came Protestantism. The rivalry of the sects created discord; mischief was made between the Japanese and the

Jesuits, the Dutch persuading the Japanese that the Spanish and Portuguese were using their influence for political purposes, and in the end not only was Christianity exterminated, and thousands of Jesuits and native Christians martyred, but all foreigners were banished, except the Dutch who, under special restrictions, were allowed to remain at Nagasaki. An end was put to all intercourse with Western civilization. This seclusion lasted for two hundred and fifty years. Almost all of the good work done by the Jesuits, who had labored most zealously in educating the people, was undone and their schools broken up. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the Japanese themselves were growing dissatisfied with this seclusion, and many books of the Western world were legally or illegally admitted, especially medical and geographical works.

Japan owes its new and better era to the famous treaty with the United States, concluded by Perry in 1854—a treaty that opened Japan to the world of commerce and Western civilization.

The restoration of the Emperor to his full power occurred in 1868. Western methods of education were introduced, the first Imperial University was founded, and schools of various kinds were opened. All the old schools, founded on the worn-out educational system, were swept away, and new schools, modelled mostly on the English educational system, were introduced.

The Japanese have one great difficulty to contend with in education. Japanese literature has derived so much from Chinese literature that it is necessary for students to learn Chinese as well as Japanese characters, and also to study Chinese classics. Another drawback to scholars is the difference between the written and spoken languages; originally they were nearly identical, but while the spoken has remained Japanese, the written has become more Chinese than Japanese.

One foreign language, either English or French, is insisted upon in all secondary schools, and is taught in the higher primary schools; German is also taught in the higher schools, and in the universities certain subjects have to be taught in French, other subjects in German, as Japanese text-books on these subjects do not exist.

The moral lessons given in primary schools are purely

secular, and are not founded on any religious doctrine. The Japanese seem opposed to any and every attempt made to introduce religion into their schools. Professor Namse, founder of the first University for women in Japan, writes:

> Education and religion ought never to be confused. I strongly oppose religious people who try to teach a particular religion to the students of their schools, and who in some cases seem using education as a sort of bait for converting youths to their religion.

On the other hand education, he thinks, has no right to attack any religious system, but should show a spirit of toleration to all religions, and allow the students perfect liberty in the choice of a religion. We cannot of course approve these most illogical views, but it is well to know what the Japanese think and feel.

Besides primary and secondary schools, they have kindergarten, middle, normal, technical, and higher schools, both for girls and boys, and besides these many private schools for higher education.

There is an Imperial University at Tokio, and one also at Kioto; these have colleges of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science, and agriculture. There is also a college for girls in Tokio called the Women's University.

Women have always occupied a more important position in Japan than in other Asiatic countries. In the past there have been very celebrated women in all ranks of life; empresses distinguished for their culture, bravery, and intelligence; heroines who have fought in Japan's wars as soldiers; poets, artists, novelists. In olden times, particularly during the ninth century, almost all the light literature of Japan was produced by Japanese women. The study of Chinese was then the fashion, and many of the women were celebrated for their knowledge of the Chinese language and classics.

Japanese women have always enjoyed a great deal of freedom, though not to the same extent as Western women, still far exceeding that of any other Eastern nation. The history of the country mentions many women who have played important parts in its making. In modern times, Japanese women appear to be very little behind any of their Western sisters in

culture or progress; there are a few women doctors, and some women journalists; many novelists and authors; large numbers of women are engaged in educational work, and as in the past, so in the present, they play a large part in political life. Among the lower middle and lower classes, women are employed now as clerks in public and private offices and in factories of various kinds.

The number of men and women is nearly equal in Japan, so all Japanese girls look upon marriage as their ultimate fate, and when once they have entered the marriage state, devote themselves to their households and home duties, abandoning all careers except that of a wife and mother which, in their opinion, is the highest destiny of woman. Women enjoy the high position they hold in Japan from the teaching of reverence to parents, which makes them sacred in the eyes of men as actual or possible mothers.

On the whole, judging from the general tenor of the work before us, and from the special utterances of some of the contributors, Japan appears to be in the state of King Agrippa of old; almost is it persuaded to adopt Christianity. Again and again irritation with the various sects of Christians, who endeavor to proselytize, peeps out; and the criticism of modern Christianity is as shrewd as it is humiliating.

If Christianity were undivided, if heresy and schism had never invaded the Island Kingdom, there is little doubt Japan would have become Christian long ago, and would do so now if its evangelization were left to the Catholic Church.

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A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

V.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

MY DEAR SIR:

So your friend acknowledges that, if what I say is correct, (is his name Thomas?) "much greater intellectual freedom is permitted in the Catholic Church to-day than was allowed heretofore." His endeavor to turn this fact to his advantage, as a proof of Rome's defeat by science, is a fair polemical manœuvre; but it masks a retreat. His summary, very neatly drawn up, presents the charges usually made against Catholicism, concerning intellectual liberty, in so clear and compendious a form, that it facilitates the task of replying to them. From the references given, I see that, to support his position, he relies on the *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, where, he asserts, there is ample proof of the following statements:

1. Rome, for ages, taught religious doctrines that are now acknowledged by her representatives to be false. What, then, becomes of her claim to infallibility?

2. She has changed her teaching. How can she any longer claim to be unchangeable?

3. She has abandoned her ancient interpretation of Scripture because modern criticism, infidel, or rationalistic, she calls it, has taught her the true nature of the Bible. Yet she pretends that she alone may, and can, correctly interpret the Word of God.

4. Knowing that the triumph of science would be her destruction, she has always hindered, as far as lay in her power, the advance of knowledge.

Now let us sum up the purport of White's history, as far as it is directed against Catholic doctrine. The Church, or churchmen, or theology—for to Mr. White these three are one—taught a now exploded system, astronomical and geographical, of the visible universe; they regarded as direct interferences

of the Deity, or the devil, many events, phenomena, occurrences, such as the rainbow, storms, comets, epidemics, certain diseases—all of which are now accounted for by natural laws and sequences. Addicted to a liberal interpretation of Scripture, they defended as strictly historical the narratives of Genesis concerning the specific creation of all animals, the origin of various tongues, Noah and his Ark, the Dead Sea marvels, the whale of Jonah, etc., etc. When, in the course of time, men like Roger Bacon, Vesalius, Galileo, entered on scientific enquiry into nature, they were looked upon as dangerous innovators, if not heretics, and punished. When any one dared to publish views incompatible with ancient ideas, the book fell under ecclesiastical censure, and was put on the Index. If we stand by the celebrated and approved norm of Catholic faith—"that is of Catholic faith which is believed always, and everywhere, and by all"—scores of false notions were part of the obligatory creed. Several times popes gave their infallible approval to error. Such is the charge; the evidence offered for it fills two large volumes, and extends from the days when Lactantius assailed the germ of the heliocentric theory that was latent in Greek philosophy, down to the condemnation of Bartolo, and Lenormant, and Loisy.

It is needless to say that any critical examination of all White's statements and references is not possible here. The author makes many serious mistakes about facts; other facts he misinterprets. But, for argument's sake, waiving the numerous objections that might be sustained on these points, we shall grant that, in many cases, scientific truths and beliefs—for there is much belief in science—that are now accepted by everybody, theologians included, were once opposed as incompatible with religious truth; and that, frequently, the persons and the books advocating them incurred ecclesiastical censure. And now let us see just how much, or how little, all this means as an argument against the Catholic Church.

The apologist sometimes meets the attack by a flat denial. He maintains that, as science is truth and revelation is truth, they cannot be in contradiction—he is not speaking to the point; for the world has often resounded with the war between science and the defenders of religion. Sometimes he cites such facts as that the Church instructed and civilized the barbarians of Europe; opened and supported the monastic schools; preserved the legacies of

Roman and Greek culture; founded the great universities; that famous scholars and scientists have been, and others are, Catholics; that popes have been munificent patrons of learning; that Catholicism gave birth to modern art—music, sculpture, architecture. All these things are very creditable to the Church; but the argument is not a crushing reply. The plea rather resembles the forensic proceeding of bringing testimony to the character of an accused person, instead of directly demolishing the case against him. Or, as it is developed by some writers, it might be likened to an attempt to prove that the prisoner at the bar could not have committed an alleged assault, because, when the injured person was young the accused had done him a kindness, and was very much attached to his brothers and sisters. Others, again, chiefly historians, have followed such tactics that the late pope believed it necessary to remind us that the historian's first duty is to be truthful, for, hath God any need of our lie, that we should speak deceitfully for him? The Church can be adequately defended without any violence to veracity.

In justice to Mr. White, it may be noticed that he takes occasion emphatically to observe that Protestants may not reproach the Catholic Church with intolerance towards science, for, since the days when Luther and Calvin condemned, as bluntly as did any Roman theologian, the doctrine of Galileo, down to a few years ago, when the hierarchy of the Anglican Church persecuted Bishop Colenso for rejecting the Mosaic authorship of Genesis, and even later, Protestant authorities and theologians have been no less active in their opposition to the new views of science than were Catholics. He writes: "Nothing is more unjust than to cast especial blame for all this resistance to science upon the Roman Church. The Protestant Church, though rarely able to be so severe, has been more blameworthy. The persecution of Galileo and his compeers by the older Church was mainly at the beginning of the seventeenth century; the persecution of Robertson Smith, and Winchell, and Woodrow, and Toy, and the young professors at Beyrout, by various Protestant authorities, was near the end of the nineteenth. Those earlier persecutions by Catholicism were strictly in accordance with principles held at that time by all religionists, Catholic and Protestant, throughout the world; these latter persecutions by Protestants were in defiance

of principles which all Protestants hold to day, or pretend to hold."

Another feature in White's statement of the problem—which reflects on his perspicacity as creditably as the above one does on his integrity—is that, as he sees the struggle which he chronicles, it is one, not between science and religion, but between science and theology. If it had suited his purpose he might have pushed his distinction further. A thorough analysis would have demonstrated that the conflict was between science and that portion of theology founded on, and aggressive chiefly in defense of, a literal interpretation of the Bible. Subtract from his pages the chapters dealing with notions founded upon the literal view of biblical narratives, texts, and expressions; then of those two portly volumes you will have scarcely anything left.

This view of inspiration, as you have seen, has been greatly modified by our leaders in biblical criticism. Many of the old beliefs were abandoned long ago; such, for example, as that the earth is flat, that comets were specially created to serve as heralds of divine wrath. The king's evil is no longer cured by the touch of a royal finger; the rainbow is not a supernatural sign of God's fidelity to his promise, but an occurrence as natural as the iridescence of a stagnant pool. It is long since Catholics began to consider epidemics and nervous diseases, like epilepsy, as legitimate matter for scientific medicine and surgery. But let us come to the rescue of those who imagine that the Church's infallibility has been compromised in the abandonment of these ancient beliefs, and that, under the pressure applied by science, she has reconstructed her doctrine. To admit this would indeed be to admit that the claim of infallibility and indefectibility made for the Church is false.

As we have seen, there are various bodies who participate in the teaching office of the Church; the gift of inerrancy is shared only by the Church herself, speaking in a general council with the pope, and by the pope himself, speaking as the universal head for the entire Church, to declare some truth of faith or morals that was contained in the divine deposit of revelation given to the Apostles, or some fact essential to its preservation. In no case cited by White did either general council or pope in the exercise of his supreme prerogative, declare to be true any of the theological tenets that have

failed to hold their ground; nor did either assert any scientific conclusion to be false. Many times White assumes that popes did pronounce "infallibly," and in doing so fell into error. For example, he says that "Nicholas III. and IV., by virtue of their infallibility, decided that he (Roger Bacon) was too dangerous to be at large." Poor Roger's character did not form the subject of any communication of Christ or the Holy Spirit to the Apostles. Elsewhere he tells his readers that Alexander VII. by his Bull prefixed to the Index, decisively and "infallibly" condemned "all books teaching the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun." Condemn the doctrine he certainly did; condemn it in the exercise of his infallibility? Not at all; for the conditions essential to the exercise of infallibility were wanting. Every other instance proffered as an example of the infallible Church having gone wrong is a fallacy of this kind. It is the usual assumption of non-Catholic polemists that every time the pope opens his mouth, to address all or any of the faithful, Catholics must accept the utterance as infallible.

But, even though the Church has not erred in any dogmatic pronouncement of authority, is she not compromised otherwise? Any doctrine believed, "always, everywhere, and by all," is, on the admission of theologians, a part of obligatory faith. Now White contends, in many places, that many beliefs which are no longer, were once universally held by Catholics. It may be observed, by the way, that the character of a vast amount of White's evidences, drawn from all kinds of writings of private individuals, would indicate that he assumed the canon of St. Vincent of Lerins to read, not "always, everywhere, by all," but "anytime, anywhere, by anybody." But, let us select an example that is strongest in his favor. "For over a thousand years it was held in the Church, 'always, everywhere, and by all,' that there could not be human beings on the opposite side of the earth, even if the earth had opposite sides; and when attacked by gainsayers, the great mass of true believers, from the fourth century to the fifteenth, simply used that opiate which had so soothing an effect on John Henry Newman in the nineteenth century—*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

It is quite true that this belief prevailed in the Church, as stated above. The ancient Fathers maintained it. When in

the eighth century the Irish monk, Virgil of Salzburg, attacked it, he was delated to Rome by no less a personage than the great St. Boniface; and he narrowly escaped condemnation. It prevailed for centuries after Virgil's time. It was universally believed, indeed. But before we can conclude from this universality anything against the inerrancy of the Church, we must examine on what footing this tenet stood—and then the case falls to the ground. It was not held as a part of Catholic faith, but as a theological opinion. Probably many theologians of the time would have insisted it was a part of faith—but that assertion, also, would have been but a theological opinion; and mere theological opinions are no part of the divine deposit, no part of Catholic faith. Theologians, to be sure, when they unanimously testify something to be an article of obligatory faith, are witnesses of the living Church, and then that belief is of faith, not because theologians teach it; but they teach it because it is of faith. The question of the existence of antipodes, however, was not of this kind; it was one of reasoning, inference, speculation. In this region of theology there is room for change, simplification, elimination, progress. "Erroneous opinions held by some," says a received authority,* "may be corrected; demonstration and defense may be remodelled and improved; and, speaking generally, progress is made chiefly in the correction of partially held erroneous opinions." Moreover, says Father Lagrange:† "It must be acknowledged that an opinion held by all the theologians of a particular time, provided that it remained on the footing of opinion, and was not by them expressly given as a dogma of faith, may in the course of time prove false."

The entire argument against the Church, in matters of this kind, is constructed upon a confusion between obligatory faith and inferences of theologians. At the risk of repeating myself, let me make this point clear. What is Catholic doctrine? In the eyes of many outsiders, it is everything and anything believed by Catholics, or found in books written by professed exponents of Catholicism. Those who would claim to be better informed would say it is everything found in the teachings of acknowledged theologians; and though they come somewhat nearer the mark, they are far from being correct. Dogmatic

* *Manual of Catholic Theology.* Wilhelm and Scannell. New York. 1899. Vol. I., p. 151.

† *La Méthode Historique*, p. 125.

theology is made up of two elements, one divine, furnished by Revelation, one human, furnished by reason. Theology deals exclusively with the divine, when it sets forth the things to be believed as integral parts of faith. Here there is no room for addition or subtraction; the truth of the Lord remaineth forever. But this portion forms only a small section, quantitively, of theological writings. The remainder consists of the results of human reason working upon revealed data and authoritative pronouncements of the Church, plus natural knowledge of all kinds, inferential and experimental. Now in the human elements error may creep in—man is not infallible—and thus conclusions drawn from the truths of revelation, by means of erroneous rational premises, may also be erroneous. Many such conclusions, after having obtained in the past, have at length betrayed their real character. But, because they seemed to be connected with revelation, they were vigorously defended; and those who attacked them were warned off as trespassers upon the border-land of revelation.

The action of authority in this respect was justified by the fact that the full content of revelation was not completely unfolded in the beginning, but continued to develop as time went on; hence, when a doctrine even seemed to be an implicit content of revelation, prudence required that it should be protected till its real character should become manifest. Let us listen to good old Father Hogan: * "Around the solid mass of revealed truth fully ascertained, there has been, from the beginning, and in increasing measure, a floating mass of doctrinal elements, some of which, in the course of time, have clung to the centre, others have disappeared, while many more of doubtful character still remain, equally liable to vanish, or to be incorporated, or to continue unsettled to the end."

Theologians, in the golden age of scholasticism working on the Bible, the writings of the Fathers, and the philosophy of Aristotle, extracted, by means of deductive reasoning, an immense quantity of conclusions, good, bad and indifferent, which in an uncritical age, were not rigorously tested and classified. Many of them were based on false premises that were supposed to be true, in the prevailing condition of knowledge. "To those unacquainted with their methods," says Father Hogan,† "one of the most surprising things in the theologians of that

* *Clerical Studies*, p. 167. † *Ib.*, p. 171.

age is the extraordinary amount of knowledge which they claimed to have upon all sorts of subjects appertaining to, or touching upon, religion. They knew, for instance, everything about the angelic world. Theologians told the story of the creation itself, in all its principal stages and in all its particulars, with a detail such as nobody would venture upon at the present day. They described the state of innocence, as if they themselves had lived through it, explaining what Adam knew, and what he was ignorant of, how long he lived in paradise, and what sort of existence he would have led if he had never fallen, etc." And, he continues, as they knew the beginning, so they knew the end, of the human race. They told in minutest detail the events of the Judgment Day, the ultimate fate of the earth, the nature and location of hell, the occupations of the saints and angels in heaven; in short, they solved all possible questions relating to God, man, angels, devils, earth, hell, and heaven, "with an assurance beside which that of modern scientists is modesty itself."

Perhaps it is worth while, in pursuance of our theme, to give an example of this theological speculation, from an eminent master who flourished as late as the seventeenth century, and whose authority on some subjects is still great. Treating of future punishment,* Lessius divides the question into three: Where is hell? What is its area, or cubic content? What is the nature of the tortures which Infinite Goodness inflicts? The answer to the first is that hell is certainly in the bowels of the earth. Such, the author states, just as White would, has been the common conviction of saints and doctors, the general belief of all the faithful, and of those ancient poets and philosophers who gave attention to the matter. Then the theologian proceeds to prove his thesis from texts of Holy Scripture. The first is from the Old Testament, declaring that the earth opened and swallowed Core, Dathan, and Abiron, who went down alive into hell. Several other texts of equal cogency follow from the Old and the New Testament. Next come citations from the Fathers; closing with a proof from reason, which reflects the astronomical knowledge of the period: As the dwellings of the blessed will be in the highest and noblest place

* *Leonardi Lessii, S.J. Theologi De Perfectionibus Moribusque Divinis Opusculum.* Novam Editionem curavit P. Roh, S.J. Herder: Friburgii Brisgoviae. MDCCCLXI.

nearest to God, so the resting place of the damned ought to be in the lowest and vilest. Then the author observes that we must understand him to assert, not that hell is in that point which is under the centre of the earth, but that the centre of the earth coincides with the centre of hell.

Having located hell, the next step is to determine its area in square miles, or its cubic capacity. Lessius rejects the opinion of Ribera and others, who hold hell to be a vast plain, with a large lake of fire and brimstone in the middle, in which heresiarchs and other notable offenders are fixed, while the lesser sinners are arranged on the adjacent land, the whole width being one hundred miles, and the circumference three hundred. This estimate Lessius considers excessive, since it would make hell as large as Italy. His own view is that hell is not a plane, but a vast cavity, with the brimstone pool in the centre. Calculating for the room required for the pool, the devils, and the burning bodies, the diameter may be put down as two leagues, or eight Italian miles. Allowing six feet for each body, which is abundance, and remembering that, as part of their punishment they will be closely packed, the given space is more than sufficient, for it could contain three hundred thousand millions, while it is certain that the number of the damned will not exceed one hundred thousand millions. And then Lessius proceeds to describe the tortures. Here, then, around the dogma of future punishment the theologian has wrapped a vast tissue of speculation. But, observe, he does not pretend that his conclusions are dogmatic; though, I suspect, the person who would have expressed doubts about the location and the lake of sulphurous flame, would, probably, have fared very badly in 1620. The dogma remains unchanged; but no theologian, as far as I know, now takes the above proofs and calculations very seriously.

To return to White's crucial instance. It is similar in character to the one we have just considered. A dogma of truth is that Christ died for all men. In the ages when the earth was believed to be flat and stationary, to assert that there were men on the other side of the earth was considered equivalent to teaching that there were men who neither descended from our first parents nor were redeemed by Christ. Hence, argued Boniface against Virgil, the opinion was hereti-

cal. The theologian's first premiss was revelation, and, so, true and unchangeable. His other, a piece of the science, or nescience of the age, was false; his reasoning was false; and his conclusion was false. Ages passed before the erroneous scientific notion was dissipated. Meanwhile the theologian, never doubting its accuracy, continued to enforce the view that the man who believed in the antipodes denied the dogma on which the theological conclusion partly rested. But the other support reason had supplied, and eventually pulled away; then the old doctrine tumbled, while the column of Catholic truth remained standing.

Let us consider another of White's instances—the ancient views concerning the age of the earth and the antiquity of man. In the early times, and down to a comparatively recent period, all Christians agreed that man and the entire universe had come into existence a few thousand years before the birth of Christ. The arguments for this notion were based on the belief that the Bible is the Word of God, and, consequently, every statement in it is true. In it scholars considered there were sufficient data, the ages of the patriarchs, etc., to indicate that Adam was created about 4,004 or 5,000 years before Christ, and that the universe had been called into existence only a short time before its lord and master appeared. When geology and egyptology began to speak they were lashed as impudent and impious charlatans who called God a liar. But after a long and bitter fight for the doomed opinions, the theologians surrendered, not very gracefully it must be confessed. Then succeeded a series of attempts to "confiscate science to the use of theology." Those systems of concordance, spoken of somewhat severely by Fathers Lagrange and Prat, came into vogue, and were blessed from high places, for having brought home the spoils of the Egyptians to adorn the temple. But the reconciliations did not reconcile. And now the old confidence in Hebrew science has waned; yet those who no longer entertain it, show that its decay nowise involves the dogma of inspiration.

When, then, we are confronted with the question, has the Catholic Church varied in her doctrine, whether by addition, or diminution, or alteration? the reply is: If by the Church you mean the *magisterium* instituted by Christ in the

Society which he founded, to which he entrusted his teaching with the promise that the Spirit of Truth shall watch over it —No; the doctrine has undergone no change, though elements of it that were not fully unfolded originally have, in the course of time, received more explicit formulation. If, on the contrary, by the Church you mean, not alone this *magisterium*, but also everybody within the Society, officials and non-officials, high and low, theologians, doctors, corporations, schools; and if, in the term doctrine, you include all opinions, pious beliefs, legends, speculations, conjectures, excresences developed on the trunk of Catholicism by the action of local atmosphere or national character—Yes; in all this realm there have been changes innumerable, and, if we may judge of the future from the past and the present, changes there shall be, world without end.

The process of removing parasites and deadwood is being carried on to-day, we are told, with unexampled assiduity, by the knife of modern criticism. Indeed many persons passionately devoted to all that is antique, or associated with the cherished memory of their ancestors, occasionally protest against the removal of anything. They fear, for example, that if we throw aside the venerable tradition of uncertain age, which tells how the Twelve Apostles composed the Creed, then the Creed itself will be in danger. But those on the other side answer with Father Hogan:* "As regards the ascertained doctrines of the Catholic faith, modern criticism cannot weaken them. They rest ultimately on the authority of the Church, and no progress of thought, no discovery, can shake them on that immovable basis. Far from shunning inquiry in their regard, the true believer invites it. A critical discussion of proofs may indeed, and often will, do away with spurious authorities and weaken reasons by which honest ignorance or mistaken zeal have endeavored to strengthen positions sufficiently safe by themselves; but sacred truth gains more than it loses by their elimination. . . . Not only does modern criticism place sacred doctrine on its true basis, but, in place of the decayed supports which it removes, it substitutes props of enduring strength." It is, however, I think, carrying inference too far, not without infringing on charity, to assert, as some do, that the disincli-

* *Op cit.*, p. 169.

nation to remove the worthless props betrays a lurking scepticism as to the ability of the sound columns to sustain, unaided, the edifice.

Although our answer to the first two charges made against the Church, false teaching and variation in doctrine, also anticipates the third, a few direct observations with regard to this one may not be out of place. Does it not seem to be incompatible with the claim of the Church to divine guidance, that erroneous beliefs, even though they were not taught as obligatory faith, should have widely prevailed? And this incongruity is emphasized when we observe that these beliefs were, in a great measure, erected on a view of Scripture whose elimination has been accomplished not through the initiative of our teachers, but chiefly owing to the pressure of foreign and hostile activity.

We must remember, however, that the manner in which Providence guides the Church is not to be adjusted to our, or our opponents', ideas of what ought to be. The Church claims that the divine guidance will protect her from ever losing or perverting the truth committed to her care. She does not hold that the Holy Ghost is ever active to hinder the growth of harmless superfluities, or to correct the inaccuracy of the natural knowledge existing at particular times, that is the medium through which she must speak to her children, if she is to speak to them at all. It was not her business to explode ancient astronomy and geography, before teaching the Resurrection and a judgment to come. The missionary to a tribe of South Sea Islanders need not put his neophytes through a course of modern physics and geography, as an indispensable preliminary to instruction in the Creed. Those souls can grasp with saving faith the truths of the Gospel, as effectually as a Newton or an Aquinas. When they understand that, at death, the just shall go to God, the wicked to suffering, the missionary, if he is sane, will not trouble them, even though they set this truth in an imaginative frame that does not square with the heliocentric theory. He will not think it necessary to warn them against the unphilosophic nature of anthropomorphism, nor give them a lecture on the difference between univocal and analagous predication, if they persist in seeing the hand of the Almighty guiding the tornado, and

hearing his angry voice in the thunderclap. In his own little sphere, the missionary follows the method pursued by the Church in the world at large, she follows Christ, who, as Father Tyrrell puts it, "in using such ideas as he found current, as a medium of expression for quite other truths, did not commit himself to matters in which he has left us to the guidance of our senses, our reason, and the accumulating wisdom of the race." Believe me,

Fraternally yours,

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THE FLOWER.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

This flower that I pick from its place in the dew,
Have you thought how it bourgeoned and blossomed and grew?
How it slept in the sap, how it lay in the sod,
Full-fashioned e'en then in the purpose of God,
Abiding in patience its ultimate hour,
Then burst from the bud to this exquisite flower?
Hold it up to the sun! Lo, the veinage so fine!
Lo, the marvel and miracle of design!
Can your jeweller carve, can your alchemist plan
So perfect a thing by the knowledge of man—
So frail and so fragrant, so finished and fine,
Complete from the mind of its Maker divine?
What wisdom evoked it? What wonderful cause
Attained it such beauty obeying no laws?
"Evolution," say some, "through æons of time
It rounded to this from the primitive slime."
"Blind chance," says the fool in his stubborn heart.
"God's handiwork here," sayeth reverent Art.

Current Events.

Russia and Reform.

Very little progress has been made in the carrying out of the reforms promised by the Tsar in the memorable Rescript of the 3d of March. We should not, however, feel much disappointment on this account, if reliance could be placed upon the pledged word of the Supreme Ruler. But this is what it seems impossible to do. It is one of the mysteries in the midst of which we live, that the destinies, spiritual and temporal, of 140,000,000 of human beings should be confided to the care of a single one of their number, and when this particular individual seems to be in the highest degree self-infatuated, the burden of the mystery is simply overwhelming. Nor is it the well-being of the Russians alone that is entrusted to this young man, for such is the solidarity of the human race, that there is not on the surface of the earth a single human being who can be said to be altogether unaffected by the decisions which he may take. His character, therefore, must be of something more than interest to all. Especially to Catholics is the present state of things both interesting and instructive, for the Tsar is practically Pope as well as Emperor, and we, therefore, in the events which are taking place, have before our eyes the practical outcome of the identification of Church and State in a country professing Christianity. In pagan countries and in Mohammedan it is an old story, and the results are well known. In some Protestant countries such an identification has been a profession and an aim, but has never long been realized, and is now altogether abrogated. In Russia it approaches the nearest to a reality.

And what are the results? No one can deny that there is a manifest respect paid to the external rites of religion by high and low, by ruler and by subject, a respect which wins for Russia the good will of many Catholics. But we are afraid it is a case of saying, "Lord! Lord!" and not doing the things which the Lord commands. People are not wont to look upon evil as a consequence of good, and when we contemplate the grave misfortunes which have befallen Russia, both within and without, and the moral evils which have been the cause of those misfortunes, we cannot but believe that they

spring from the rejection of the Catholic Faith. At all events, it is clear that it is not in every case true that prosperity has followed upon such a rejection.

The position of the Tsar, according to the best information to be had, is one of almost complete isolation. M. Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius have been assassinated, and have found no successors. The fear inspired by these events, and the approbation accorded to them more or less openly by the Russian people, have made even the much criticized Grand Dukes draw near to the Liberal camp. The Grand Duke Vladimir has disclaimed absolutism, and has declared the worship of that idol a worse foe of the monarchy than anarchy itself. The Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, the patron of Admiral Alexeieff, and a leading cause of the war, has now become a Liberal and an urgent advocate of the reforms which have been promised. The Grand Duke Constantine has made a public act of faith in Liberalism. The Dowager Empress has departed from the camp of the absolutists. She has come to realize that the beliefs on which absolutism rests are departing, and is using all her influence over her son to make him listen to the voice of reason. The widowed Grand Duchess Sergius is acting in the same way. All thinking people are combining against autocracy. All the professions are making their voices heard, demanding in one form or another that the people shall be consulted—engineers, academicians, barristers, men of letters. The barristers have threatened to strike in the event of no step being taken. The members of the outer Bar of St. Petersburg passed a resolution, in which they declared that the labor and agrarian troubles have been provoked by a policy of injustice culminating in misery and ignorance, and that these troubles call not for coercion but for a thorough overhauling of economic relations. The present government is, they declare, unmindful of the well-being of the people, and anxious only to uphold its own power, and is thereby swiftly conducting the nation to hopeless anarchy and appalling disaster.

But the Tsar remains unmoved, clinging to his absolute power, and claiming for it the divine sanction. The Rescript is to be interpreted, and is to be put into practical effect, only in so far as it does not conflict with his absolute supremacy. His sole support, except the vile flatterers which every

one in the possession of any kind of power inevitably collects around him, is his wife, the present Tsaritsa. She has taken the place of ministers, of the spirits of Philippe, and of all other guides: "Art not thou Autocrat of Russia? If thou art, there can be nothing impossible for thee in thy own realm. Thy will shall be done. People say thou art a child, show thyself a man." Such is, or at least such is thought to be, the ruling influence by which the Tsar is for the present guiding himself; and it cannot be wondered at that now the Tsar's will has become so much a byword that even the cab-drivers speak compassionately of it. This is why the delay which has taken place may possibly indicate not that the reforms are to be well-considered, but that they are not to be made at all, if the Tsar is left to have his own way.

The vacillation of the Head of the Empire has manifested itself in his public acts. What is done on one day is undone on the next. Last month it was reported on the best authority that feeedom was to be given to the Orthodox Church, that a Council of Bishops was to be called, and a Patriarch elected. This was the plan favored by M. Witte. The Tsar, however, has refused to give his consent, the times being too troublous for such a change. The Church, therefore, is to remain the department of the State, which has been her lot for so many years, and to remain in chains. For those ranked as schismatics and unbelievers a decree has been published which grants liberty of worship and removes many harassing restrictions. Among those who are to benefit by this decree Catholics are reckoned along with Mohammedans, Lamaites, and Buddhists. The compulsory closing of Catholic monasteries and convents in Poland ceases when the new decree comes into force. The extent to which the Russian government has ventured to interfere with individual rights, as revealed by the concessions made in this decree, is amazing.

Perhaps the most promising sign of the times is the formation in Russia of the essential elements of parliamentary government—political parties. No fewer than three have already been organized. The most numerous is the Radical or Constitutional party. This party comprises the majority of the *Zemstvo* members, professors and students. It aims at universal suffrage and a secret ballot. The second party—styled the Liberal or Opportunist, and comprising the minority of the

Zemstvo members and a number of merchants and business men—is less extreme and will be content with a limited franchise. The least numerous party is that styled the Conservative or Pan-Slavist; it is made up of the aristocracy and high officials. This party favors a representative assembly, but is unwilling that it should have any power, wishing it to be a merely advisory body. What will come of it all remains to be seen.

Germany and the Morocco Question.

The question, however, which has excited the greatest interest since we wrote last is that raised by the German Emperor with reference to Morocco. It is important in itself; it is still more important on account of what lies behind. Is Morocco to remain as it is, a scene of anarchy, an abode of cruelty, oppression, and injustice? If the European conscience (such as it is), or what is more potent, the European interests, cannot tolerate the existent evils, what means are to be taken to bring them to an end? The agreement between France and England made last year eliminated England from the field and freed France from all interference on her part. The next most interested country is Spain. With her France has made arrangements which are said to be mutually satisfactory. Germany, however, claims that she was forgotten, that she was not even informed of the making of the agreement, and that consequently is within her right in refusing to take any cognizance of it. She is, accordingly, ostentatiously entering into direct negotiations with Morocco, with the result that the Sultan is hardening his heart in resistance to the amelioration of the state of things in his dominions. But Germany is not satisfied with this; she wants more than the open door. Ostensibly acting as the friend of Morocco, she is in reality an enemy. Among the many Pans with which the world is afflicted, there are the Pan-Germans. Their main object is to make a German Empire which is to strip Austria of her German provinces, and to extend German territories to the Mediterranean Sea. Nor are they satisfied with this extension. The pressure of population in Germany is so great that new territory to receive the surplus population is urgently needed. This want has been the mainspring of German policy for many years past. It is the origin of her colonizing schemes.

It has, however, met with but a partial success. Thwarted by Great Britain and by the United States, she is still on the lookout, and her eyes have been cast upon Morocco. The dismemberment of Morocco has been openly advocated for some years by the Pan-Germans. The active entrance of France upon the scene, if successful, will frustrate any such partition, and Germany will have to look in other directions for a place to which to send her colonists. This is the real reason for the interposition of the German Emperor, and for his desire to have the whole matter referred to a European Conference in which the Anglo-French agreement would be ignored, and in all probability a partition of Morocco made. But so far his efforts have met with no success, England having loyally acted in the spirit of the agreement, and Italy having turned a deaf ear to the German proposals.

But behind those immediate aims there lies a question of still deeper moment. In Prince Bismarck's time Germany dominated Europe, and to a certain extent the world; but since his deposition Germany has been losing by little and little the luxury of predominance, until at the present time she finds herself almost in isolation. The Triple Alliance exists, it is true, but the bonds are very loose, and its power sadly diminished. Austria is crippled by the conflict with Hungary; Italy's heart has gone out to France and could not be brought to act against her; no public reference was made to the Triple Alliance by King Victor Emmanuel when he and the German Emperor met at Naples the other day; Russia is the ally of France, but is hardly taken into account at present. The Anglo-French Agreement has brought into line England and France, so that the one cannot be played off against the other any longer. All this has very much chagrined the German Emperor. He has at least the usual love of being consulted which is characteristic of those in authority, and feels deeply mortified at being ignored. By his action in Morocco, beyond the immediate, he had an ulterior object; he hoped to disengage France from her understanding with England, and in this way to adjust the balance of power in a way more in accordance with his ambition. When, at Bismarck's instance, Beust was dismissed from his office as Chancellor of the Austrian Empire he said: "There is no longer a Europe." Germany was all in all. By a series of mutual arrangements,

of which the Anglo-French Agreement is the latest, Russia, Italy, Spain, France, and England have reconciled their interests for the maintenance of a peace not subordinated to the will of Germany, and a new Europe has been formed independent of Germany. To this the German Emperor objects. His first attack upon it has proved futile. His efforts to separate France and England have failed. In fact they have resulted in making that union closer and more effective.

Austria.

In the Austrian Empire nothing has happened to call for attention. But the non-occurrence of any event is sometimes more important than many occurrences. For some months the deadlock in the Hungarian Parliament is unbroken. The ministry of M. Tisza remains in office, although at the General Election its policy was condemned and a large majority was returned in opposition to the government. This majority, although divided into several groups, has agreed upon a common policy; the government is willing and anxious to resign; the Emperor-King, however, cannot bring himself to accept the demand of the majority that the Hungarian language should be used in the Army. And so the question remains unsolved; although every effort has been made, every statesman whom the country possesses having been consulted. One step, however, has been taken, although it may be considered a step backward. The Lex Daniel, passed in the last session to overcome systematic obstruction, has been repealed. There appears to be something like devotion to principle on the part of the majority in annulling this law, for it enables the opponents to take advantage of the weapon placed in their hands. Time will show whether their virtue is strong enough to enable them to resist the temptation. The crisis is undoubtedly serious. M. Kossuth describes the present state as a return to absolutism on the part of the ever-denying Royal Power. Other members talk of suspending the payment of the annual sum pledged by Hungary for the service and sinking-fund of the common Austro-Hungarian debt. Rumors have been in circulation that the King would resign, overborne by the difficulties of the situation. The House adjourned, however, without doing anything more serious than voting an address to the King, in which the wishes of the Parliament were laid before his Majesty. These

wishes were for the appointment of are sponsible government able and entitled to claim the support of the majority of the Chamber; impartial exercise of executive power; improvement of the legal position of public officials and better protection of public liberties; Parliamentary and electoral reform, including an extension of the franchise and redistribution of seats; fiscal and social reform; the effective establishment of economic independence for Hungary, with an independent Customs territory and an independent system of credit, after due preparation and under proper preliminary conditions; clear expression of the national character of the Hungarian army in its language and emblems. The address concludes by promising the King notable advantages from prompt satisfaction of Hungarian desires, and by hinting plainly that refusal or delay to satisfy them, will shake the belief of the nation in the reality of Hungarian constitutional life. The whole document is in fact a warning to the Crown not to oppose the will of the nation, lest perils of all kinds ensue. After censuring by a large majority the Tisza Cabinet the Chamber adjourned, leaving the anomalous situation unchanged.

Crete and Greece.

"A British detachment lowered the Greek flag which had been hoisted on Government House at Candia to-day, and rehoisted the Cretan flag with due honors." Such is the conclusion of a movement in a direction directly opposed to that within the Austro-Hungarian realms. Crete, after having been conquered by the Turks in 1669, became a part of the Turkish Empire, but by no means a submissive part, there having been almost a continuous series of insurrections. Matters came to a climax in 1897, when a Greek force landed for the purpose of annexing the island to Greece. The Powers, however, intervened; the Greek forces were forced to withdraw. But the Turks also were compelled to evacuate the island, leaving it under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, with Prince George, the second son of the King of Greece, as High Commissioner. The movement for union with Greece was not, however, abandoned, and as Prince George has proved to be a somewhat autocratic ruler, having gone even so far as to imprison a professor, a rising in favor of union with Greece has just taken place, the assembly has declared it accomplished, and the Greek flag was hoisted as a symbol of the attainment

of the desired end. The obdurate Powers, however, refused to concur, even Greece would not consent, and the union cannot yet for some time be brought about. Doubtless, however, it will not be long before it is achieved.

Sweden and Norway.

A conflict similar to that between Austria and Hungary has come to a head between Sweden and Norway. The movement is in a similar direction—towards a relaxation of the bonds between the two. These bonds are very slight and of recent formation, for, until 1814, Norway and Denmark formed one kingdom. The only bond of union now existent is that the two countries, Sweden and Norway, have the same King and a common Foreign Minister and Consuls. Norway is by far the smaller country, not having half the population of Sweden. Her people are democratic in their ideas, having abolished the nobility in 1821, while the Swedes are strongly aristocratic in their sentiments and institutions. Norway looks upon herself as a sovereign state, she feels herself affronted because she is represented abroad by Swedish Consuls; she claims the right, too, to appoint her own consuls, and this without the permission of Sweden. The latter country wishes to discuss the matter further; the Prince Regent has made what appears to be the fairest of proposals for such a discussion. Norway, however, holding herself to have been deceived heretofore, will discuss no more, and is proceeding to make her own appointments, without even asking the consent of Sweden. There is reason to apprehend that this action of Norway springs from a desire to dissolve every kind of union with Sweden. This might lead to European complications, for within a short distance are harbors which Russia very much wants, and should a quarrel take place between the two Scandinavian nations, it is to be feared that she would then find her opportunity. To this objections might be raised by benevolent neighbors, with what result cannot yet be foreseen.

France.

In France the question as to Morocco is the one to which the most attention has been given, although one far more important, and involving changes affecting far more deeply the well-being of the country, is be-

ing discussed in the Chamber—the separation of Church and State. We have already spoken of Germany's proceedings, which have, of course, been a cause of anxiety to France. For the negotiations M. Delcassé, the foreign Minister for the past seven years, was chiefly responsible, and for his conduct of these negotiations he was criticised in the French Assembly. He was blamed by Socialist members for not having immediately negotiated with Germany on the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement, for the dark procedure of his diplomacy, for having displayed too much reticence in his communications to Parliament. Although the Premier announced his entire agreement with M. Delcassé and that of the entire Cabinet, M. Delcassé felt it his duty to resign. He considered that his authority had been so shaken by the criticism passed upon him in the debate, that he could not deal with foreign nations, especially with Germany, successfully. Now M. Delcassé is the one man who seems to be necessary for the well-being of France. He has held his place in every Cabinet for the last seven years, and has undoubtedly done much for France. Accordingly his resignation was looked upon as a calamity, not only by France, but even in some degree by Europe. The President and his colleagues implored him to withdraw it. This he has done, and so no change in the attitude of France to Germany and to England is to be expected. As he has proved himself to be a peace-loving statesman, the world may congratulate itself upon this result, for critical times will come when the negotiations take place on the conclusion of the war between Russia and Japan.

The debates on the Bill for the separation of the Church from the State have formed the chief occupation of the assembly. Efforts have been made on the one hand to make its provisions more stringent, on the other to mitigate their stringency. In one case the latter have been successful. In the form in which the Bill was originally introduced all Church property was eventually confiscated. Moderate Republicans, and some even of the Socialists, were not satisfied with such barefaced robbery. A new clause has been introduced, which stipulates that within one year from the promulgation of the law all Church property, both real and personal, shall be transferred, with the same obligations to which it is now subject, to the new associations, which are to take the place of the present

organizations. It seems absolutely certain that the Bill will become law, and that after the first of next January the union between Church and State, which has existed for so many centuries, will come to a final end.

Italy.

The attention of the people of Italy has been chiefly devoted to the Railways, their management and their workmen. A Railway Bill led to the resignation of Signor Giolitti, the disciplinary clauses having met with the violent disapprobation of the employees and leading to a strike. A new Bill has been introduced by Signor Fortis, in which these clauses do not appear. Provisions to secure the control of the State in another, but an effectual, way are contained in the Bill. The railway servants were so little satisfied with it, that they struck a second time, but without success. They met with little sympathy from the general public, which no more likes to be put to inconvenience in Italy than it does in New York. The Government stood firm, and was opposed by only a few Socialists. By the new Law the railway servants are declared officers of the State, and are looked upon as having resigned if they leave work or interfere with the regular working of the service.

The relations between Austria and Italy, while on the surface excellent, cause anxiety to those who look deeper. There are several questions calling for solution, and any accident might render these questions acute. Diplomatists have an anxious time in covering the *ignes suppositi* with the requisite amount of ashes. Signor Tittoni, the Italian Foreign Minister, and Count Goluchowski, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Austria-Hungary, have lately held a conference at Venice, and we are assured by the newspapers that every difficulty has been solved. The German Emperor, too, has been paying a visit to various Italian towns, and has met the King. We may hope, therefore, that misunderstandings have been removed. The prominent part which is being taken by the Sovereigns, and the many visits they are making one to another, is a new feature in the regulation of the relation between States which, we hope, will make for peace and the tranquil life of their subjects.

New Books.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL. By Blosius.

To those who did not hear of Father Wilberforce's death last December, while conducting a course of Advent sermons at Chiswick, the prefix "late" before the name of the translator of the works of Louis of Blois* will carry a mournful message. Since the publication of that remarkable *Book of Spiritual Instruction*, readers of spiritual literature throughout the English-speaking world have looked forward expectantly to each new instalment of the translation of the famous sixteenth-century Benedictine. All in all, those books have done so much toward spreading that high type of spirituality of which Blosius was the splendid expositor, and Father Wilberforce the successful advocate, that the publications may be looked upon as one of the most important and valuable contributions to spiritual literature in our time. In a private letter to the present reviewer, Father Wilberforce referred to Blosius in words which may without impropriety be quoted here, as showing why, in the opinion of an eminent teacher of the spiritual life, the old Latin treatises deserved to be put into English and presented to the readers of our own day:

"Blosius I have a special love for and his treatises I think most useful for souls. He is so calm, nothing exaggerated, and while, on the one hand, he directs the soul to aim high, he is always encouraging. One main difference in my opinion between him and so many modern books is that they fix the eyes of the soul so much upon self, while Blosius fixes them upon God. The former, therefore, so often discourage, for depression must follow much self-inspection, and humility and encouragement follow from the method of Blosius. *Oculi mei semper ad Dominum.* I remember dear old St. Gregory the Great says that even in examining conscience we should look at God, for, as if we look at the setting sun we must see all that stands between us and it, so we shall see things between us and God if we look at him. I have found that the spiritual direction most good souls want is to get them to look at God and not themselves." And again: "There is in his

* *The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul.* By the Ven. Ludovicus Blosius, O.S.B. Translated from the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

works, such a largeness of heart, such simplicity yet depth, he is so full of unction and holiness and wisdom that there are few like him. The great point is that he makes the soul look at God our Lord and not at self. This appeals to the heart. . . . It is such a happiness to hear that the book has been used by our Lord as an instrument of help and good to souls. In fact the one thing worth living for is to help souls on to God. . . . No pleasure is so great and so true in this world as to have good reason to hope one has been allowed by God to help a soul to love him better. This is indeed better than gold and precious stones."

It is the true spirit of Blosius and his distinguished Dominican disciple which breathes out of the above lines; no further word need be said here in recommendation of books full of such sentiment. Lasting benefit has been conferred on us by the work; and to both author and translator we owe gratitude. So we trust that an ever-widening sphere of influence is to be the result of the translation given to Blosius by Father Wilberforce. Let this present volume—which is a section of a larger work—take its place alongside the previous volumes edited or translated by the same hand: *Book of Spiritual Instruction, Comfort for the Faint-hearted, Oratory of the Faithful Soul, Mirror for Monks.* It will serve as an additional attraction, perhaps, if we note that the present treatise was begun with the desire "to bring forward carefully everything likely to give comfort to the soul, and hope and trust in God, to one who, though sinful and imperfect, is nevertheless a man of good will, in order that all Christians might be able to use the book as a spiritual mirror. Beside the consoling words spoken to the tempted and to the imperfect of good will, there is another attractive feature in the shape of a chapter given to exercises of introversion, or inward conversations, which will teach the reader something worth learning about prayer.

REFECTIONS OF A MYSTIC. By Rusbrock.

Every book* of selections from the old mystics is a favor to be cordially appreciated; for the old masters of prayer are incomparably the greatest and best. Modern spiritual literature wears a

* *Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic.* From the works of John Rüsbröck. By Earle Baillie. London: Thomas Baker.

poverty-stricken look when compared with the works of the Benedictine, Carthusian, and Carmelite golden age; and in the last three hundred years, it is doubtful if any ascetical author, save Francis de Sales and one or two Benedictines, will ultimately be rated higher than mediocre. We love our own age too well to have the least inclination for the melancholy office of *laudator temporis acti;* but we must confess that barrenness has for some mysterious reason fallen upon Catholic mysticism, and that to-day we have no successors to Tauler, Rüsbröck, John of the Cross, or Father Baker. The very form of prayer which those mighty spirits teach is looked upon with wry faces and orthodox lifting of eyebrows. We must all abandon as unsafe the spontaneous elevation of the soul toward the Deity, and the direct flight of the will to God. Freedom of the human spirit in union with the divine spirit is often distrusted as not regular, methodical, and uniform enough. And so we have fallen under spiritual conventionalities. And when conventionalities harass one, and one would give wing to the contemplative instinct which is not so rare as many imagine, it is back to the dear old days of soul-freedom that one must go for sympathy and help; back to those men who directed souls by no written method and no mathematical exercises, but, free from all such preoccupation, simply endeavored to observe the Holy Spirit's purpose in their penitents' souls, and to put them under the immediate guidance of the heavenly Paraclete. One of these old masters is John Rüsbröck; a gentle soul, possessing little human learning, but marvelous spiritual insight; a secular priest, too, with much of St. Francis' spirit of affection for every creature of God. A few pages of his writings are put together in Mr. Baillie's book, and the one criticism that we pass upon it is that it is so short. We trust that more of Rüsbröck will be given us than these few thin chapters. We need him in English; we need Tauler, too, and others of their school. Let us have in orderly and comprehensive fashion their treatises on prayer and the guidance of the spirit. It will mean much for modern Catholicity thus to be exhilarated again with the devotional teaching which is the glory—but the forgotten glory—of ancient Catholic mysticism. Devotion is what we need far more than devotions, and it is from the mediæval cloister that we shall learn it best.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By Noldin.

Father Noldin, the celebrated theologian of Innspruck has written an interesting volume on devotion to the Sacred Heart.* It contains both a history of the cultus and observations upon its theological and ascetical importance. The historical sketch is brief but valuable. From it we learn that for a long time the new devotion met with intense opposition from many bishops and theologians, and even Rome itself. When a petition was laid before the Congregation of Rites, asking that a Mass and Office of the Sacred Heart be permitted, the Congregation gave the matter long and earnest deliberation. The objector on the occasion was Cardinal Lambertini, afterward Benedict XIV., perhaps the greatest scholar that ever sat in St. Peter's chair. The outcome of the examination was that the Congregation refused. The grounds of their action seem to have been that the devotion was new, that it would unwarrantably increase the number of feast days, and that the theology of the worship of Christ's physical heart was obscure and uncertain. Soon after, of course, the devotion became recognized and began its extraordinary growth, which is still undiminished. Father Noldin bids us remember that the devotion, intrinsically, is independent of Margaret Mary's revelations. Even if one should regard those revelations as delusions, the devotion would still be intact, inasmuch as it is based upon the Church's approval. Speaking of the wonderful visions of Margaret Mary, Father Noldin acquaints us with a heavenly communication of hers which was new to us. The holy nun learned from Christ that it was his desire that Louis XIV. should consecrate himself to the Sacred Heart. At about the same time Père de la Chaise, the Jesuit confessor of the king, was also privileged with a divine message that he should make known the purposes of heaven to the *grand monarque*. The father did so, but, as we might expect, the royal reprobate gave a downright refusal to this summons from on high. Well may Father Noldin add: "The royal house of France has had bitterly to atone for his rejection and neglect of grace."

We must confess to a little astonishment at Father Noldin's treatment of the twelfth promise. He not only gives no expo-

* *The Devotion to the Sacred Heart.* By the Rev. H. Noldin, S.J. Translated by Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

sition of it, but positively excludes it from his book. It will be recalled that the twelfth promise alleged to have been made to Margaret Mary, was to the effect that the grace of final perseverence would infallibly attend the "making of the nine First Fridays." Recently this promise has been vigorously attacked and valiantly defended. The opponents of it maintain that it is a late addition, not included in the original promises at all, and that moreover, as it is currently explained, it is exceedingly hard to reconcile with the Council of Trent. Consequently we looked with a good deal of interest to this work of a great theologian for light on the dispute. The matter, however, is not mentioned in Father Noldin's pages, and, what is more remarkable, he gives the twelfth promise thus: "Proclaim this, and let it be published throughout the world. I will assign no measure and no limit to the gifts and graces which I will bestow on all who seek them in my heart." We think, however, that this curious evasion of the twelfth promise question will be the sole objection which devout clients of the League will make to this book.

MARTYRS OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. By Mason.

Dr. Mason's book of sketches of the early Martyrs* is a delightful volume, that will be appreciated from the standpoint of history as highly as it deserves to be rated from the standpoint of piety. It contains brief accounts of the great athletes of the Lord who died to glorify him in the young years of the Christian faith. Illustrious are those names: Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin, Cyprian, Lawrence, Perpetua, the martyrs of Lyons, the Forty of Sebaste, and many others. Dr. Mason writes of them with tender sympathy, devout veneration, and scholarly competence. The chapters are not biographical in the full sense, but relate only the narratives of the saints' agony and death. And in these narratives Dr. Mason fortunately quotes abundantly from the ancient *Acta*. This greatly adds to the charm of the book, for those old accounts are often of incomparable beauty. What, for example, can be more sublime than the letter of the Church of Lyons, describing the martyrdom of the mighty confessors of

* *Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church.* By A. J. Mason, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Christianity in Gaul? We repeat this is a fine, wholesome book that will make the religion of Christ better loved by showing what great souls have died for it. Dr. Mason is an Anglican, but we observed only a phrase or two that would imply non-Catholic authorship.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.
By Gaudeau.

M. Bernard Gaudeau's pamphlet* on Church and State in France is a bitter arraignment, from a Catholic standpoint, of the proposed abolition of the Concordat. The author's thesis is that as soon as the Concordat is set aside France will become not merely a lay State, but an atheistic State. We in America find it hard at first sight to understand that, having our own country before our eyes where, despite separation of Church and State, the most benevolent relations exist between the nation and Christianity. But on a closer study of conditions in France one finds only too much reason for apprehending that M. Gaudeau's position is correct. It is impossible to conceive any other purpose in the minds of men like Combes than the subjugation and destruction of Catholicity. M. Gaudeau does well to answer the objection now flung from every direction into the faces of Catholics, that the Church should not object to persecution since she is, by her principles, a persecutor herself. He denies that if Catholics were again in control of France they would make the slightest attempt upon any man's conscience. In regard to the propositions of the Syllabus, he makes the classical distinction between thesis and hypothesis; the thesis regarding a non-existent and ideal order, the hypothesis the actual world around us. Thus the Syllabus, as regards its pronouncements on civil liberties, has in view an ideal condition of human society, and was never meant to apply literally to society as it actually is.

M. Gaudeau gives some attention to a study of the origin of the extreme liberalism now prevailing. He finds that origin in materialism, Kantism, and socialism. This is too vast a matter for a score of small pages in a pamphlet, and we hardly need say that this portion of the work is inadequate. M. Gaudeau might have found a good share of the reasons for present misfortunes much nearer home. We trust that France as a

* *L'Église et l'État Laïque.* Par Bernard Gaudeau. Paris: Librairie Lethielleux.

lay State will not be the organized atheism which our author fears. He has rather too violent a hatred for laicism in our judgment.

POVERTY. By Hunter.

The New York *Sun* on Christmas Day, 1904, contained a short editorial on "The Season of Rejoicing," which enumerated as good reasons "for happiness this Christmas" such considerations as these: We are building the Panama Canal, governing successfully our island possessions; we have a Pacific cable; there are nearly 20,000,000 young people in our schools; we have immense exports and inexhaustible resources. The writer concluded: "The present is happy and our outlook for the future was never brighter." Just about that time, this volume on *Poverty* * appeared. The author's aim in writing it was "to show the grievous need of certain social measures calculated to prevent the ruin and degradation of those working people who are on the verge of poverty." An effort is made to define and describe poverty in the United States, and to direct public attention to the unskilled, underpaid, underfed, and poorly housed workers, as well as to the dependent and vicious classes. Mr. Hunter is a well-known social settlement worker, a fact very clearly shown by the objective manner in which he sees social conditions and states his views. The chapters are entitled: Poverty; The Pauper; The Vagrant; The Sick; The Child; The Immigrant; Conclusion. The work contains a good list of authorities used by Mr. Hunter, which constitutes a serviceable bibliography.

In the conclusion, the author states as his convictions: that in fairly prosperous years there are 10,000,000 in poverty in the United States; of these 4,000,000 are paupers; 2,000,000 workingmen are unemployed four to six months each year half a million immigrants arrive annually; nearly half the families of the country are propertyless; 1,700,000 "little children are forced to become wage earners"; 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work; "probably 10,000,000 now living will die of tuberculosis." The reforms proposed by Mr. Hunter include demands with which social students are to some extent familiar. Meeting them as we generally do, one at a time, we are accustomed to welcome many of them; as, for instance,

* *Poverty*. By Robert Hunter. New York: Macmillan. Pp. 382.

shorter hours, exclusion of children from factories, the fixing of minimum standards, insurance against idleness, sickness, old age, improved conditions of labor. But when we meet the whole list in a summary, an impression of hopelessness is made. The reading of the volume has made one feel the need of drastic action, but the facts and limitations of life present tremendous obstacles.

Mr. Hunter's volume is the subject of much discussion. It has already, in the few months since it appeared, directed public opinion to the failures of our civilization in a way that will have great educational value. The accuracy of the author's figures is a secondary consideration, although he carefully relies on first-rate authorities. The facts which he describes are appalling. But the indifference of the public to them is no less so.

Books such as this inevitably aid progress. If they tell the truth, they frighten conservatism and compel remedial action, or they correct the exaggeration of the radical, as the case may be. At any rate, no lover of the race can fail to gain much in knowledge of facts and views by reading this volume. Until the actual failures and deadening helplessness of our time be known, we cannot expect the awakening of social conscience to bring relief.

THE WALKING DELEGATE
By Scott.

This is a strong story,* based on the play of forces to be seen in the life of the modern labor union. The iniquity, shrewd boldness, lack of moral sense sometimes shown by lawless men who work ahead in the leadership of unsuspecting laboring men, are displayed with much power and set in contrast with the nobler type of labor leader. Tragedy, sentiment, and lively narrative give the book a real interest, which will not fail to attract many students of the labor question.

SOCIALISM.
By Stang.

Bishop Stang's book on Socialism† is a vigorous presentation of ancient truths as a remedy for a recent error. The right reverend author concerns himself but secondarily with the economic side

* *The Walking Delegate.* By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
† *Socialism and Christianity.* By Rt. Rev. William Stang. New York: Benziger Brothers

of socialism. He considers it almost exclusively from the standpoint of morality. Consequently, being a moral vagary, it needs the old-fashioned treatment of Gospel-preaching. Injustice will be cured only by justice; stealing by honesty; violence by charity; and dissatisfaction by the thought of God's providence and the hereafter. Let men turn to religion, and the huge fabric of social disturbance will collapse. This is the sum of the bishop's message, delivered, as becomes a veteran missionary, in very downright and uncompromising fashion. Doubtless it is the best programme. But will it be adopted?

There is a chapter on socialistic history which is of value as positive information, and frequently throughout the book there is appeal to Leo XIII.'s encyclicals, a source which, of course, ensures the safety and orthodoxy of all views derived therefrom. There is a noticeable controversial side to this volume. The bishop maintains the thesis that a higher degree of civilization existed among Christian nations prior to the Reformation than has ever existed since, and that the social confusion of our time is due to Protestantism. One, of course, can think as one pleases with regard to that. At all events, we may be permitted to venture the opinion that the picture of pre-Reformation society is a little too rose-colored. Holding before our eyes the moral condition of the Italian cities in the fifteenth century, and the economic status of the French workingman of the same period, we should be bold indeed to say that all was well in those days. Still we are sure that for all who hold to the strict Catholic view of historical and social questions, Bishop Stang's volume will be useful as a confirmation of the faith that is in them.

PASCAL.
By Prudhomme.

M. Sully Prudhomme's volume on Pascal* is a work of first-rate importance for philosophy. It consists of an examination of Pascal's intellectual position with regard to the problems of theistic and Christian belief, together with extensive observations and criticisms of M. Sully Prudhomme himself, who is deeply read in philosophy, and is master of a clear and incisive style. The *Pensées* are studied with a view to discovering Pascal's religious development; and the result is probably the most

* *La Vraie Religion Selon Pascal.* Par Sully Prudhomme. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcon.

complete and accurate picture that we yet possess of Pascal's growth in theological perception, of the difficulties that he encountered, and of the peculiar apologetic wherein the affections hold so prominent a place, on which he finally settled as the best defense of faith. All this would be a valuable treatise at any time, on account of the commanding genius of the brilliant young philosopher, but it is especially useful now, when we are hearing a new appeal for Pascal's methods, and a growing claim that he has furnished the best weapons to Christianity in its conflict with philosophy and science.

In the criticisms of M. Sully Prudhomme the orthodox reader will find much at which to take offense. As those who have read his *Le Problème des Causes Finales* need not be told, the distinguished academician cannot accept Christian dogmatics, and in fact he has much fault to find with the traditional tenets of theism. Accordingly, only the well-read and robust in their philosophy should pick up this volume. But the ex-professo student of the deeper things of the mind will find in it both thinking and writing of very high order, and will make no mistake if he gives it a place upon his shelves beside the deepest works of contemporary philosophy.

THOUGHTS FOR GIRLS.
By Soulsby.

Beside the papers contained in the original *Stray Thoughts for Girls*,* published twelve years ago, we have in the new edition chapters on Making Plans; Conversation; Great Things to do To-day; Sunday; and A Good Time. It may be well for the information of some of our readers to mention the fact that Lucy Soulsby is an old hand at the writing of helpful books of an instructive and religious nature; and that the present volume is one of a series which includes: *Stray Thoughts for Mothers and Teachers; Stray Thoughts on Character;* and *Stray Thoughts for Invalids* In general it may be said that her writing is of the highest order for practical, healthy, elevating suggestions; and the spirit of religious earnestness which gives tone to all her books is of that happy kind which attracts, instead of repells, the youthful mind. It is rather hard to believe that any young girl, who has the least interest in making her life

* *Stray Thoughts for Girls.* By Lucy H. M. Soulsby. New and Enlarged Edition. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

useful and beautiful, can go through these pages without profit. There are numerous neat little pointed hits that will probably wake up some consciences to the existence of previously unnoticed faults, such as the description of the thoughtless, useless, irresponsible girl who tells you that these are her characteristics in an ingenuous way which makes her best friends long to box her ears; she "might be called 'The Artless Japanese,' because she reminds one of the princess in the 'Mikado' who says: 'I sit and wonder in my artless Japanese way why I am so charming.'" Behavior at school and behavior at home, the attitude to assume toward companion and toward mother, the way to study and the way to play, how to gain culture and how to grow in virtue, all these are treated very practically and very attractively in the fourteen chapters of this little book. One closes it with a sense of the great good it is sure to do, and with the hope that there is soon going to be some writing of this kind covering the ground peculiar to Catholic girls and their possibilities in life—a department in which the two booklets recently published by Miss Margaret Fletcher, *Light for New Times* and *The School of the Heart*, have already demonstrated what valuable work can be done.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY?
By Benson.

Mr. Robert Hugh Benson's novel of Elizabethan times and characters* is an unusually fine piece of work. In fact we regard it as one of the most excellent Catholic stories that we possess in English, and by far the best that has appeared for a long time. The "spacious days of great Elizabeth" form the stage whereon the action moves; the imperious Queen herself is one of the figures in the narrative; and her bloody persecution of England's ancient faith is the tragic motive of the whole. The story is strongest on its historical side. As a picture of those days of change and bewilderment and terror, it is so very good that we are at a loss to recall any other work of fiction which surpasses it in this respect. Mr. Benson makes it clear, without the slightest trace of pedantry, that the English people were not hostile to Catholicity, that Elizabeth herself loved not persecution and the spilling of her own subjects' blood, and that the real strength of the pro-

* *By What Authority?* By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Reformation movement in the nation took rise not in a theological or religious, but rather in a nationalistic and patriotic sentiment. Pius V.'s bull of deposition was absolutely disastrous, and the sending of the Armada, which bore the hopes of Spain and the blessings of churchmen, roused the fury of that section of the English people that were already anti-Catholic, and threw into consternation those that still stood loyal to the Church, and wished also to be loyal to their country and their queen. With affairs in this condition the malignant persecutors and haters of Catholicity found it easy to procure tyrannical and murderous legislation; they had only to allege the pretext of safety to the State. And thus many a martyr, although as devoted to England and as obedient to the sovereign as Drake or Walsingham themselves, entered into his agony for the faith, on a fictitious charge of treason.

How splendidly these martyrs died is put vividly in Mr. Benson's story. The finest piece of pathos in the book tells how Father James Maxwell, released from the Tower by Elizabeth in a manner that shows a brighter side to her imperious character, said Mass secretly in his mother's house after he had been brought home. He had been cruelly torn by the rack, and was half dead from pain. But Sunday had come and he would offer the great Sacrifice for Lady Maxwell, his mother, Mistress Margaret, his aunt, and the few faithful that still clung bravely to the old faith they loved. We cannot forbear giving a page of Mr. Benson's beautiful description:

> A moment later there came slow and painful steps through the sitting-room, and Lady Maxwell came in very slowly with her son leaning on her arm and on a stick. There was a silence so profound that it seemed to Isabel as if all had stopped breathing. She could only hear the slow plunging pulse of her own heart.
>
> James took his mother across the altar to her place and left her there, bowing to her; and then he went up to the altar to vest. As he reached it and paused, a servant slipped out and received the stick from him. The priest made the sign of the cross, and took up the amice from the vestments that lay folded on the altar. He was already in his cassock.
>
> Isabel watched each movement with a deep, agonizing interest; he was so frail and broken, so bent in his figure, so slow and feeble in his movements. He made an attempt

to raise the amice but could not, and turned slightly; and the man from behind stepped up again and lifted it for him. Then he helped him with each of the vestments, lifted the alb over his head and tenderly drew the bandaged hands through the sleeves; knit the girdle round him; gave him the stole to kiss and then placed it over his neck, and crossed the ends beneath the girdle, and adjusted the amice; then he placed the maniple on his left arm, but so tenderly! and lastly lifted the great red chasuble and dropped it over his head and straightened it—and there stood the priest, as he had stood last Sunday, in crimson vestments again; but bowed and thin-faced now. . . . Much of this faith of course was still dark to Isabel; but she understood enough; and when the murmur of the priest died to a throbbing silence, and the worshippers sank in yet more profound adoration, and then with terrible effort and a quick gasp or two of pain, those wrenched, bandaged hands rose trembling in the air with Something that glimmered white between them, the Puritan girl too dropped her head, and lifted up her heart and entreated the Most High and Most Merciful to look down on the mystery of Redemption accomplished on earth, to send down his grace on the Catholic Church, and especially to remember the poor battered man before her, who not only as priest was made like to the Eternal Priest, but as a victim too had hung upon a prostrate cross fastened by hands and feet; thus bearing on his body, for all to see, the marks of the Lord Jesus.

We have said that the best feature of the novel is its historical delineation. Still, in the matters of plot and character-study, it has a goodly merit too. The passing from heresy to faith of Isabel, the Puritan girl, is described so well that we think no one not a convert could surpass it. On the whole, we have here a piece of fiction which displays an exceptionally high order of talent. It leads us to expect from Mr. Benson's pen work which will take high rank in contemporary literature.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE.

It was a happy thought of Benziger Brothers to make a collection,* from our leading Catholic writers, of short stories whose heroes and heroines are children. The stories in this volume show literary work of creditable merit, and one feels, on run-

* *Juvenile Round Table.* Second Series. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ning through the book, that it was worth compiling. There are twenty stories altogether, among them: "The Fortune-Bag," by Eugenie Uhlrich; "Two Mothers," by M. E. Henry-Ruffin; "The New Scholar," by Margaret E. Jordan; "Vera's Tramp," by Katherine Tynan Hinkson; "The Jominy's Experiment," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "Boys Together," by Theo. Gift; and "Helen's Five o'clock Tea," the very title of which reveals Maurice Francis Egan. The volume is to be commended.

GEMS OF THE VISITATION ORDER.

The Sisters of the Visitation Monastery, in Brooklyn, have taken occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their Brooklyn foundation to compile a number of biographical sketches* of the saintly persons whose virtues made the beginning and early days of the order so mighty an inspiration to future generations, whether within or without the cloister. The present publication aims successfully at giving, in clear and simple language, an authentic account of the foundation of the order, and a picture of the ideals which have obtained in the community and borne fruit in the saintly lives of its members. We are presented, of course, with a sketch of St. Francis de Sales, whose veneration has spread so widely in the world through the influence exerted by his peculiarly amiable and tender disposition, and to whom the Visitation always looks back as to its Father. We have, too, a sketch of the remarkable woman to whom was entrusted the task of realizing the idea conceived by the Bishop of Geneva, when he set out to found a community of women to meet the needs of the day. Page 62 gives an account of the "important transformation" in the Constitutions by which, at the instance of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, the order became one of the cloistered, contemplative communities of Holy Church. How successful the institution was, from the very start, is seen in the fact that to the fourteen houses established during the lifetime of Frances de Chantal, there were added eleven others within three years of her death. The volume contains also a sketch of the life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, who promoted the devotion of the Sacred Heart; and of the Venerable Anne Madeleine Remusat, who

* *Jubilee Gems of the Visitation Order.* By the Sisters of the Visitation of Holy Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y. New York: The Christain Press Association.

instituted, with the permission of Pope Clement XI., the Association of Perpetual Adoration of the Sacred Heart; and finally of Mother Mary de Sales Chapuis, whose great work was the building up of the schools of the Visitation in France after the Revolution.

The volume is well gotten up and attractively written. As suggested in the beautiful little introduction by Father McCarty, it will help to fill the lamentable lack of books suitable for Catholic School premiums.

A SPOILED PRIEST.
By Sheehan.

In this volume * Dr. Sheehan, as he must now be called, ventures into the difficult field of the short story. It would be too much to expect that he should gain there the successes which he has so well merited in *The Triumph of Failure; My New Curate;* and *Luke Delmege.* But it goes without saying that a pen so skilful as his will leave traces of distinction on whatsoever sort of page it writes. So in these stories we often come upon literary touches which betray the trained artist and expert *raconteur.* And if there is also some suggestion of the commonplace, how few are the short-story writers who escape it?

EMMANUEL BURDEN.
By Belloc.

As a biographer, historian, essayist, and scholar, Hilaire Belloc needs no introduction to the English-reading people of two continents. It remained for *Emmanuel Burden* † to prove him a satirist of the first order. The book takes the form of a biography of "Emmanuel Burden, merchant, of Thames Street, in the city of London, exporter of hardware; a record of his lineage, speculations, last days, and death." The plot is built upon the founding of one of those great money-getting companies which the imperialism of England has fostered. Between the open, honest, conservative, business methods of the Thames Street merchant and the sensational booming of the "M'Korio Delta Developing Company" an admirable contrast has been drawn. The various devices resorted to by modern promoters, such as the allotment of stock and the buying up

* *A Spoiled Priest; and Other Stories.* By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Emmanuel Burden.* By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the press, have been exposed with telling frankness, which loses nothing by the guileless attitude of the narrator.

Mr. Belloc has drawn his characters with a delicate irony which only an Englishman, or one familiar with English types, can fully appreciate. But the German-Jew Barnett, the adventurer Harcourt, the "jointed hop-pole" Benthorpe, the "sound" Mr. Abbott, the weakling Cosmo, are, after all, types not confined to England.

The gravity with which the author relates the minutest and most inconsequent incidents, the travesty on contemporary biographies which he accomplishes by the elaborately traced lineage of his hero, the moral digressions in which he allows himself from time to time to indulge, contribute not a little to the humor of this brilliant book. To quote from pages where every paragraph contains something quotable is as impossible as to praise temperately when one's enthusiasm is unbounded.

The illustrations, by G. K. Chesterton, are faithful to the spirit of the text, and are excellent cartoons.

THREE CLASSICS.

The Burns & Oates Company deserve our gratitude for issuing in beautiful and cheap editions the three fine old classics of William Roper's *Life of Thomas More;* Richard de Bury's *Love of Books;* and Jocelyn's *Chronicle of Brakelond.** This last book, a monk's story of his abbey, and no less a quaint, true picture of mediæval England, is exquisite. Never was there a simpler, honester, and pleasanter record set down by mortal hand. We cannot too highly commend it. Dr. Barry's introduction adds to its value.

THE BLOCKADERS. By Barnes.

The name of James Barnes is synonymous in the minds of a good many boys with a capital story. His latest book, *The Blockaders,*† will certainly not detract from his reputation. It is a collection of short stories which deal with Confederate cruisers, geological expeditions, hidden treasure in Africa, valentines, and Fourth of July celebrations. In such a range of subjects it would be impossible for every boy not to find something to

* *Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt.* By William Roper. *Love of Books.* By Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham. *Chronicle of Brakelond.* London: Burns & Oates.

† *The Blockaders.* By James Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

his taste. The stories are well written; the plots are worth writing about; the boys who figure in them are real flesh and blood boys; and the style is crisp, direct, and natural. The book is published by Harper's in that excellent series of juveniles which by its inexpensive form makes good reading accessible to all.

SOCIALISM.
By Cathrein.

A new edition in English of Father Cathrein's standard work on *Socialism* is a book to be cordially welcomed.* The author is well-known as a moral philosopher; and, in the preparation of the present work, he has given us the best fruits not only of an extensive knowledge of Christian and Catholic ethics, but, on the admission of socialists themselves, of wide reading in socialistic literature. His chapters discuss the origin and development of Socialism; its fundamental tenets; its relation to religion and morality; its false promises and impractical programme. From this it will appear that both the economic and the religious side of Socialism is the object of the reverend author's investigation. And from a reading of his criticisms it also appears that the social theories which he has in mind are those which, in the economic order, imply thoroughgoing communism, and, in the religious sphere, imply atheism and immorality. Father Cathrein's animadversions upon this theory of human society are radical and caustic. Possibly some will say they are at times a little too summary, and do not indicate enough appreciation of the ills of our present industrial system, or enough sympathy with its victims. However, as the volume is rather a work of criticism than of construction, and as the dangers to which it calls attention are in the last degree deadly, one does not feel inclined to press remonstrances of this kind. At all events we have here the best work from a Catholic source that has yet been written against Socialism, and this fact ought to suffice to win for it as many readers among ourselves as the original has gained in Germany. We cannot help expressing regret at a footnote, on page 227, presumably from the pen of the translator. The author has just quoted the words of a member of the Reichstag to the effect that the public schools of Germany are becoming seminaries of Socialism. To this statement these words

* *Socialism.* By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized Translation. Revised and enlarged by V. F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York. Benziger Brothers.

are appended: "If this be true of German elementary schools, what shall we say of our American public schools, with their fads and pretensions?" That is an uncalled-for and unjustifiable question. Our American public schools are not training places for Socialism, and it is hard to see the pertinence of the remark about "fads and pretensions." Let us criticise, if we must, but let our criticisms be dignified, and not cheap.

We are glad to see a second edition of Miss Conway's *Christian Gentlewoman.** It is a bright little volume of good counsel, and will do, we have no doubt, a great deal of good in the world about us. Its four chapters discuss: The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate; Broad-Mindedness; The Novel-Habit; and The Uses of Prosperity. Under these headings we have a number of pointed recommendations which aim at cultivating in Catholic women those solid and unpretending virtues which give so attractive a look to the old-fashioned gentlewoman of a generation past. Miss Conway, however, has a higher aim than the inculcating of a social code. Character, spiritual cultivation, a state of soul, not mere outward demeanor, are her purpose; and this gives a high ethical value to her sincere and simple pages. Perhaps in all good faith a reader might consider some paragraphs of the chapter on broad-mindedness to be rather narrow and thought-stifling; but even if such a criticism be made, it must straightway be forgotten, in the general geniality, good-nature, and earnest piety of the volume as a whole. It is a book that deserves success.

We regret that the author of *The Suffering Man-God*† did not confine himself to piety and edification. Unfortunately he keeps an apologetic and controversial aim ever in view, even amid his most devout reflections on our Lord's Passion, and this results in a deplorable disfigurement of his book. For his controversial remarks are futile, his proofs at times worthless, and his temper exasperating. In its substance, however, this volume consists of meditations on Christ's agony which are helpful; and to this extent it is a work for which we should be thankful.

* *The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate.* By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

† *The Suffering Man-God; or, The Divinity of Jesus Christ Resplendent in His Sufferings.* By Père Seraphin, Passionist. Translated by Lilian M. Ward. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The number of well-written, healthy stories for the young, published to-day, is all too small. Consequently it is with a special pleasure that we commend this tale for young girls. It is not for the very young, but rather for those who are drawing near the years of womanhood. *Nut-Brown Joan** is to be commended both for its literary merit—the merit it has in itself, and the stimulus it will give to its readers to study the English classics—and also for its thoroughly wholesome atmosphere. It will be both a pleasant and profitable introduction for young girls into that very important field nowadays of what they ought to read and what they ought to be. But it is far from being a sermon, and the author does not indulge in any laborious moralizing. With true skill she leaves that to the reader herself. Joan is a girl who, through indifference and lack of ambition, might not have amounted to anything, but encouragement stimulates her, and responsibility brings out her latent worth. The volume holds a very practical lesson for young girls, and the lesson is excellently presented.

The first number of a new English magazine, to be called *The Crucible*, is to appear in June, 1905. It will be published under the editorship of Miss Margaret Fletcher, and starts with the approbation of the Archbishop of Westminster. The magazine is to appear quarterly, and to be devoted to the interests of secondary education in the Catholic girls' schools. Members of the Religious Educational Orders and experienced writers and teachers in the secular world will contribute to its pages. The magazine hopes to generate a general Catholic educational atmosphere, arouse the intelligent interest of parents, and through co-operation bring the ablest teachers of Catholic schools into constant touch with one another. The questions that arise with regard to discipline, moral training, general literature, and modern methods of teaching, will be taken up and treated in a most thorough and intelligent manner. The magazine starts with our every good wish, and we hope for it a wide field and a pronounced success. The subscription price of the magazine for Americans is $1.20, post free. The office of publication is 89 Woodstock, Road, Oxford, England.

* *Nut-Brown Joan.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Pp. 314. Price $1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (15 April): The Very Rev. Abbot of Downside contributes the first article of a series entitled, "The Divine Authorship of the Scriptures." The dogmatic teaching of the Church is embodied in the formula, *Deus est Auctor Novi et Veteris Testamenti.* The writer's first inquiry is: "Do we know the meaning of the word *Auctor* in this formula?" In view of the numerous and comprehensive quotations from ecclesiastical writings, canons, and creeds dating from the sixth to the nineteenth century, all of which seem clearly to affirm that the author of both Testaments is *one* and the *same* God, and nothing more, the author concludes that the idea of literary authorship was by no means present to the mind of the Church in the word *Auctor.* It is simply an assertion of the one divine origin of the Scriptures as against the double origin taught by Manes and his followers. Secondly, the formula as modified by the Vatican Council throws no light on inspiration, neither as to its nature, its mode of action, nor its effects. The Vatican uses the word *Auctor* in its traditional sense. God, therefore, is the author of the Scriptures as the *primum principium*, the first source or principle.——The religious drama, "The First Franciscans," is criticized for historical inaccuracies and lack of qualities to arouse enthusiasm, although some of its sketches are said to be remarkable for manifesting sincerity and reverence.

(22 April): After about three years of deliberation, the Biblical Commission has issued its first decision. May certain passages dealing with historical facts be treated as tacit or implicit quotations from other writers and, therefore, outside the sanction of the inspired writers? Answer is negative, except when, due regard being paid to the judgment of the Church, it is proved by solid arguments: "(1) That the sacred writer has really quoted the writings or sayings of another; and (2) That he has neither approved nor adopted them, so that he may be properly considered not to be speaking in his own name. In the opinion of the correspondent, other equally important decisions will soon follow.

(29 April): Mgr. John Vaughan leaves Rome the 1st of May, for Lucca, where he is to enter the Carthusian Novitiate. Mgr. Vaughan is probably best known to us through his work, *Faith and Folly*.

The Month (May): Fr. Sydney Smith writes on the Revival movement which has been going on for some months among the non-Conformists and Anglican Evangelicals in South Wales, and is said by the papers to be extending to parts of England. There is much that is good in them commingled with an amount of harm that is unnecessary and deplorable. Revivals in the past have been regularly followed by an increase of cases of dementia sufficient to affect the statistics of lunacy.—— The publication is announced of *The Crucible*, a Catholic magazine of Higher Education for Women, about to appear for the first time in June (address 89 Woodstock Road, Oxford), and to be conducted by Margaret Fletcher, whose two little books for girls—*Light for New Times* and *The School of the Heart*—have attracted such attention for their solidity and common-sense statement of necessary and precious but little talked-of truths.—— The decline of Darwinism is written up by Walter Sweetman who, in a short pamphlet printed some years ago, and more recently in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of December, 1901, drew attention to five arguments against the materialistic theory for the formation of the body of man which seem to him "to appeal to everybody's common sense and to be perfectly unanswerable."——Father Herbert Thurston writes on the fate of the last five of the Jesuit missionaries to Japan, in 1643, about whose possible apostasy there has been some discussion. After describing the extremely ferocious character of the torments to which they were subjected, and going over the evidence as a whole, Father Thurston says: "It can hardly be doubted that some sort of renunciation of Christianity was extorted from one or more of the Jesuit missionaries by the extremity of their torments. What exactly happened we shall probably never know, but he would indeed be a severe censor who refused his sympathy to the infirmity which the unfortunate victims may have shown, or who ventured to pronounce that by that act

they had irrevocably cut themselves off from all hopes of salvation. Perhaps the most terrible trial of all must have been the loneliness of their position and the impossibility of succor. For they were the last survivors of a forlorn hope, itself primarily organized that a helping hand might be extended to the unfortunate Father Ferreira, Provincial of the Jesuits, who had caused infinite sorrow throughout the Order by falling from the faith in 1633. Few probably estimate how terrible was the position in which these latest comers found themselves, as compared with that of the early martyrs at the beginning of the same century. It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of God's providence that we should now be honoring upon our altars as Canonized Saints of the Church many who passed to their reward by the swift and easy passage of the sword, while the incredible torments overcome by such heroes as Father Mastrilli and Father Rubino are still uncelebrated, at least in this world. Still stranger is it that others who, like Fathers Ferreira and Chiara, persevered for long hours in defying the most hideous form of torture, were in the end destined to succumb, forfeiting honor, comfort, peace of mind, and even, it is to be feared, their robe of sanctifying grace.——A review is published of *Les Infiltrations et l'Exégèse du Nouveau Testament*, by M. Fontaine, who is said to spoil a good cause by a certain fundamental defect of method. . . . It does not seem to occur to him that a fact is a fact and an argument is an argument whencesoever it be derived. . . . He shows little realization that we are already brought into close quarters with these chronicles of antiquity, and that though it is to be hoped that they will render a signal service to the Church in the long run, as in some respects they are doing now, they have also yielded an array of historical difficulties very perplexing from a biblical point of view to those who are aware of them. Did he realize this more fully he would perhaps feel less certain that the motives of his opponents—of some of them at all events—are due simply and solely to their Protestant leanings. In describing the system of Père Lagrange, M. Fontaine misconceives and consequently misrepresents it. The same

is apparently the case with the theory of Père Lemonnyer. There is a further misunderstanding, indeed a whole set of misunderstandings, in the author's account of what he calls the legendary system of biblical interpretation. It is particularly unfortunate as, whether the system so described be sound or unsound, it ought to be examined and discussed on its own merits, whereas its adherents would find it hard to recognize their theory in the dummy which M. Fontaine sets up and knocks down.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): The writer on Church Reform, advocating an increase of the number of dioceses in England, points out how some of the difficulties in the way of that measure may be overcome.——The recent edition of William Cowper's correspondence by Mr. Wright is favorably reviewed, with a few strictures by one who loves the most lovable of English poets.——Apropos of Ferdinand Fabre, and his exquisite pictures of French clerical life, a reviewer says, among many other kindly things, of the French secular clergy: "M. Fabre's works were written now some quarter of a century ago. But we believe the spirit of the country clergy to be unchanged, and that the bulk of them, whatever may be the upheavals in the world of ecclesiastical politics, keep on their humble paths untouched by party strife, concerned chiefly with the souls of their parishioners, and meddling not with them that are given to change." ——An opening paper on the problem of the Johannine authorship exposes the data available for a study of the question.——An article on "Matter" first summarises, in somewhat popular, but accurate form, the insight obtained through modern physics, especially by recent investigations in radio-activity, into the constitution of matter, and then discusses, in the spirit of Mr. Balfour's recent address before the British Society, the bearing of this new knowledge on the problem of consciousness.——There is an interesting aperçu of Mr. C. H. Turner's monumental edition of the Nicene Creed and Canons, which will be very useful to those students who have not access to the work.——The present interest in the comparative values of the Catholic and Protestant-English translations of the Bible lends a timeliness to an

article on Welsh translations.——A Roman Catholic discusses the present ecclesiastico-political situation in France. He finds that the ecclesiastical claim to make the State subservient to the Church is at the bottom of French Catholic anti-clericalism. The present situation, he believes, has been precipitated by the extravagances of the school which has its loudest exponent in the Abbé Maignan, who has written that "the people must be taught that it is not master; the triple power—legislative, executive, judicial—must be entrusted to the rulers to whom the government is committed as to the representatives of God; public opinion must be deprived of the power of influencing, in any way, the management of affairs of State; the Catholic religion must be proclaimed as the sole religion of the country and its government. This intolerant ultramontanism of the anti-Americanists, which, the writer points out, found itself quite compatible with gross disobedience towards Leo XIII., is, he believes, regarded by Frenchmen as the genuine and dangerous spirit of traditional ecclesiasticism, developing, to-day, into despotism.

Dublin Review (April): Henry Norbert Birt, O.S.B., reviews eight of Charles Booth's seventeen volumes on *Social Conditions of London*. These eight deal with religious influences. The greatest influence is exerted by Catholic priests, who are "poor and live as poor men among the poor." Those churches tending toward Ritualism attract the largest and most devotional congregations. Those using moving pictures, popular music, and free coffee, foster neither reverence nor devotion.——Sir Henry Bedingfeld, "one of the foremost Englishmen of his day," is blackened in history by Foxe, the martyrologist, and his followers. Miss J. M. Stone shows his loyalty to his country by the marks of esteem bestowed upon him by Elizabeth, though he had been a severe jailor while she was in his keeping.——The clergy of the English Church appeal to antiquity to expose the "Romish corruptions" to which a "spurious Catholicity" has been imparted.——John Freeland quotes copiously from the Fathers to prove the belief of the early Church in the Invocation of Saints, Power of Relics,

Prayers for the Dead, Mass, Real Presence, etc.——F. Aveling reviews Robert Flint's *Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum*, and finds that modern philosophy is approaching our traditional system, but St. Thomas has left little to be solved in the systematic epitome of reasoning.——"The Holy City of Kairouan," by Herbert Vaughan, tells something of the unspoiled Oriental life of this interesting city near Tunis. At a religious service he witnessed the eating of quantities of glass, and the self-infliction of real wounds from which no blood flowed.——Maxwell-Scott gives a touching account of the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, niece of Richelieu, who in devotion to her friends gave up the man she loved, married another, after his death left the convent where she had found happiness, and when in the world again refused to marry her first love because she had given herself to God.——W. H. Kent takes occasion of the tercentenary of *Don Quixote* to urge us to study Spanish literature. It is neither heretical nor licentious. *Don Quixote*, "the greatest of all novels," is not a cynical satire on true chivalry, but rather on the "extravagant romances" of chivalry then so common.——T. Leo Almond, O.S.B., says of Aubrey De Vere, that his failure to secure greater success is attributable to lack of ambition, and no desire for married life. His approach to weakness of style was due to the absence of obligatory work.

Le Correspondant (10 April): "L'Ame Japonaise, d'apres Lafcadio Hearn," by Ludovic de Contension, is both an analysis and an acute criticism of a chapter on the idea of pre-existence. This idea is fundamental with the Orientals, and is at the roots of the differences in thought and taste of Eastern and Western Civilization. It explains also the serenity and joy with which the Japanese face death; for death loses half its terror to men who think the dead are not less real in this world than the living. ——"Les Commencements du Père Gratry, à l'occasion de son centenaire," by H. de Lacombe, is the author's testimonial of reverence and affection to a venerated master. The article reviews the years of obscurity during which Providence was moulding the soul of this great

priest, his ambition, his struggles, the influences to which he submitted, and finally the triumph of divine grace in his vocation and sanctification. Criticism, appreciation, anecdotes, and reminiscences fill out the portrait of the illustrious orator.

Études (20 April): Opens with a letter from the French Cardinals to the President of France. In this letter, written March 28, 1905, the five prelates give six reasons why the Concordat should be maintained.——A. Lugan contributes an article on the recent strike among the coal miners of Germany. This so-called model strike, though it comprised about 250,000 men, lacked the violent character usually seen in similar cases. Hence it had public opinion with it, the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, supporting it. As a result, the strikers' demands were complied with.——In answer to an article which appeared in this magazine of January, on "The Infallibility of the Pope and the Syllabus," Paul Viollet writes a letter to the editor questioning the soundness of many of the statements of the writer of the above article. Among the points questioned are the infallibility in theological pronouncements, in canonizations, in general views; the history of the Syllabus and propositions 61, 67, and 80.

La Quinzaine (16 April): The recent trip of the German Emperor to Morocco, and the agitations consequent upon this, are the occasion of an article from the pen of Henry de Montardy. The writer gives a short account of the Franco-English alliance of 1904, and the attitude of the German politicians on this affair.——"Lamennais and Beranger" is the title of an article in which C. Marechal describes the deep friendship between these two men, their troubles and hardships. To make better known the state of mind of contemporary thinkers, the nature of their questions, the obstacles which stop them, and the difficulties which trouble them, E. Le Roy asks and answers the question "What is a dogma?" He gives four strong objections made against the very idea of dogma which is repugnant to modern thought. From these he deduces some practical conclusions, aiming to show that the notion of dogma condemned by modern thinkers is not the Catholic notion of dogma.

(1 May): Contains the first instalment of an article, by M. Hemmer, on the present religious crisis in France. The writer, who takes a broad and unusually hopeful view of the situation, is of opinion that the proposed separation of Church and State by the dissolution of the Concordat is an inevitable outcome of the logic of events, and, far from being an unmitigated evil, will on the contrary prove a source of blessings to the Church and religion; for, while it will doubtless entail great suffering and great injustice for a time, in the event it cannot but make for the liberation of the Church and the revival of the religious spirit among the people. To the relations of Church and State under the Concordat can be traced, the writer believes, many of the evils that afflict the French Church to-day, especially the alarming decay of practical Catholicity amongst the people. By making the maintenance of religious worship a function of State, and reducing the bishops and clergy to mere paid functionaries of the Government, the Concordat had been instrumental in establishing a wide gulf between clergy and people, and, while seriously crippling if not deliberately suppressing personal initiative and missionary zeal among the clergy, had deprived the laity of that intense interest in religious matters which comes from a realization of one's personal share in, and responsibility for, the maintenance of the exercises of divine worship. But when this barrier between clergy and laity has been removed, when religion is no longer an office of Government to be performed by paid functionaries, when the bishops and clergy, animated by missionary zeal, will labor amongst their people, honored and loved by their people, not so much for the robes they wear, as for their personal worth and devoted personal service, and when the religious indifference of the laity has been supplanted by a sense of personal responsibility, then a new era of life and hope and progress will have begun for the Church of France.—— "Traits of the Ideal Character," by M. Guibert, is a strong and helpful discussion of the nature and function of conscience and will-power as elements in the upbuilding and development of the ideal human character.

——M. Fonsegrive contributes a clear and interesting discussion of the relation of Catholicism and Free Thought. While freedom of thought is an essential condition for intellectual, moral, and scientific progress, free thought, in the sense that each one is to investigate and decide for himself in all matters, in denial of all authority, is as impossible as it is destructive of all progress, intellectual, moral, or scientific.

Revue Bénédictine (April): In 1557 Mathias Flacius Illyricus published, at Strasburg, a small volume entitled: *The Latin Mass formerly in use about A. D. 700 anterior to the Roman Mass*, faithfully transcribed from an ancient and authentic codex. Flacius was a Protestant and the Reformers hailed his book with joy, for in it they thought they had a convincing argument against the authority of the Roman Mass in use in the Church. At the same time consternation fell upon the camp of the Church's defenders. An ecclesiastical tribunal, called by Philip II., condemned the Mass of Illyricus. Pope Sixtus V. put it on the Index. Then it was discovered that this Mass, instead of opposing Catholic doctrine, furnished strong evidence in favor of such warmly controverted doctrines as the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the cultus of the saints, the doctrine of the Mass, of prayers for the dead, of purgatory, etc. Tactics, of course, now changed. The Reformers passed from the offensive to the defensive, and strove to destroy the unfortunate document. They succeeded in making copies of it so scarce that it was little known until rediscovered and edited by Lecointe in his *Annales Ecclesiæ Francorum.* The doctrinal bearing of this Mass having been happily settled in favor of Catholicism, the discussion has since turned to the questions of its date, sources, and author. Dom Cabrol in this number of the *Revue* offers as a probable conclusion from a careful study of the data, that the Mass of Illyricus is not anterior in date to the Roman, but was composed during the reign of Charlemagne and at his court somewhere between 780 and 796; that it is a fusion of the Roman and Gallican liturgies; and the probable author was the famous Alcuin.—— Dom Clément begins a sketch of the career of Conrad

d'Urach, sometime Abbot of Citeaux, later Superior-General of the whole order, and finally raised to the Cardinalate by Honorius III. Conrad lived in the stirring times of the Fourth Lateran Council, and his life gains an added interest from his prominence in ecclesiastical affairs as head of the grand order of Citeaux and as Papal Legate.—— In an article entitled: "The Idealism of Kant and Descartes," Dom Proost compares the principles of these two founders of modern philosophy, and concludes that both should be classed under the head of temperate subjectivists.—— Dom René Ancel continues his historical study of the politics of Cardinal Charles Carafa.—— Two books dealing with Holy Scripture have appeared during the past year—one in Italy by Fr. Bonaccorsi; the other in Germany by Fr. Hummelauer. A review of these volumes forms the subject matter of an article by Dom Lebbe on the "Inerrancy of the Bible." The writer sees similar ideas and conclusions in each of these authors. The conclusions he considers to be the last phase in the evolution by which Catholic exegesis has come to regard the Bible as a teacher neither of natural science nor of history. The writer briefly examines the principles and theory advocated by the two authors, paying especial attention to Fr. Hummelauer, whose work he criticises as too absolute while apparently agreeing with his principles. The writer concludes with this observation: "It is necessary, above all, that we reform our concepts. In place of bringing the Bible to our level, we ought to put ourselves on its level. There is nothing to lose and everything to gain by this change of perspective."

Studi Religiosi (March–April): A summary is given of the Italian pamphlet on Pius X. which has caused such agitation in Rome. This remarkable document is currently reported to be either directly inspired by the Pope, or to reflect his mind. It speaks out with almost incredible boldness with regard to many needed reforms. It castigates the methods of Italian seminaries, saying that they have a tendency to stifle and retard generous and frank characters, and to produce a bigoted and

hypocritical type of man. Ecclesiastical promotions have too long depended upon influence, and have too long given full play to selfish ambitions. Pius X.'s purpose is to remove these scandals and to reward merit alone. Many Roman Congregations urgently need reform, and the Roman *Prelatura* must be thoroughly overhauled. The great need of Catholicity is men of frank and courageous character.——F. Mari gives a sketch of preaching methods in the early Church.——M. Federici describes the agricultural life of the ancient Hebrews. ——N. Terzaghi outlines the methods and conclusions of Miss Harrison's recent book on the Greek religion. ——And P. Minocchi continues his new Italian translation of Isaias.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (March): The Abbé Mesure tells Catholics how to regard liberty of worship, of speech, and of the press. He gives warning against trying to bring the theoretical condemnation of these liberties into the practical order, as though Catholics would destroy them if they came into power. Theoretically error has no rights. But States and civilizations are neither founded on nor governed by theory. Rights and liberties, too, are based on fact, not speculation. And in the order of fact, at the present day, men have a positive right to the fullest possible liberty of conscience, speech, and the press.——M. Girerd examines inspiration in the light of psychology. He inclines to the opinion that there is a hopeless contradiction in the modern position of many Catholics, that there can be historical and scientific mistakes in the Bible, and yet no errors.——M. Koch continues his studies on the moral presence of Christ in the Eucharist.——Two other articles deal with Dante and mysticism, and the Logos—teaching of Tatian, Athenagoras, and Theophilus.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 April): M. Van Biervliet treats the question of the "sixth sense" in a very interesting and scholarly manner. The arguments of those who deny the existence of the muscular sense are first proposed; the experiments and opinions of M. Flournoy are dealt with especially. Over against these arguments and experiments the writer places his own views, to-

gether with the views of men like Woodworth and Sherrington, from which he constructs very strong arguments in favor of the existence of this "sixth sense."——An article upon what has been named "the linguistic method of evangelization adopted by Rome" is contributed by R. P. Peeters, S.J. He shows how great has been the influence of the Church all over the world in perfecting the languages of the nations with whom she came in contact. In past ages the Church has done a great deal for the Oriental languages. To-day, in the Far East, her missionaries are doing valuable work by writing grammars, dictionaries, geographies, etc., for the poor natives among whom they have brought the Gospel. Here in America we owe a great debt to Catholic missionaries for their part in preserving the different Indian languages. Out of the three hundred writers on native languages of America there are two hundred and twenty Catholic contributors. The article concludes with an excellent bibliography of the works of Catholic missionaries on the native languages of America, Oceanica, Asia, and Africa.

Quartalschrift (April): Prof. P. Wolfsgrüber gives a lengthy historical sketch of the "Episcopal Conference" in Austria. After describing the needs and conditions that called for this united effort of the Austrian bishops, he gives a brief account of each of their several meetings, and shows what the "Conference" has done towards protecting and promoting the interests of the church in that country.——Prince Max of Saxony has a thoughtful paper on the heretical and schismatical churches of the East. He calls attention especially to the amount of true doctrine that many of them still retain He believes that far too little effort is being made to bring them back to the true faith.——Fr. Weiss, O.P., concludes his series on "Religious Danger."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, the Catholic Summer-School will hold its fourteenth session during nine weeks, from July 5 to September 5, 1905. The work of preparation assigned to the Board of Studies is nearing completion, and the report from the chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements relating to the schedule of lectures:

First Week, July 5–7.—Course of three lectures. Subject: America's Work in the World's Progress, by Professor Francis X. Carmody, Department of Constitutional Law in the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University, N. Y.

Evening Lecture Recitals. By Miss Charrille Runals, of New York City.—America in Song and Story.

Columbus, 1492.—He gained a world; he gave that world its grandest lesson: On and on.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620.—A band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Yankee Doodle.—The gay little pivot upon which swung the mightiest events of a nation's life.

The American Revolution, 1775–81.—Vision of Betsey Ross; Birth of the Flag; The Old Thirteen.

War of the Sea, 1812–14.—*Constitution* and *Guerriere;* The Yankee Boys for Fighting are the Dandy, oh!; Star Spangled Banner, with the third verse in full; Song of America.

Civil War, 1861–65.—Barbara Frietchie; Sheridan's Ride; To Canaan; Do They Miss Me at Home? Year of Jubilee; Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Banner of the Sea, 1889.—American Prize Song in Times of Peace.

Song of the Drum.—Old Glory.

Spanish-American War.—Eighteen Ninety-eight Meets Fifteen Sixty-two; Call to Colors; Just One Signal; Keep On and On.

My Own Columbia.—He who unfurled our beauteous banner says it shall reign a thousand years.

Accompanist.—Miss Marian C. Poole.

Second Week, July 10–14.—Five lectures by the Rev. Joseph M. Woods, S.J., Woodstock College, Md. Subject: The Bollandists. These scholars represent the oldest literary and critical club in existence. Their work—the *Acta Sanctorum*, or Lives of the Saints—is a storehouse of learning and a model of sane and scholarly criticism within the Catholic Church.

Third Week, July 17–21.—Five lectures by the Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia. Subject: The Vatican Council. (1) A Survey of the Religious World Since the Council of Trent; (2) The Preparatory Labors Relating to the Vatican Council; (3) The Earlier Sessions; (4) The Question of Papal Infallibility; (5) The Fruits of the Council.

Fourth Week, July 21–28.—Five lectures by Jean T. P. DesGarennes, A.M., LL.M., Washington, D. C. Subject: A Comparative Study of French and English Comedy.

Evening lectures by the Rev. James P. Fagan, S.J., Loyola School, New York City. Subject: Forgotten Facts in the History of Education.

Lecture-Recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, Director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy. Subjects: Ancient Music to Fourteenth Century; Folk Music.

Fifth Week, July 31–August 4.—Five lectures by the Rev. John T. Creagh, D.D., J.U.D., LL.B., Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subject: Religion and the State in America.

Evening lectures by Miss Helena T. Goessmann, M.Ph., Department of Catholic Higher Education in American Book Co., New York City. Subjects: A Cosy Corner in Bookland; Some Facts and a Fiction in the Hall of Education.

Lecture-Recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, illustrating the Eternal Feminine in Music versus Sacred Music.

Sixth Week, August 7–11.—Five lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Diocese of Albany. Subject: Philosophy Among the Novelists. (1) Scott and the Romantic Movement; (2) Victor Hugo: Romanticism and Realism; (3) Balzac and Realism; (4) George Eliot and Positivism; (5) Mrs. Humphry Ward and Humanitarianism.

Evening lectures by the Hon. Hugh Hastings, New York State Historian, Albany, N. Y. Subject: Battles With England in New York State. The battle of Saratoga treated from the political and philosophical as well as the military standpoint. Contests for supremacy on Lake Champlain during the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812.

Lectures by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., New York City. Subject: Conditions in Palestine During the Public Ministry of Christ.

Seventh Week, August 14–18.—Five lectures by Professor J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.

(1) The Game of Empire—What the game is; by whom it is being played—What it was in the past; by whom played—What it meant then—What it is now—What it means, may, or must mean—What it is to be—Dangers, doubts, deficiencies. The Golden Rule—What is wanted to usher it in—What has been done to help the world to understand it and attain it.

(2) Commercial and Industrial Asia—Asia's resources—Pastoral, agricultural, mineral, fisheries, forestal, etc. Possibilities of power—coal, water, wind. Its industrial and commercial past, present, and future—What it all means to us and to others.

(3) Commercial Europe—Its pastoral, agricultural, mineral, fish, forest, and other possibilities. Its possibilities of power derived from coal, water, wind. Its industrial past, present, future.

(4) Commercial and Industrial America—Its resources—pastoral, agricultural, mineral, fish, forest, etc., etc. Possibilities of power—coal, water, wind. The industrial history of its past, present, and the possibilities of the future.

(5) Commercial and Industrial Africa. Its resources—pastoral, agricultural, mineral, fish, forests, etc. Possibilities of power from water, wind, and coal. Its industrial and commercial history. The past, the present, the future. Commercial and Industrial Australasia. Its resources—pastoral,

agricultural, mineral, fish, forest, etc. Possibilities of power from coal, water, and wind. Industrial history of its past, the present, and the outlook for the future.

Evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., New York City. Subject: Biology—Present Position of Darwinism.

I. Significance of Darwinism; II. Color Problems in Nature; III. Darwin as a Poet rather than a Scientist; IV. Evolution from Within.

Eighth Week, August 21–25.—Five lectures by James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D. Subject: Some Steps in Physiological Psychology. I. Multiplicity of Senses and Sense Organs; II. Some Conditions of Sensation; III. Vision; IV. Illusions; V. Emotions and Sensations.

Ninth Week, August 28–September 1.—Five lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject: Some Catholic Ideals in the light of Common Sense, Philosophy, and Poetry.

The aim of this course will be to define these three points of view and to illustrate them by application to certain Catholic ideals, notably those for which the Summer-School exists.

Lectures are arranged for the Rev. P. J. MacCorry, C.S.P., August 28–29. Subject: The Gospel Narrative as illustrated by Christian art, with a large collection of the finest views.

Three lectures on American Humorists, by Mr. W. P. Oliver, Brooklyn, New York City, September 1, 4, 5.

Two lectures on the True and False interpreters of the teaching of St. Francis of Assisi, in view of his Seventh Centenary, by the Rev. F. Pascal (Robinson), O.F.M., July 20, 21.

Two lectures, July 10, 11, by the Rev. Valentine Kohlbeck, O.S.B., Director of the Bohemian Benedictine Press, 464 West Eighteenth Street, Chicago, Ill. The publications under his charge are:

Národ, Daily and Sunday. *Katolík*, semi-weekly. *Přítel Dítek*, weekly. *Hospodárské Listy*, semi-monthly.

Two lectures, July 17, 18, by Professor C. H. Schultz, Newman School, Hackensack, N. J., prepared with a view to determine Cardinal Newman's place in the realm of literature as a writer of prose and poetry.

Miss Marie Narelle, the distinguished Australian soprano, will be one of the soloists at the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven.

Two lectures, July 13, 14, by Professor W. F. P. Stockley, Halifax, N. S., Canada, dealing with the latest researches concerning religion in Shakespeare. 1. The Religious Spirit in Shakespeare: The subject of Shakespeare's plays, and their consequent limitations; what is assumed, in religion and in morals, if not expressed; the variety of life, the humor of life, the facts, and the difficulties; the triumphs of evil; the absolute good; no bar in the plays to further knowledge by revelation; the scepticism of "Hamlet" and of "Lear"; the supernatural and the fancies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Tempest." 2. Shakespeare and the Church: The age of Elizabeth, and the first generation under the new religion; the advantage of Catholic insight in feeling with and understanding these circumstances; Shakespeare's treatment of anti-Catholic passages in older plays; the spirit of Shakespeare's contemporaries; his attitude towards

clerical and monastic life, and towards Catholic observances; the Papacy and "King John" and "Henry VIII."; the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Church; Coleridge's judgment, Taine's, and Dowden; Puritanism within the Church and without; the effects of the break up of Western Christendom; Shakespeare's use of the Bible.

Conference on methods of advancing Catholic Educational work in Parish Schools and Sunday-Schools, August 28, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., to whom all inquiries bearing on this department may be sent, addressed to 415 West 59th Street, New York City. Special attention will be directed to the misleading and unreliable statistics relating to Catholic Schools as usually given in the reports of public officials.

Reading Circle Day, August 30.—Programme to be arranged by Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Editor of the *Champlain Educator*, which is especially devoted to the advancement of Reading Circles. Send for specimen copy to No. 39 East 42d Street, New York City.

Special Lectures for Teachers.—The picturesque environment of Lake Champlain, together with the distinguished abilities of the specialists chosen for the lectures, will secure for those in attendance a most favorable opportunity to combine pleasure and profit. Some of the informal discussions after the lectures, in the beautiful pine grove overlooking the lake at Cliff Haven, will be found much more delightful than the ordinary meetings held for self-improvement during the school year.

Physical Culture.—Miss Loretta Hawthorne Hayes, 416 North Main Street, Waterbury, Conn., will organize a class for physical culture and dancing. During the sessions of 1903 and 1904 Miss Hayes was a favorite with the hundred or more children at Cliff Haven. By the plan approved this year the little folks can acquire useful instruction in combination with suitable entertainment. For particulars, parents are requested to write to Miss Hayes.

Lessons in Music.—Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer will arrange for music lessons at Cliff Haven. At his recitals in the auditorium he will include selections from leading musical composers in America and Europe. He is prepared to teach Piano, Organ, Violin, and Theory, including Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Imitation, Fugue, Composition, and Instrumentation, at summer rates. Mr. Zeckwer is Director of the Germantown Branch of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, Organist and Director of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Philadelphia, and Director of the Manheim Orchestra. Post Office address: No. 6,029 Main Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Summer Institute for Teachers, established at the Cliff Haven Summer-School by the State of New York, under the Department of Public Instruction, will be opened on July 3, and will continue for four weeks. Registration will close on July 10, and *no students will be registered after that date.* Courses of instruction will be provided to meet the needs of teachers, but Latin, Greek, French, and German will be omitted from the curriculum of studies this year.

The programme of courses and instructors will be published in a separate prospectus, which may be had by addressing the Education Department, State of New York, Albany.

Athletic Sports.—A varied programme has been arranged by Mr. James

E. Sullivan, including Rowing, Swimming, Archery, Basketball, Golf, Baseball, etc. As the director of the World's Fair Athletic Exhibit at St. Louis, Mr. Sullivan has been honored with the highest recognition that can be given in America. He was an officer of the National Association and in the Athletic Union. A member of the first board of governors of the Amateur Athletic Union, and is at present the only active member who has served since the formation.

The Summer-School has been honored by having as special guests the most distinguished citizens of our country, among them the late President of the United States, William McKinley; President Theodore Roosevelt, when Governor of New York State; the late Vice-President, Garrett L. Hobart, Admiral Schley, and others.

From England comes the Right Reverend Dom Gasquet's tribute :

4 GREAT ORMOND STREET,
LONDON, W. C.,
March 13, 1905.

DEAR FATHER MCMILLAN: Your letter brought back many pleasant recollections of last summer at the Catholic Summer-School. I have often thought how delightful my first experience of America was with your Paulist Fathers at Lake George and then at Cliff Haven.

The Summer-School was in many ways the most interesting thing I saw in America. It is a wonderful creation; and if it only keeps up, as there is every prospect of it doing, it cannot fail to do great good to Catholics. The mere fact of bringing so many Catholics together, and getting them to know each other, is a great matter. I fear that with us such a thing would be practically impossible. Then, too, the lectures must have a very great educational value, and it was a very great pleasure and surprise to me to see how well they were attended.

Please remember me most kindly to all your Fathers, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely, FRANCIS A. GASQUET.

Dom Gasquet's luminous exposition of the condition of mediæval England as showing an ideal of Christian Democracy, so highly praised by Pope Leo XIII., will long be remembered by those who heard him last year at Cliff Haven. He was accompanied by the Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, who has been a devoted friend of the Summer-School for many years, and a welcome visitor during two sessions.

* * *

In these days of public reading rooms, public libraries, and other institutions and associations for the spreading of knowledge, the development of character and manhood, it might seem that there is little room to appeal for reading facilities for one particular class of men—but there is, and that for a class in which Catholics should be particularly interested. And this is the great army of young men who are busy in the forests, or in developing our mineral wealth, or constructing our railroads. It may surprise many readers to learn that there are some fifty thousand men engaged in the lumbering industry in Ontario alone—not to mention the great army of miners scattered far and wide—cut off from home influence, Church influence, and the opportunities for self-improvement provided in thickly settled places.

Ofttimes there is loud complaint that these young men annually spend their hard-earned wages in a few nights of debauch. The loss of money is the least part of the evil. The real tragedy took place, not in the town and saloon under the public eye, but away back in camp on Sundays and evenings when, off work, the young man, remote from his Church, his home, and his employers, with no means of occupying or improving his mind, missed opportunity to buttress the fortress of the soul.

A movement has been started known as the Canadian Reading Camp Association; which provides rooms for reading, entertainment, and intellectual advancement in lumbering, mining, and construction camps. The Reading Association proposes in particular to put up a building at each lumber operation, fitting it up attractively, placing on the tables magazines, current literature, daily papers, innocent games, so that the men when off work may have a place to enjoy some good wholesome reading and recreation.

Another phase of the work is that a man is placed in charge of the reading camp, who takes up instruction work with the men and seeks to interest them in things pertaining to their higher nature. The moral aim of the association is the developing of character, and the seeking to place an influence round the shantyman and miner, which shall help him to resist temptations on returning to the cities and towns.

The Ontario Government has recognized the work by a small subscription, $500 last year, but otherwise so far it is entirely supported by business men and public men interested in such aims. The association should commend itself to all citizens, for society owes much to frontier pioneers.

The Catholics of Ottawa especially, where this Reading Camp Association has an office under the care of Mr. H. D. Robertson, should be vigilant in resisting any attempt to make this philanthropic movement an agency for heretical teaching. The selection of the books and magazines will require the decision of fair minds. We have already shown in this department, by a review of *Black Rock*, written by Ralph Connor, that a novel may be used for sectarian purposes. Such a signature as Ralph Connor may deceive many readers, who would be on guard at once if they knew that the author's real name is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, a Protestant minister of Winnipeg, Manitoba, having no love for the French Canadians, and something like hate for the Catholic people of Ireland, as proved by the fact that he selects his sinners and his villains from these two races. Perhaps his ideal of fraternity is the Orange lodge.

A letter from the Rev. Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) was read at the Canadian Club, in Toronto, on March 7, in which the statement was made that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had allowed his judgment to be clouded and his mind to be disturbed from its equitable poise "by the undue influence of a bigoted and sectarian group of his followers." The only offence charged to the Catholic premier of Canada was that he proposed to extend to the new provinces the same broad toleration which the Catholics of Quebec have long conceded to the Protestant minority, in allowing public money to be given for separate denominational schools.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Some Little London Children. By Mother M. Salome. Pp. 171. Price 75 cents. *The Spirit of Sacrifice.* From the original of Rev. S. M. Giraud. Revised by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Pp. 500. Price 8*s.* *The Transplanting of Tessie.* By Mary F. Waggaman. Pp. 186. Price 60 cents. *By What Authority?* By Robert Hugh Benson. Price $1.60.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Home is Best. Papers by Susan Sybilla Soulsby. Edited with preface by L. H. M. Soulsby. Pp. 126. Price 2*s.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
On the Firing Line. By Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller. Pp. 289. Price $1.50. *A Knot of Blue.* By William R. A. Wilson. Pp. 355. Price $1.50. *Curly.* A Tale of the Arizona Desert. By Roger Pocock. Pp. 330. Price $1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:
The Children of Good Fortune. By C. Hanford Henderson. Pp. 406. *Isidro.* By Mary Austin. Pp. 425. Price $1.50. *The Christian Ministry.* By Lyman Abbott. Pp. 317. Price $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VIII. The French Revolution. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward. Pp. 875. Price $4 net.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:
The Popes in Rome. Pp. 30. Price one cent. Paper. *Agnosticism.* By Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 23. Price one cent. Paper. *The Truth. Are You Sincere?* Pp. 14. Price one cent. Paper.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Bob Ingersoll's Egosophy; and other Poems. By Rev. James McKernan. Pp. 65. Price 60 cents net.

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS, New York:
The Haunted Temple; and other Poems. By Ed. Doyle. Pp. 92.

THE MCGRAW PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
The Letter of Petrus Peregrinus on the Magnet, A.D. 1269. Translated by Brother Arnold, M.Sc., with Introductory notice by Brother Potamian, D.Sc. Pp. 41.

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
Vigils with Jesus. By Rev. John L. Whelan. Pp. 94. Price 40 cents.

ROBERT GRIFR COOKE, New York:
The Vanishing Swede. By Mary Hamilton O'Connor. Pp. 209.

THE CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
The Sacrifice of the Mass. By Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. Pp. 117. Price 60 cents net. Postage 6 cents extra.

ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, New York:
Thirty-third Annual Report, from January 1, 1904, to December 31, 1904. Pp. 145.

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1903. Vol. I. Pp. 1,216.

KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka, Kans.:
Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, for the Quarter ending March, 1905. Pp. 246.

H. W. MANGOLD & O. LUND, Spokane, Wash.:
The Four Orphans. A Tale of the Twentieth Century Slaves. By H. W. Mangold and O. Lund. Pp. 237. Price 50 cents. Paper.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Initiatives Feminines. Par Max Turmann. Pp. 428.

LIBRAIRIE BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:
L'Authenticité du Quatrième Évangile et La Thèse de M. Loisy. Par A. Nouvelle. Pp. 176. Paper. *Les Actes des Apôtres.* Traduction et Commentaire par V. Rose, O.P. Pp. 273. Paper. *Epîtres Catholiques; Apocalypse.* Traduction et Commentaire. Par Th. Calmes, S.S.C.C. Pp. 238. Paper. *Les Principes, ou Essai sur le Problème des Destinées de L'Homme.* Par L'Abbé Georges Fremont. VI. La Divinité du Christ. Pp. 420. Paper.

DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
Friendship's Fragrant Fancies. By Catherine Moriarty. Pp. 167.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Reaping the Whirlwind. By Catherine Faber. Pp. 466. Price $1.25.

THE

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DUBLIN CASTLE IN 1798.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

ONE of the latest publications of the English Historical Manuscripts Commission is a volume composed of documents in the possession of Mr. I. B. Fortescue, preserved at his family seat, Dropmore. The volume has been admirably edited by Mr. Walter Fitzpatrick, who has shown no desire to suppress anything tending to promote the interests of historic truth. As a result of his conscientiousness, the collection of papers now printed casts much light on the condition of things prevailing in Dublin Castle and in the inner councils of the Irish Government during the period of the Rebellion of 1798.

The useful information thus conveyed is contained, for the most part, in a series of letters written from Dublin by the Marquis of Buckingham* to his relative, Lord Grenville, then a member of the British Cabinet, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Marquis came to Ireland as the professed friend of Lord Cornwallis, who had succeeded the Earl of Camden in the office of Lord Lieutenant. Camden, aided by the brutal exertions of Luttrell, Lord Carhampton,† who held

* George, second Earl Temple, born 17th of June, 1753. Created Marquis of Buckingham, 4th of December, 1784. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1782, and again in 1787. He died 11th of February, 1813. He was succeeded in his titles by his son, who was created Duke of Buckingham in 1822.

† Henry Lawes Luttrell, second Earl of Carhampton, a man of infamous private and public character. General in the British army and Colonel of the Sixth Dragoon Guards. He held the position of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1796–97. He was born August 7, 1743, and died April 25, 1821. As an Irish peer he was eligible for election to the Westminster House of Commons after the passage of the Act of Union, and was returned to Parliament as member for Okehampton in 1817. He retained the seat until his death.

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the position of Commander-in-Chief, had been the person most responsible for goading the people into revolt, and for forcing the leaders of the United Irishmen to embark on a civil war for which their followers were but poorly prepared. It turned out, however, that both Camden aud Carhampton had allowed their hatred of the majority of the people of Ireland to hurry them into a course of action which did not at all accord with the military convenience of their masters in England. Camden, indeed, became panic-stricken at the result of the policy of torture, which he had set Carhampton and his soldiers loose to carry into effect, and wrote to London imploring Pitt and his colleagues to send over Cornwallis to take command of the army or as Viceroy. As a result of this appeal, the latter was appointed both Commander-in-Chief and Lord Lieutenant. When, however, the question of sending reinforcements to Ireland came to be considered, it was found that, outside of the brigade of Guards, the entire number of regular troops in Great Britain was something less than 4,000 men, many of them only recently enlisted. The Guards were 4.500 strong, but there was little inclination to send them across the St. George's Channel.

At this perilous juncture, Buckingham came to the succor of the Government and of Cornwallis with a suggestion which was promptly acted upon. He was Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia and, having sounded the feelings of the officers and men of that corps, proposed to Lord Grenville that a Bill should be introduced into Parliament permitting English Militia regiments to volunteer for service in Ireland for a certain limited period. The idea was gratefully approved and, in due course, Buckingham and his men were transported to the scene of conflict. They arrived, however, rather late in the day. The issue of the insurrection, regarded from a military point of view, had never been for a moment in doubt. Save in the County of Wexford, where Orange Protestant outrages had absolutely compelled not only the people but many of their priests to take up arms in self-defence, the bulk of the Catholic population and of their clergy held aloof from a movement which they fully recognized could only result in delivering them into the hands of their bitterest enemies.

Nothing can be more certain than that, despite all the temptations of cruelty and tyranny, the great mass of the

Catholics of Ireland maintained their allegiance to the throne throughout 1798, and this despite circumstances of exasperation probably unparalleled in the history of Christendom. The explanation of their patience is not, however, far to seek. All power was in the hands of the landlord oligarchy, who dominated the Irish Parliament, exclusively Protestant as it was in composition. They realized that most of the wrongs which they endured were the creation of a bigoted and intolerant section of their fellow-countrymen, and many amongst them were, naturally enough, by no means disinclined to look to England for relief from native tyrants. Mr. Fitzpatrick quite correctly summarizes the events of the time in the following words:

> When Bonaparte turned his mind, at the end of February, 1798, from an invasion of England to conquest in the East, the French Directory pledged itself to Wolfe Tone and Lewins, agents at Paris of the Society of United Irishmen, to equip and despatch simultaneously to convenient points of the Irish coast, several small expeditions in aid of a national insurrection. In France, however, performance lagged a long way behind promise. And the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the Messrs. Sheares at Dublin in May disconcerted the plans of the Governing Council of the United Irishmen. A few partial outbreaks of civil war within the confines of the old English pale, and in one or two counties of Ulster gave little cause of apprehension. But the burnings and other outrages of bodies of yeomanry, living at free quarters among a Catholic population, provoked a semi-religious conflict in Wexford, which proved truly formidable, and threw the Irish Government into a state of panic.

It was under such circumstances that the Marquis of Buckingham and his militia regiment were sent to Dublin. Already, however, Nitt and Grenville had decided to make effort to subvert the Parliamentary Constitution of Ireland by means of a legislative union between that country and Great Britain. In pursuance of this policy, Buckingham, as an ex-Lord Lieutenant, was regarded as a suitable person to carry on certain extra-official negotiations likely to assist in the development of the scheme which found favor in the eyes of the two statesmen named.

The first of the Marquis' letters from Dublin, contained in the collection now published, dated July 6, 1798, was addressed

to Lord Grenville, was written in the Dublin barracks, in which Buckingham and his regiment were quartered and wherein, as he states, he had "taken refuge from all politics . . . up three pairs of stairs." Nevertheless the letter shows that the writer was busily engaged in intrigue. It ran in part as follows:

> I have not time to say much to you, nor do I see my way clearly enough through all the difficulties of this moment to form any very decided opinions respecting the state of this kingdom. But it seems as if the moment was very critical, and certainly it will require Lord Cornwallis' best exertions to save Ireland from a very long and very fanatical war. Much as I had trusted to my knowledge of this country, I had not a conception of the extent to which the religious differences are now carried; or of the creed of persecution, preached by both sects as indispensable to the peace of the country. The barbarities and bigotry of the Catholics can only be equalled by the project of extirpation of which all good Protestants talk with great composure as the only cure for the present, and the only sure preventive for the future. Nor do I find one who does not believe that it is the interest and intention of Great Britain to fight that battle "usque ad internecionem."

This description of the state of feeling between Catholics and Protestants cannot be regarded as over-colored. The most ruthless and sanguinary amongst those engaged in the suppression of the rebellion were the most determined and vehement opponents of any project of union with Great Britain, because they feared that, as actually happened, an Imperial Parliament would grant Catholic emancipation, and eventually put an end to Protestant ascendency in the administration of the local or provincial affairs of the country. The reality of the apprehensions which stimulated "patriots" of the type of Speaker Foster* to hostility towards Clare and Castlereagh,

* Right Hon. John Foster, born September 28, 1740, died August 23, 1828. His wife, who was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Burgh, M.P., of Bert, was created Baroness Oriel in 1790, and made Viscountess Ferrard in 1797. Foster obtained these dignities for his partner as he had no inclination to relinquish his lucrative position as Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, while he wished to secure the ennobling of his descendants. In September, 1785, he was elected Speaker, holding the office until the Union, when he obtained a pension of £5,038 per annum. He sat for the County of Louth in the Irish and English Parliaments from 1769 till July 17, 1821, when he was created Lord Oriel in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He was a bitter enemy of the Catholics of Ireland, and opposed the Union mainly because he regarded the College Green Parliament as the principal bulwark of Protetsant ascendency.

in their efforts to pass the Act of Union, were only fully appreciated by their descendants, who are mostly Unionists, when Mr. Gerald Balfour induced the Westminster Parliament to accept his Irish Local Government Act, which has practically transferred the whole control of local concerns from the Protestant landowner minority to the Catholic majority of the people.

At the time the letter just quoted from was written, Buckingham was still on friendly terms with Lord Cornwallis, and approved the measures he was taking to bring to an end the system of terrorism and torture set afoot by Camden and Carhampton. On the 23d of July, 1798, he wrote again to Lord Grenville assuring him that tranquillity was being restored and military license checked. In the course of this communication he said:

> I know that Lord Cornwallis feels as I do upon this point, but his generals (I believe the worst in Europe) do not seem to have an idea of enforcing any one of the first principles necessary for a soldier. The rapine and cruelties of the troops have, in many instances, been as atrocious as they have been mischievous to the public service. Lord Cornwallis knows that in many instances the surrender of individuals and even of parties has been checked; and, in some, the wretches actually refused when suing for the proclamation pardons.

Buckingham went on to describe how, by opening negotiations with the Kildare rebels, he had induced 5,000 of them, with their commanders, Messrs. Aylmer and Fitzgerald,* to surrender. It may be noted, however, that they had previously lost 2,000 of their original strength. That the Marquis was friendly towards the Catholics is shown very clearly in this letter which proceeds as follows:

> This proclamation (*i.e.*, of amnesty and protection on surrender), and the general tenor of Lord Cornwallis' very

* William Aylmer, of Painstown, born 1777, died June 21, 1820. He surrendered July 12, 1798, to General Dundas, on the sole condition that his life would be spared. He earned a high reputation for chivalry and clemency during the Rebellion. In 1801, he entered the Austrian service, and commanded the cavalry escort which accompanied the Empress Marie Louise from Paris to Vienna in 1814. Shortly afterwards he resigned his Austrian commission, proceeding to South America, where he served in the War of Independence, under General Devereux, as colonel of a lancer regiment. He was mortally wounded at Rio de la Hache, but lived to be conveyed to Jamaica, where he died as he was being landed. His companion, mentioned by Buckingham, was Edward Fitzgerald, of Newpark, County Wexford, a gentleman of considerable means.

> meritorious conduct, has raised much ferment amongst the very violent Orangemen, who have formed a very dangerous society, professing very loyal principles, but certainly united as a body almost in every town in Ireland in contradistinction to the Catholics; and wherever they have not been suffered to be formed, namely, in the counties of Kerry, Clare, Galway, Sligo, Mayo, all which are Catholic counties, not a man has stirred, nor has a United Irishman taken arms. It is, however, understood that the Catholics there are only quiet because the Protestants are so.

Very soon, however, Buckingham altered his attitude towards Cornwallis, and so far from his conduct being described as "very meritorious," it was henceforth criticised in the most hostile fashion. This was due to what the Marquis regarded as a professional slight inflicted on him by the Lord Lieutenant. The French had landed at Killala, and Cornwallis was engaged in hastily assembling troops to oppose the progress of Humbert and his followers. In this emergency, he ordered the bulk of Buckingham's militiamen to the front, but commanded their Colonel, with a small remnant of the regiment, to remain in Dublin. The Marquis was frantic. On the 26th of August, 1798, he wrote a furious letter to Grenville describing the manner in which he had been treated. He said:

> I have now to state to you the situation in which personally I have been placed by the measures taken by Lord Cornwallis on the 24th. I heard this news from the officer commanding the artillery here, having just received orders from Lieutenant-General Craig to parade 350 men for an immediate move. Though I was a little hurt at receiving orders in that way from Lieutenant-General Craig, without the slightest communication, as usual, from Lord Cornwallis, I wrote instantly to him to offer and to request that I might move with my detachment, or that I might command the two detachments (namely, the Warwick and mine), and to offer my services in any way in which my local knowledge or any other circumstances could make me useful. To this I received a dry note thanking me for the offer, but stating "that it was his intention that the detachments should be commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel or Major." The next day, yesterday, my detachment was increased to 500 men, and I then wrote another note to press the same thing, and to intimate very strongly, though in the easiest

> terms, my confidence that if he left Dublin he would not leave me and my regiment to "faire la guerre des pots de chambre."

This appeal, coarsely enforced though it was, was answered by a verbal message, conveyed by Lord Hobart,* that the Viceroy "felt it awkward to write, but that he was very sorry to decline offers which were very handsome." Henceforth there was war to the knife between Buckingham and Cornwallis. Two days later, the 28th of August, the Marquis transmitted to Grenville the sorry tidings of the historic "races of Castlebar," doing so in terms which indicated his belief that the United Irishmen had underground channels of communication unknown to the Government. He said:

> During the whole of yesterday they (*i. e.* the Castle authorities) attempted to keep as a profound secret the news of the entire defeat of our troops under Hutchinson, but actually commanded by Lake.† The secret was instantly whispered; and I (who knew, and had told Cooke that I had proof, that Lewins, the agent from O'Connor to France, had landed with them, and had sent up an account to his friends four hours before the Government received theirs) soon heard the fact, which can hardly be mis-stated because nothing could be more complete.

Then followed an account of the so-called battle, which came to a speedy termination through the early recognition by Lake's yeomanry and militia regiments that conflict with trained French troops was a wholly different thing from combat with undisciplined and ill-armed Irish peasants. Buckingham went on:

> Our artillery—eight pieces—evidently had the advantage, and everything promised most fairly, when the stray shot of some of the French guns opened on our infantry, who gave way instantly in the most cowardly manner, particularly—as

* Robert Lord Hobart, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland, April 1789 to 1793. He was member for Portarlington in the Irish House of Commons from 1785 to 1790; and for Armagh to 1797. He was called to the Irish House of Lords in 1798 and in 1804 became fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire.

† Gerard Lake, born July 27, 1744, died February 20, 1808. In consequence of his successful services in India, he was created a Peer in 1804, as Baron Lake, being raised to the Viscounty in 1807. He was during the greater portion of his life a boon companion to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He surrendered to the Americans at Yorktown. On the creation of a vacancy in the representation of Armagh in 1799, through Hobart's elevation to the House of Lords, he secured membership of the Irish House of Commons.

> I hear—the Fraser fencibles and the Kilkenny militia. The enemy occupied Castlebar and last night they had pushed on to Tuam.

The invasion was, of course, merely a move in the huge game of war which Napoleon was playing for the capture of Egypt. He made pretence at yielding to the solicitations of Wolfe Tone,* but the force landed at Killala for the supposed conquest of Ireland would scarcely have been sufficient for the permanent occupation of the Arran Isles in face of English hostility. What Napoleon actually sought, and to some considerable extent secured, was the distraction of English naval attention from the Mediterranean to the British Channel and the Atlantic.

Buckingham, apparently, was in nearly the same condition of panic as the militiamen who fled at Castlebar. His letter makes this quite plain. He went on, in almost hysterical tones, to bemoan that "In the midst of all this we have no Government, or anything like one, in the capital, where people talk of a rising with the same coolness as they would of any other event." He found some consolation in the fact that he was "persuaded that there will be no rising in Dublin"; but as against this he was "most sure that there will be risings in Meath and Kildare." Worst of all, "the real mischief is the no-government in the no-hands of Lord Castlereagh and General Craig." Both Castlereagh and Craig possessed the confidence of Cornwallis, and this was sufficient to deprive them of Buckingham's. Two days later he had, in some degree, recovered his equanimity and accordingly wrote Grenville, on the 30th of August, telling him that:

> After Lord Cornwallis had wrote word to the Duke of Portland that Lake had been forced to evacuate Tuam, and that the French had occupied it, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh to

* Theobald Wolfe Tone, born June 20, 1762, died November 19, 1798. He married, in July, 1785, a Miss Matilda Witherington, whose sister was the wife of Thomas Reynolds, the informer who betrayed the revolutionary purposes of the Society of the United Irishmen to the Government. Tone was admitted a member of the Irish Bar in 1789, but never had any legal business. Although a Protestant, he was employed as the paid secretary of the Committee for obtaining redress of Catholic grievances, and in this capacity did much good work. His Memoirs, written by himself and edited by his son, contain many passages which display a strange perversion of judgment on many religious and social questions. It is impossible to read them without being convinced that the failure of the French invasion of Ireland was a blessing for her people. That Napoleon, however, expected the expedition to succeed is impossible to believe.

> stop the letter, for that the officer who had reported it to him appeared to be deranged in his mind, and that Lake had collected 1,800 troops there, and meant to hold it.

The purely strategical character of the invasion was evidenced by the fact that the French were already surrendering the prisoners taken at Castlebar "not having men to guard them." They did not, however, return the nine pieces of cannon, with tumbrels and ammunition, which they also captured. Buckingham declared that "every militiaman ran before the enemy got within musket shot of them," and that "never was so disgraceful a scene." He went on to say that he intended to resign all his commissions by way of protest against the action of the Lord Lieutenant in leaving him to do garrison work in Dublin when fighting was afoot.

The French, from the first moment of their landing, had been in a hopeless position, despite the victory obtained at Castlebar. This is made evident by a letter written to Buckingham by Major Freemantle, one of the officers of his regiment, whom Cornwallis had ordered to the front while he condemned its Colonel to inactivity in the capital. Freemantle wrote from Athlone, on August 29, 1798, as follows:

> After a very fatiguing march of sixteen miles from Tullamore to this place, we encamped near Athlone, under the command of General Moore and Lord Huntley, with the two brigades—twenty light companies—the One Hundredth regiment, eight pieces of artillery, and one brigade, which I command. We were joined during the night and early this morning by the Reay, Sutherland, and Suffolk Fencibles, the Armagh and the Downshire, with a troop of the Hompesch. . . . We have in our army about six thousand seven hundred infantry.*

Buckingham, in his letters to Grenville, continued to criticise Cornwallis, who was bent on making assurance doubly sure by collecting an army sufficiently strong to render surrender by the French inevitable. On the 1st of September, he wrote to Grenville as follows:

> His (*i.e.*, Cornwallis') return last night is now lying before me, and he had in camp last night at Ballinamore

* The total strength of Humbert's force, including the Irish who had joined them, was estimated by Freemantle as 2,000 men.

> 6,766 rank and file! All this is exclusive of the débris of Hutchinson's army and of General Taylor's force of 1,437 men at Boyle, and of the force which is to join at Tuam. Surely, as versus less than 1,000 French, assisted by certainly less than 2,000 croppies, this does seem a very cautious proceeding; and from that very caution it is the more hazardous.

The rest of the letter consisted mainly of renewed denunciations of Cornwallis for not having allowed the writer to accompany the detachment of his regiment engaged in active service. The truth appears to be that Buckingham had come to Ireland thinking that, as an ex-Lord Lieutenant, he would have cut an important figure in the exciting events of the time, but this was precisely what neither Cornwallis nor Castlereagh at all desired he should do. If the rebellion was to be suppressed, and a union with Great Britian effected, they wished to retain the credit of such services for themselves, save in so far as they might share it with Lord Clare, to whom the manipulation of the House of Lords had almost inevitably to be confided.

On the 10th of September, 1798, Buckingham was able to write Lord Grenville telling him of the collapse of the French invasion. He could not refrain from pointing out that Lord Cornwallis had been no match for the enemy in generalship, and that it was more ill-luck on their part than skill on the part of their opponents which prevented their reaching Dublin. Even if they had, however, it is difficult to believe that anything but defeat must have awaited them. The people showed small desire to join them, and every man who did increased the difficulty of obtaining sufficient supplies. They had absolutely no base, and had to gather what food they could as they pressed forward. Nothing more hopeless than their undertaking could possibly be imagined, but it was pursued with an audacity and determination which almost deserved success. Buckingham's report was as follows:

> I now enclose to you the details of this complete victory of General Lake. You will observe that Lord Cornwallis let them slip him at Castlebar; that he missed them in his second plan of pinning them into Mayo by occupying Colooney, near Sligo; that he missed his third plan of pinning them to the West of the Shannon by occupying Carrick-

on-Shannon; and that nothing saved Ireland but the exertions of his infantry, who, having marched fourteen Irish miles on Friday, marched again at 10 o'clock on the same night, and completed twenty-six Irish miles by eight next morning, total forty Irish or fifty-one English miles in little more than twenty-four hours. You will observe that, at the last, the enemy had the start of Lord Cornwallis in this race, which they acknowledge was for Dublin.

Buckingham proceeded to say that, when he found the French were eluding Cornwallis, he proposed to General Craig and Lord Castlereagh that he should be allowed to proceed to Trim with the troops in garrison in Dublin, but they, not unnaturally, refused to leave the capital unguarded. Had the suggestion of the Marquis been accepted, there would have been no force available to quell popular disturbance in the city. The "details" enclosed by the Marquis were contained in the following letter from Major Freemantle:

September 8, 1798, St. Johnstown Camp.

I have great satisfaction in acquainting your Lordship that the whole of the French and rebel army have surrendered themselves prisoners to General Lake. Our column, under Lord Cornwallis, marched from Carrick about 10 o'clock last night, and reached Mohill by eight in the morning, when every preparation was made for beginning the action; but unfortunately the Sutherland fencibles and Downshire militia had missed their road from the darkness of the night, which delayed us an hour and upwards, during which time the French decamped, but fell in about eleven o'clock with General Lake's column, who had not been joined by Moore. We saw the action from our left; it lasted about half an hour.

The remainder of Freemantle's letter deserves attention, for it tells of massacre as brutal as Cromwell ever perpetrated. The Major proceeded:

The light third battalion of Irish light infantry stood the chief of the action; and charged the French who were posted behind some turf, upon which they immediately surrendered; about six hundred French, and four hundred croppies only, who are by this time nearly demolished, for no quarter has been given them. Our fellows took six, but did not kill them, owing to their begging for their lives so piteously that they could not butcher them in cold blood; for which they were abused by some of the officers of the baggage guard.

"Our fellows," were the English soldiers of the Buckinghamshire militia, and their humanity contrasts honorably with the barbarity displayed in the horrible butchery carried out by other regiments.

Buckingham had by this time become as vehement a denouncer of the policy of clemency almost invariably favored by Cornwallis as he had been previously of the "mad violence" of Carhampton. On October 2, 1798, he wrote Lord Grenville:

> My views and my fears are now very gloomy on the subject of Ireland, and the public opinion is equally desponding. Lord Cornwallis is now employing two obscure men to enquire, and to liberate at their discretion from the gaols and prison ships, men "improperly committed by the civil or military power, or improperly convicted by military tribunals." You will hardly believe that I quote the words exactly as stated by Mr. Justice Swan, one of these Inquisitors, to be the nature of his employment. In consequence of which, amongst very many others, Murphy the feather merchant—in whose house Lord Edward Fitzgerald was hid, and who was in the room when Lord Edward was taken—committed for high treason, was yesterday liberated, to the indignation of all Dublin, without the slightest communication with any one of the law servants of the Crown.

It is by no means improbable that Murphy's release was obtained through the influence of the Duke of Leinster who, while a supporter of the existing form of government, can scarcely have been ungrateful to the man who harbored his son.

On October 18, 1798, Mr. E. Cooke,* the Under Secretary, was able to inform Buckingham of an event which was to lead up to one of the saddest of the many sad tragedies enacted during a year full of bloodshed. Writing hurriedly, from the Castle, he said:

> I have not been able to send your Lordship a word until this moment. Sir I. B. Warren writes from Lough Swilly, the 16th, that on the 12th, after a long action, four French

* Edward Cooke, son of the Rev. W. Cooke, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, born 1755, died March 19, 1820. He came to Ireland in 1778, with Sir Richard Heron, then Chief Secretary. In 1789 he became Under Secretary, was dismissed by Lord Fitzwilliam, but restored by Lord Camden He was one of the principal agents in securing the passage of the Act of Union, but resigned in 1801, when he found that the policy which he thought should be based on that measure could not be pursued.

> ships struck, among them the *Hoche* of eighty-four guns. . . . A brig went off at the beginning of the action which, he thinks, was Napper Tandy's.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was on board the *Hoche* when she surrendered. His brother, Matthew Tone, had been amongst those captured at Ballinamuck, and was almost immediately hanged. According to Buckingham,* "He refused a priest, and said he gloried in the principles and name of a Frenchman." On November 10, the Marquis was able to tell his friend Grenville that:

> Tone has just been tried; he desired to give the court-martial no trouble; acknowledged that he was an Irishman, and in the service of the French Republic; gloried in having been the means of uniting three millions of his fellow-citizens against the oppression and tyranny of England, and of having procured from "the great nation" that assistance for the recovery of their liberty which had so unfortunately failed. He was stopped in parts of his declamation addressed to the Catholics of Ireland, for whom, he said, he was happy to lay down his life; and requested of the court that they would copy the humanity of the French Directory and government who, in judging to death Charrette, Sombreuil, and others who had fought in opposition to them, had reconciled their death to the feelings of a soldier; and he therefore begged to be shot, "not so much from his private feelings, as from a sense of respect to the uniform he wore." He finished by requesting that the sentence might be sent to Lord Cornwallis instantly, and hoped his Excellency would confirm it, and order it to be executed within the hour. Notwithstanding all this he was much agitated, and I cannot help thinking that he means to destroy himself before Monday, on which day it is supposed he will be hanged.

The concluding words of this remarkable communication make it perfectly clear that Buckingham, in common with the Castle authorities, knew perfectly well that poor Tone, imbued as he was with the pagan theories of the French Revolutionists, contemplated suicide. Nevertheless, they deliberately refrained

* Letter to Lord Grenville, dated 29th of September, 1798. Matthew Tone was a brother of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and born in 1770; he was executed September 29, 1798. He was a Protestant, and it is difficult to understand why his captors should have asked him to accept the ministrations of a priest. Like his far more gifted brother he was a votary of the French Revolutionary Goddess of Nature. He held a commission as adjutant in the French army.

from taking any steps to protect their prisoner from the consequences of his insanity. On the 12th of November the Marquis was able to report to Grenville that his prognostication had been fulfilled. He said:

> There having been much appearance of ferment this morning, I have only time to tell you that Tone cut his throat, but will live to be hanged. However, Lord Cornwallis took so much time to consider whether he would hang him or not that, in the meantime, Curran moved the court of King's Bench for a habeas corpus, which was granted. The Provost-Marshal was directed to make no return, and a capias was moved and issued against him, so that our civil and military powers are directly pitted against each other. The present orders are to hang him to-morrow, but his Excellency is so versatile on this subject that it is still doubtful. The sentence was that his head should be fixed upon the most conspicuous part of Dublin, which his Excellency was pleased to disapprove! What folly is all this.

Buckingham could scarcely contain himself at what he regarded as the mistaken leniency of the Lord Lieutenent.

A day later, on November 13, he again wrote Grenville:

> The consummation of Lord Cornwallis' incapacity seems drawing on very fast. He has suspended Tone's execution till further orders; he has directed Major Sandys—the acting Provost-Marshal of Ireland—to put in for answer that his reason for not obeying the habeas of yesterday was "because Tone could not be moved with safety." . . . Since I wrote this, I am assured that Lord Cornwallis will hang this man as soon as he is a little better, and that he means to stand his ground and to abide by the military courts. If so, his conduct is tenfold more unintelligible. God protect us from such absolute imbecility, the result of which, I will venture to foretell, will shock and loosen the little government now existing.

Buckingham was athirst for blood, but he did not realize, as Cornwallis and Pitt and his colleagues did, that the hanging of Tone, who was an officer in the French army, would have justified Bonaparte in hanging some of his English prisoners by way of retaliation. The death of the captive from the effect of his self-inflicted wounds solved the problem which puzzled Dublin Castle.

WAS BLAKE A POET?

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

HONORED by posterity under the names of poet, painter, and engraver, the memory of William Blake is cherished by many thinking Englishmen to-day as that of one of the shining lights of the Georgian epoch. Of humble origin, and possessed of an eccentricity which to the day of his death impelled him to reside in an attic bedroom, much of Blake's work is unquestionably informed by a singular spirit of lackadaisical and irresponsible poetic thought, doubtless touched by the atmosphere of the age in which he wrought, but much of it reading like inspired nonsense. As a lad, he believed that he saw visions of angels—always a dangerous belief! As a man, he alleged that the subjects of many of his verses were communicated to him "in a vision" by the spirit of his deceased brother. Of course they were not communicated by such a medium. But, if it pleased his brother's brother to suppose that they were, who shall say him nay?

These critical remarks have to a great extent been suggested by a study of the dainty little volume dedicated to the poetic genius of William Blake in the Canterbury Poets' series. From this illuminating little work I find that the most noteworthy among Blake's published poems are contained under the heads of *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence*, and *Songs of Experience;* the remainder being added in a curious kind of jumble, roughly entitled: *Later Poems.* Included under the first of these descriptions is a lengthy attempt at a dramatic poem entitled "King Edward the Third," which, however, will not bear quotation. In these *Poetical Sketches*, issued in 1783, there is much that invites, at the same time that it coyly defies, quotation. Such an example is the "Song," commencing:

"I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

"I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the midday hour."

If this does not please the reader, we may try again. For my own part, I can only say that if the poet is to be judged by such alluring strains as

"The modest rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn;
While the lily white shall in love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright,"

then his place in the literary firmament must be uncommonly difficult to allot. "The humble sheep a threat'ning horn" is distinctly precious, but it is by no means Mr. Blake's highest flight.

"When silver snow decks Susan's clothes,
And jewels hang at th' shepherd's nose,"

is a rich and rare example of the delicate genius of a poet who, according to the gentleman (Mr. Joseph Skipsey) by whose hand a memoir is contributed to the Canterbury Poets' volume, produced work that was "full of tenderness, sweetness, and delicacy." If the examples of unadulterated bathos which I quote were isolated specimens, I might be accused of undue severity; but, unfortunately, they are only too fair an average example of Blake's verse. It would, for example, be grossly unfair to refrain from quoting the exquisite passage beginning with the declaration that

"The caterpillar on the leaf
Reminds thee of thy mother's grief";

or not to quote in its entirety the nerve-destroying ditty which this extraordinary writer entitled "Infant Sorrow":

"My mother groaned, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I lept
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

"Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast."

It is only fair to mention that the poet's prose efforts appear to be a shade more readable, but with his prose we are not concerned. His biographer informs us that "the more he seemed unable to catch the true inspiration of the poet, the more and more, and with a firmer grasp of the pencil, he seemed to be able to catch the true inspiration of the designer." But to what position must we assign the mass of Blake's verse written before he had become so deeply enamored of the designer's art? It is simply silly to mention Blake, as Mr. Skipsey does, in conjunction with the names of Swinburne, Dante, Rossetti, and other great poets who were more nearly Blake's contemporaries.

Under the bewitching title of *Songs of Experience*—on which one can only surmise that the poet must have enjoyed and disenjoyed some memorable experiences—I find the following example of Blake's muse:

"Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold,
But the alehouse is healthy and pleasant and warm;
Besides, I can tell where I am used well,
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

"Then the parson might preach and drink and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch."

Is it not simply idiotic? One does not wonder that the poet's "mother groaned" and "father wept" over him. Another "Song of Experience" contains the singular avowal that when

"The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale."

But space can be found for but one more extract in this kind, being an eight-line stanza entitled "The Sick Rose."

"O rose thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed of crimson joy,
And his dark, secret love
Does thy life destroy."

Mr. Swinburne is the author of an essay on Blake, published in 1868. William Blake was born in 1757, departed this life in 1827, and was essentially a Londoner. For his work as artist and engraver he will always be remembered. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780, and among his works was a particularly fine series of 537 colored illustrations to Young's *Night Thoughts*. He was the son of a London hosier. His output, under both forms of art, must have been very great. The small volume from which the above extracts are made, consists of almost three hundred closely packed pages. It concludes with a number of "proverbs" made by Blake. Some of these are remarkable for keen human insight and a large humanity, while very many of them are illustrative of the writer's yearning after the weird or the vaguely mysterious, which may partially account for the respect in which his writings were held by many in the crude age in which he lived. Here follow a few examples:

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by incapacity.

The cut worm forgives the plough.

Dip him in the water who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of wisdom no clock can measure.

All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.

Shame is pride's cloak.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

Now, much that is contained in the foregoing precepts and maxims savors of a very real wisdom, with more than a spice of a delicate satire. For this reason alone it seems a sin and a shame that the self-same hand could have permitted itself to commit to paper such arrant drivel as the followlng:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

"And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?" *

These lines are from the *Songs of Experience*, stated by Mr. Skipsey to contain "a treasury of the richest jewels!" "And what," demands the same enthusiastic admirer, "what did he sing that did not spring from the depths of his soul?" One really does not know what rejoinder to make to this very embarrassing question. After frankly confessing that he very frequently does not know what the poet is driving at, Mr. Skipsey continues: "Passages in even the most mystical, as far as my reading of them goes, however, are noted for real poetical beauty, and *The* † is full of tenderness, sweetness, and delicacy throughout. Indeed, this is a real and genuine poem, and I say this without presuming to be able to decipher in clear terms the author's drift, for I do not regard that particular ability altogether essential before such a verdict is given, so long as the product possesses to me a meaning—an undefinable one though it may be—or constitutes spells by which visions of beauty and delight may be conjured up in my imagination, and visions of which the poet himself may never have dreamed—for it is in the nature of things that the seer may see further than he thinks; that the singer may sing more than he knows; that, in short, the poet's work may awaken and arouse the mind of the reader to the perception of a star-like galaxy of ideas, before whose dazzling splendor the light of his own particular drift may seem, in comparison, but the insignificant piece of yellow flame of a farthing candle. All of our very highest inspired work is noted for this character; and Blake's best is permanently so; while some of his most imperfect has a touch of it. And as his work was, so was the man. . . ."

Now the foregoing utterance, if it has any meaning at all—for such an expression as "perception of a star-like galaxy of ideas" leaves one's mind a little obscured,—must surely mean that, although the writer of it knows that he does not know

* *Songs of Experience*, p. 171. † *Ibid.*

what Blake was "driving at," he thinks that he knows a meaning which it might be permissible to attach to at least some portions of the poet's output. But if those portions only turn out to be as "the insignificant piece of flame of a farthing candle" (?) of what avail is it all?

Of noteworthy interest, however, is the unquestioned fact that William Blake did in reality believe and aver that certain of his works were directly inspired and produced with the aid of visitations from the disembodied spirit of his dead brother, Robert. This brother, who was William's junior by about five years, died in 1787. The pair were greatly attached to each other, and Robert was tenderly and devotedly nursed through his fatal illness by William. In fact, according to one authority, when the moment of dissolution arrived the highly strung, hysterical William beheld the soul of the dead man "ascend through the matter-of-fact ceiling." After this it is not surprising to learn that the survivor insisted that practically the whole of his verse, and a very great proportion of his work in illustration and design, were due to the presence of the brother who, he sometimes averred, had never really gone away at all.

Blake's industry, as I have already inferred, was simply colossal. Whether he *was* a poet or not, appears to me a question that is very gravely open to doubt. Apart from its poverty, a large proportion of his collected verse strikes the intelligent reader as being singularly pointless and devoid of ordinary merit—practically the whole of it as having been distinctly below the average of eighteenth century versifying. Any claim that criticism should be mild, in view of the circumstances of his humble origin and necessarily imperfect education, falls to the ground when one calls to mind the antecedents of a Burns, a Hogg, and others of Blake's immediate contemporaries.

William Blake lived to be seventy years of age. Probably no one would have been more surprised than himself to know that the nineteenth century was to bring forth more than one critical estimate of his works, besides a number of minor pronouncements devoted to the task of endeavoring to "place" his position in the realm of art and letters. Working with his pencil and his pen almost to the last, the veteran eventually passed out of life on a day in August, 1827, "singing of the things he saw in heaven."

AN ANCIENT HOSPITAL: THE PARIS HÔTEL-DIEU.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AT a moment when religious orders in France are suffering from a persecution such as they have not experienced since the evil days of the great Revolution, a pathetic interest is attached to the few communities who have, so far, survived the almost universal shipwreck.

Alas! the tempest let loose upon the country by a God-hating government has swept away, not only the teaching and preaching orders, but, in many cases, those whose vocation it is to minister to the needs of the sick, the aged, and the poor.

Throughout the length and breadth of France, the nuns have been ruthlessly expelled from the public hospitals, and, instead of the familiar gray robes and white "cornettes" of the nursing sisters, lay "infirmières" move to and fro among the sick who, sad to say, have not benefitted by the change.

Sweeping assertions are rarely absolutely fair, but we may safely say that, as a rule, the "infirmières" employed in French hospitals are of a very different stamp to their Anglo-Saxon sisters. They are recruited from a lower class, and, whereas the Anglo-Saxon trained nurse generally embraces her calling as a vocation, the French "infirmière" is often a rough servant who, being miserably paid and having chosen nursing as a means of earning her livelihood, has no scruple in taxing her charges.

Hence, the distressing and often repulsive stories that are told of the French hospital nurses, into whose unscrupulous hands are committed the bodies, and oftentimes the souls, of the sick!

At the present moment, the few hospitals still served by nuns are mostly private institutions, whose founders and supporters, being independent of the State, are free to use their own judgment in the treatment of the patients whom they receive. Yet, strange to say, there exists one public hospital, the most ancient and interesting in Paris, where, as we write

these lines, the black-robed daughters of St. Augustine are at their post. For the last thirteen hundred years the "Hôtel-Dieu" has been under religious government, and though it would be childish to build upon an uncertain future, there seems, at present, no question of the nuns relinquishing a position which they held even during the worst days of the Reign of Terror.

Nothing is left of the mediæval "God's Hostelry," but the modern hospital occupies almost the same site, in the île Notre Dame, under the shadow of the great Cathedral, whose Canons were, for many years, its appointed governors. Its past history is closely bound up with that of the capital; all the events that, from time to time, shook the city to its very foundations, were echoed within the walls where the devoted Augustinians watched by the bedside of the poor.

From the kings of France downwards, all classes of citizens loved this hospital; the magistrates, tradesmen, and artisans of Paris were its benefactors. In the seventeenth century the most popular saint of modern times, St. Vincent of Paul, trod its wards and exercised his wise and holy influence over its inmates.

For these reasons the story of the Hôtel-Dieu is singularly interesting; it is not, and could not be, a record of unvarying and absolute perfection. Like all things human, it has its lights and shades, but, taking it all in all, it is the noble chronicle of thirteen centuries of active charity, with an element of picturesqueness and variety that redeems it from dullness.

The original founder of the Paris Hôtel-Dieu is St. Landry, who was Bishop of Paris in the middle of the seventh century. He built a house of refuge for the poor and sick, close to a certain chapel dedicated to St. Christopher, a favorite saint in mediæval times. The patients of the hospital were then nursed by some religious women, called the "daughters of St. Christopher," and the institution itself was, until 1006, under the joint government of the Bishops and the Canons of the Cathedral. At that date, Bishop Rainaud relinquished his share in the management of the hospital, which was henceforth, during many centuries, directed solely by the Chapter of Notre Dame.

Towards the end of the twelfth century, the Cathedral, the

episcopal palace, and the hospital were rebuilt, under the rule of Maurice de Sully, one of the most eminent pastors that ever sat on the episcopal throne of Paris, and it is from this time that "St. Christopher's hospital" became known as the Hôtel-Dieu, "God's Hostelry," a singularly appropriate name for a house where those whom suffering has made God's very own, are cared for in his Name and for his sake.

The old records tell us that, at the same period, the hospital was served by two communities, one of men and one of women, a curious arrangement that lasted for four centuries.

The "Brothers" and "Sisters" were religious, bound by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; their living rooms, refectories, infirmaries, were wide apart, they were strictly prohibited from visiting each other, only the Chapter-room and Chapel were common to both.

The superior of the Brothers was called the "Master," and was responsible to the Chapter for the temporal government of the hospital. Of his subordinates, four were priests, and these ministered to the spiritual wants of the sick; the others kept the accounts, ordered the necessary provisions, and overlooked the landed property, from which the hospital drew its income.

The Sisters were absorbed, day and night, in their duties as nurses; most of them joined the community when very young, they were then called "Filles Blanches," literally "White girls," because of their dress. This consisted in a surplice of linen over a white dress, "fashioned like a bag," say the old records, "in order that it might fit any one of the Sisters equally well." Over this clean, but inelegant robe, they wore a white cloak and veil.

When the "Filles Blanches" became novices, they assumed a black cloak and veil; when professed, they were given another white linen surplice, reaching to their knees, which they wore over a black or brown dress.

The superioress, or "Prieure," was the "Master's" colleague, but in no way his subordinate; she owed an account of her administration only to the Canons of Notre Dame.

If the patients were not tended according to the prescriptions of modern science, they, at any rate, were made welcome to the best the house could offer, and their devoted nurses, although woefully ignorant of our twentieth century sanitary

principles, had a tender love for the poor and a large-hearted pitifulness for human suffering.

Early in the thirteenth century Stephen, Dean of the Chapter of Notre Dame, drew up the Constitutions which, for several hundred years, ruled the Hôtel-Dieu. He borrowed largely from certain regulations that the Knights of St. John had framed for the use of their own hospitals, and the quaint phraseology of these rules picturesquely embodies the spirit of the times.

The souls of the patients were to be cared for first and foremost. When a sick person was brought to the hospital, he was advised to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion. This being done, he was put to bed and "treated like a lord." Through the varied phases of their long history, the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu were faithful to this rule, and the sick were, in very truth, the lords and masters, whose welfare was their paramount object.

The great Paris hospital was at all times considered as a national institution; the kings of France were its constant and generous benefactors. Blanche of Castile and her son, St. Louis, gave largely towards its support, and the holy king endowed "God's Hostelry" with many privileges; thus he exempted all the provisions that were brought to the hospital from the taxes that the kings had a right to levy on certain articles of importation. The readiness with which St. Louis despoiled himself on behalf of the poor, made his ministers complain. "It is sometimes necessary," he answered, "for kings to spend too much. If I am extravagant, I prefer it should be in almsgiving, rather than in things that are of no use."

Charles IV. bestowed an annual gift of three hundred cartloads of fire wood on the hospital; but to the generous donation was attached the following curious clause: "On the four great feast days of the year, the 'Master,' accompanied by some of the Brothers and Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu, should convey the relics of the Sainte Chapelle to the king, if he were residing in Paris or even within thirty-four leagues of the city." These relics, among which was the Crown of Thorns that St. Louis had brought from Palestine, were to travel in a chariot drawn by four horses.

Philip VI. confirmed his father's donation, only stipulating

that the wood should be taken from the "forêt de la Biévre," near Versailles. It was customary on the death of a Queen of France, to give the late sovereign's bed and furniture to the great Paris hospital. Every Good Friday, the queen and princesses visited the house and, as a memento of their visit, left a generous offering.

On one occasion the Hôtel-Dieu, as the following incident will show, benefited even by the war that distracted the kingdom when, after the death of the mad King Charles VI., the French and English struggled for supremacy. One Good Friday, the wife of Charles VII., the French King, sent a modest gift of 4 "livres," whereas the Duchess of Bedford, whose husband was Regent of France for the infant King of England, Henry VI., gave 80 "livres." The old historian, who mentions this fact, seems to have been pro-English in his sympathies, or else he was dazzled by the generosity of the offering, for he contemptuously alludes to the French princess as: "Celle qui se dit Dauphine"—She who calls herself the Dauphiness. A few years later the tide of fortune had turned; Charles VII. was firmly established on his father's throne and his unfortunate rival and kinsman was involved in the disastrous War of the Roses.

The Paris magistrates, merchants, and small artisans were, like their sovereigns, warmly attached to an institution which, for many centuries, was the infirmary of the city. The generous manner in which these mediæval Catholics gave to God's poor a share in their daily lives, speaks volumes for their spirit of faith. Thus the drapers were accustomed, whenever their corporation held an assembly, to give each patient a loaf, a pint of wine, and a piece of meat; the grocers gave an annual present of "fine powder," and the goldsmiths, every Easter Sunday, treated the inmates of the hospital to a banquet. The "menu" of the feast still exists in the national archives; to each person was given a loaf, a dish of soup, some wine, two eggs, a piece of roast veal, besides a small sum of money.

A great number of citizens, at their death, bequeathed considerable sums to the Hôtel-Dieu, thus, out of 48 wills registered by the Paris Parliament under Charles VI., 40 contain a clause in favor of "God's Hostelry." On these ancient lists are the names of men of every rank and station, bound

together by the golden link of charity. Mingling with kings and princes, cardinals and bishops, warriors and magistrates, are the "wife of the king's barber," minstrels, physicians, soldiers, shop-keepers, drapers, etc., some of whom explain, in quaint language, that, by giving to the hospital, they hope to "quiet their conscience."

In consequence of these legacies, the Hôtel-Dieu speedily became possessed of houses, mills, and fields in the neighborhood of Paris, but, although its revenues were considerable, they often proved inadequate to the demands made upon them. In times of war, pestilence, and famine, the Brothers and Sisters were in sore straits to satisfy the sufferers that claimed their assistance.

The old records, from which we have borrowed these details, give us a living picture of the hospital in the Middle Ages. The Brothers and Sisters rose at five and, after matins, took possession of their different posts; at six o'clock the outer doors opened and any sick person anxious to enter was taken in: "all persons, of whatever nation they may be, friends or enemies, known or unknown," were made welcome and, according to their illness, sent to one or other of the wards. At the head of each ward was a Sister, called the "Chieftaine," to whom obedience was due.

Until the thirteenth century no doctor seems to have been officially attached to the hospital, and it is likely that the Brothers possessed some medical knowledge and prescribed for the patients. In the thirteenth century two physicians are mentioned as visiting the sick, and, in 1328, Charles IV. decreed that two doctors and a midwife should henceforth form part of the institution's staff. Even in mediæval times large metal baths were in use, and an ingenious system had been devised for bringing water into all parts of the house. The most dangerous cases, the "griefs malades," as they are called in the ancient records, were sent to the infirmary; in the "Salle St. Denis" were those who were less dangerously ill; in the "Salle St. Thomas" the convalescents, "cracked glasses that require gentle handling"; in the "Salle Neuve" were women, and those about to be confined enjoyed each a private room. Immediately on entering the hospital, the newcomer was expected to cleanse his soul by confession and his body by a bath. His clothes were taken to "la pouillerie," a

terribly suggestive name, where they were carefully purified. It has often been urged, as a proof of the ignorance and carelessness of the nuns, that they put two, three, or even four patients into one bed. The charge is true, but, repugnant as it is to our notions of propriety and hygiene, there is something to be said in defence of the Sisters. They acted according to the custom of the age. Though from time to time protests arose against the practice, it was resorted to as a matter of course in times of crisis, when the nuns had to choose between refusing admittance to the sick or packing them together in a repulsive fashion. Mediæval beds too were extraordinarily wide, but even this circumstance makes the custom only a little less unpleasant, and we are relieved when the historians of the Hôtel-Dieu tell us that it was adopted only in moments of extraordinary distress.

Even as late as 1710, when, after an unusually hard winter, the hospital was overcrowded with sick and starving people, the nuns, rather than reject the applicants who clamored for admittance, packed them together so closely that the result was: "querelles et batteries," incessant quarreling among the sick. In consequence, it was decided to enlarge the buildings, and a report for 1787 informs us that arrangements had been made which provided for 1,500 patients with separate beds, a vast improvement upon former conditions.

It must be remembered, in order to understand how the Hôtel-Dieu became so overcrowded, that "God's Hostelry," in mediæval times, was ever wide-open to receive, not only the sick, but the hungry, the homeless, and the naked. Pilgrims and travelers were freely admitted, and from sixty to a hundred little waifs, whose parents had deserted them, were scattered through the house—no desirable home for these tiny pensioners, it is true, but yet the only one the Sisters had to offer.

The old records inform us that the hospital wards were thoroughly whitewashed once a year, at Easter, and freely washed every morning. The house was lighted with oil lamps, and a favorite form of charity among the mediæval Parisians, was to bequeath money for the "support" of a lamp. In 1487 Martin Guignon, the king's notary, and in 1496 Guy Boisleaue, a canon of Notre Dame, bequeathed a certain sum towards this object, and the terms in which the bequest is worded

lead us to believe that the benevolent donors were in the habit of visiting the "pauvres griefs malades." Another canon, Eudes de Sentis, left some money to buy wood, in order that the "veilleuses" or Sisters who sat up at night, should have a good fire.

The inmates of the hospital had two meals a day, at eleven and at six; they abstained from meat on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, but were plentifully supplied with eggs, fish, fruit, sugar, cheese, and tarts; the best of everything being naturally given to the "griefs malades."

Although it was an abode of suffering and of pain, the great hospital occasionally presented a festive appearance. On holydays, sweet-smelling herbs and flowers were scattered on the floor, and on the beds of the sick were spread bright, col ored coverlets, "tapis ystoriez," says our mediæval guide; the chapel was brilliantly lighted, the meals were more plentiful than usual, and the Brothers and Sisters were allowed fowl and a double allowance of wine.

At certain periods of history, the "châlit des morts," where the patients who died were carried before being removed to the cemetery, was filled to overflowing. Thus, during the pestilence of 1349, five hundred persons died in one day within the precincts of the hospital, and among them many Sisters, who, says an old historian, after tending their charges without fear, were called to eternal rest. In 1418, another calamitous year, 5,311 persons died within twelve months.

At all times thrifty French housewives have prided themselves upon their ample stock of linen and, even at the present day, in remote provinces, we come upon houses where the huge Norman and Breton cupboards are closely packed with piles of fine and fragrant house linen, that appears, from its quantity and quality, quite out of keeping with its humble surroundings. So at the Hôtel-Dieu, even in mediæval times, linen seems to have been plentiful, and special care was taken to keep the supply in good condition; 1,500 pairs of sheets were in use at ordinary times, and the "Prieure" expended a considerable sum every year in adding to her store. The "Prieure," for this purpose, would visit regularly the fairs held in the neighborhood of Paris; driving there in one of the hospital carts, and attended by one of the Brothers serving as coachman. Thus, for example, in February she was accustomed to

go to the fair of St. Germain des Prés, in June to that of St. Denis. The piles of new linen brought home were immediately carried to the "Chambre aux draps," where four sisters were employed all the year round in making sheets and pillow cases. The nuns themselves washed the patients' linen in the Seine, which flowed in front of the hospital. On the spot where handsome stone quays now are, once stood a small covered building close to the water's edge. Here the "Sœurs lavandières" spent long hours engaged in their trying task, which seems to have excited the compassion of their contemporaries. Under Charles VI. a preacher took these devoted women as the theme of his discourse and spoke of their work in sympathetic terms, and of the Sisters as "standing knee deep in the icy water during the winter months," to wash the linen of the poor.

From the ancient records that still exist, it seems an indubitable fact that, during several hundred years, the Hôtel-Dieu worthily fulfilled its charitable mission. The Canons of Notre Dame, who governed the hospital, exercised their control with judgment and charity. That they were heartily interested in the work is proved by the manner in which they enter into minute details respecting the sick. Thus, in 1494, they added several items to the regulations already existing; one was to the effect that the food of the "griefs malades"—the worst cases—should be "honnêtement," conscientiously, prepared, and that they should be given good wine from the vineyards belonging to the hospital, instead of a certain "vin du Gatinais," the effects of which seem to have been disastrous. As the Canons quaintly put it, this wine caused several patients "d'aller de vie á trépas." Also, with truly fatherly care, the Canons provide for cloaks, stockings, and slippers to be given to the sick when they were able to leave their beds.

The Sisters seem to have been, as a rule, exemplary in every way, and their standard of religious decorum was a high one, if we judge from the severity with which they punished even trifling faults. Thus a certain Sister Perrenelle la Vertjuse once indulged in unkind gossip on the subject of "Dame Anellette Burian," into whose family she had been sent as nurse; for the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu were occasionally allowed to attend patients in their own homes. Perrenelle's uncharitable

remarks, "injures et villenies," so shocked her superiors that they condemned her to beg pardon of Anellette's children, to remain for a whole year without leaving the Hôtel-Dieu, and, for some weeks, to eat her dinner with the ground for a table.

The old annals, from which we have so largely borrowed, give a touching picture of the Sisters' charity. The writer, evidently an eye witness, describes them feeding, cleansing, comforting their sick charges. He even enters into realistic details, that may have been acceptable to mediæval readers, but that jar upon our twentieth century delicacy. He tells us too how in winter the nuns washed the linen of the sick in the cold river, and performed other laborious and painful duties, in the discharge of which they were occasionally insulted and beaten by delirious or discontented patients.

Such was the Hôtel-Dieu during the Middle Ages; a model institution, which was justly looked upon as realizing the ideal of a religious hospital. After the fifteenth century this bright picture is somewhat overshadowed. A long period of peace and prosperity was succeeded by years of trouble, rebellion, and unrest; the kingdom was just then in a state of anarchy, and the spirit that prevailed outside the hospital exerted its influence within.

In 1497 a difference of opinion between the Canons and the Brothers caused the former to send to the Hôtel-Dieu a certain Jean Laisné, as their representative. The two communities, however, sided with the "Maître," Jean Lefevre, whose opposition to the Chapter had started the quarrel. They received Laisné with dangerously hostile demonstrations, and, armed with sticks and knives, they besieged his room; and the Sisters, in particular, seem to have been most warlike. The Canons hastened to their "protégé's" assistance, but their interference only added fuel to the fire; Brothers and Sisters were in open revolt, and even the sick rose from their beds and joined in the fray.

At last the King, Charles VIII., heard of the quarrel, and urged the Canons to show proper firmness and severity. In consequence, some of the most aggressive Sisters were removed; but even this was not sufficient to restore peace and discipline, and in 1505 the Canons made over the temporal affairs of the hospital to the Municipal Council of the city,

and kept in their own hands only the spiritual government of the house.

About the same time they sent to Flanders for some "Gray Sisters," whose pacifying influence would, they hoped, bring the rebels to a sense of their duty, but, alas! the Gray Sisters' mission seems to have been a failure. Far from turning the tide of popular opinion, they were so "vexed and molested," that they returned home, and so, during many years more, the weary tale of dissensions and rebellion dragged miserably on. Occasionally peace seemed to have been restored. Thus, in 1510, we read that: "Thanks be given to God, all is going on well"; but soon afterwards, in 1526, the "Master" is charged with negligence, the Brothers with "being always out," and the Sisters with "leaving their work to run to the gates whenever a troop of soldiers passed down the street." In 1535, the Canons persuaded some monks of St. Victor to take up their abode at the hospital, in the hope that they would succeed in infusing a new spirit among the Brothers and, at the same time, they drew up a new set of rules for the government of the Hôtel-Dieu.

It seems clear that the good Canons, throughout these years of strife, lacked the wisdom and firmness that were needed to cope with their turbulent subordinates, but, if deficient in governing powers, they were touchingly in earnest in their love for the sick, and were doubly anxious that the patients should not suffer from their troubled surroundings. In their new rules, they exhort the infirmarians to tend their charges with "sweet and gracious countenances," "face sereine et regard gratieux," to address them softly, never to give them useless pain, lest their sickness should thereby be increased.

Towards 1620, the Brothers who served the hospital seem to have gradually died out, thus the dual government, that was undoubtedly a cause of friction, came to an end, and the Sisters remained alone in charge of the Hôtel-Dieu.

About the same time, under Henry IV., the buildings of the hospital were considerably enlarged, and a separate house was built for the smallpox patients, whose presence was a standing danger for the other sick people. Another and still more beneficial change was at hand, one that was to touch, not merely the outer kernel, but the inner life and spirit of

the ancient foundation. The community needed a thorough renovation after the long years of turmoil through which it had passed.

The agents through whom it pleased God to effect this reform, were a holy priest, known in Paris as "Monsieur Vincent," and a sister of humble birth, Geneviève Bouquet. She was the daughter of a Paris jeweler, and had served, when a girl, in the household of the first wife of Henry IV., Marguerite de Valois, the famous "Reine Margot." At the age of twenty-two she joined the community of the Hôtel-Dieu and, contrary to the usual custom, she waited some years before making her profession, as she thought it right to become thoroughly acquainted with religious life ere she bound herself by solemn vows. The same feeling led her to advocate the foundation of a regular novitiate; for, until her time, the young religious were trained individually by some older sister, who generally had many other duties to perform. By degrees, Geneviève's devotedness and piety, her earnestness of purpose and sweetness of manner, won the love of the sick and the confidence of the community. This quiet and gentle woman succeeded where the well-meaning Canons had failed. She raised the tone of the house, and implanted a truly religious spirit among the nuns. Like all reformers, she met with "great contradictions," but her smiling good temper and genuine humility carried her through. When, to her dismay, she was elected as "Prieure" by her companions, her power to do good was enlarged, but she continued, despite her new dignity, to work harder than the rest, to wear the shabbiest clothes, and to perform the most trying tasks.

It is possible that Geneviève Bouquet first saw St. Vincent of Paul at the court of Marguerite de Valois, to whom he acted as chaplain from 1610 to 1612. Whether or not "M. Vincent" and the future "Prieure" became acquainted under the auspices of the erratic "Reine Margot," they at least met on congenial ground towards 1634. At that date some of the wealthy ladies, whom the saint trained in the path of practical charity, expressed a wish to visit the sick at the Hôtel-Dieu, where, although the nuns gave their charges the best they had to offer, there was ample scope for the "Dames de Charité" to exercise their generosity.

Nothing proves St. Vincent's prudence and tact more clearly

than the rules that he laid down for the guidance of these fervent volunteers; in fact these rules are as much to the point in the twentieth as they were in the seventeenth century.

Before allowing the ladies to begin their work, he was careful to submit their plans to the spiritual and temporal superiors of the hospital and to the Archbishop of Paris; then he impressed upon the visitors that they must show much respect to the nuns, who are, he says, the "mistresses of the house," he also exhorted them to act in all things with gentleness: "The spirit of God is gentle, we must imitate him."

These directions were not superfluous. St. Vincent was probably aware that, some twenty-five years before, a few "honnetes dames" had volunteered to visit the patients of the Hôtel-Dieu. Their indiscriminate charity had done more harm than good. The "Dames de Charité" scrupulously abided by the saint's advice, and the nuns gladly welcomed these tactful and generous helpers, to whom were added some members of the newly-founded Congregation of Sisters of Charity, who prepared the extra food and luxuries that were provided by the charitable visitors.

In St. Vincent of Paul were united, to a rare degree, most opposite qualities. He had a breadth of view and boldness of action, of which his foundations are a living proof, and he displayed, at the same time, a close attention to details that made him a most capable organizer.

Thus, with regard to the "Dames de Charité" he entered into the minutest particulars of their work, even writing a small book whereby he taught them how to give the sick simple and practical instruction on religious subjects. He advised them to dress plainly, in order that the poor should not be pained by the contrast between their own misery and their visitors' luxury, to use "simple language," and to be "humble, gentle, and affable" in their demeanor. With equal good sense, he decided that only a limited number of ladies should visit the hospital together, and that others should take their places after a stated lapse of time.

Many of the charitable women, who devoted themselves to the care of the sick under "Monsieur Vincent's" guidance, bore the greatest names in France. One was the Duchess d'Aiguillon, Cardinal Richelieu's beloved niece, who was left a childless widow at the age of twenty, with a large fortune and

a lovely face. Her all-powerful uncle prevented her from entering a Carmelite convent, but he allowed her to devote herself to works of charity. In these she took such delight that St. Vincent describes her entering the wards of the Hôtel-Dieu with a radiant look, "as if she were going to a feast." Among her fellow-workers was Marguerite de Gondi, Marquise de Maignelais, who, like Madame d'Aiguillon, was left a widow in the flower of her youth. After the death of her only son, she broke with the world and only kept her carriages and horses because they served to take her to the Hôtel-Dieu. Another was Francaise de Maillane, Comtesse de la Suze; she was attracted by the most loathsome and repugnant cases, and dressed the patients' wounds with loving tenderness. Last, but not least, was Madame de Mirainéau, who, at that period, filled a unique position in the charitable world of Paris. Her influence was strongly felt at the Hôtel-Dieu, where she caused a separate ward to be kept for sick priests, who, she was pained to see, mingled with the other patients. It was also owing, in great measure, to her exertions that funds were collected for the maintainance of the six ecclesiastics who acted as chaplains to the hospital.

During the period of distress that marked the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., the presence of St. Vincent and his daughters at the Hôtel-Dieu was of untold value. To the horrors of civil war were added those of famine, and, during the calamitous struggle of "la Fronde," there were over two thousand sick persons in the great hospital.

The work of reform so happily brought about by Mother Geneviève whose influence was supported by that of "Monsieur Vincent," was completed by the framing of new Constitutions. These were drawn up by a canon of Notre Dame named Ladvocat; they were gladly adopted by the community, whose ideal of monastic perfection they faithfully embodied, and when, in 1660, St. Vincent breathed his last, the institution that owed so much to him was peaceful and prosperous. It was fortunate that the great Paris hospital was in so satisfactory a condition, both from a spiritual and temporal point of view, for, in the following century, its resources were taxed to the utmost. The early years of Louis XIV. had been full of strife and misery, then came a period of dazzling splendor followed by fresh reverses and distress. In 1709 an unusually severe

winter was followed by a terrible famine, during which the King and the Archbishop of Paris sent their plate to the mint, to be turned into money for the starving people.

At last, the Hôtel-Dieu became so overcrowded that a second hospital was founded, under the patronage of St. Louis, and in March, 1710, there were in both houses nearly five thousand patients, most of whom were suffering from the effects of insufficient and unwholesome food.

Almost more perilous to the welfare of the Hôtel-Dieu than these external difficulties, was the internal crisis through which it passed at this same time.

Our readers may remember how, in spite of the energetic measures resorted to by Louis XIV., the Jansenist heresy crept into many French communities. Its influence was all the more dangerous because of its apparent austerity, and the story of the nuns of Port Royal is a mournful instance of the disastrous effects of Jansenism upon religious women of stainless lives and high ideals.

The promoter of the doctrine at the Hôtel-Dieu was a certain Marie Louise Claire des Tournelles, who joined the community in 1701, under somewhat sensational circumstances. She was highly connected, and had been decidedly worldly in her tastes. One day, after praying at Notre Dame, she went immediately to the hospital and begged to be admitted, then and there, into the community. The extravagant headgear, the rouge and "mouches" of this singular candidate seem, not unnaturally, to have startled the Prioress, who made some difficulties against granting her request: "If you turn me away now, I will never return," urged Mlle. des Tournelles, and she gave as her reference a certain canon, named Lenoir, whose name so far reassured the Prioress that she yielded to the wishes of her visitor.

By degrees, Mlle. des Tournelles became a person of importance at the Hôtel-Dieu. Both she and her friend, Canon Lenoir, were unfortunately much inclined towards the new heresy, which had its adepts, not only among the Chapter of Notre Dame, but in even higher places, for the Cardinal de Noailles refused to accept the bull "Unigenitus."

The nuns took part for or against the new doctrines and, alas! the Hôtel-Dieu, where theological discussions were rife, was fast losing its reputation as a "house of peace," as Achille

de Harlay, the President of the Paris Parliament had called it a few years before.

Happily Cardinal Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, the young King's prime minister, acted in the matter with judgment and decision. The wavering canons, the rebellious nuns, and the members of Parliament who chose to support them, were brought to submission, peace was restored, and the Hôtel-Dieu was saved from becoming a Jansenist stronghold.

From these events to the terrible upheaval of 1789, nothing of importance broke the even tenor of life in the great Paris hospital. When, in 1790, the government suppressed religious houses throughout the country, the Prioress and her community begged for permission to remain at their post. This was at first refused, but in the end, finding that it was difficult to replace the nuns, the men, from whom M. Combes now draws his inspiration, authorized the Sisters to remain at the Hôtel-Dieu, provided they put aside their religious garb. This they did, and throughout the whole of the Reign of Terror, while the great city was deluged with blood, Marie Angélique Mailliard, "Sœur de St. Cloy," and her little band of Sisters, served the hospital of "Humanity," as "God's Hostelry" was called to suit the spirit of the times.

In 1810 the community was authorized by Napoleon to resume their name, dress, and ancient rules, but instead of being under the jurisdiction of the Canons of Notre Dame, it was placed under an ecclesiastical superior, chosen by the Archbishop. The hospital itself was annexed to the "Assistance Publique," the official French organization for the relief of the poor.

The "Commune" of 1871 brought back days of turmoil that seemed like a repetition of the Reign of Terror and its attendant horrors. The Hôtel-Dieu was seized by the revolutionary leaders, and the nuns had not only to put on secular clothes, but also to don a red sash. Under this livery of the Revolution they remained at their post, entirely absorbed in their duties towards the sick and wounded. The "Communard" leader, who commanded at the Hôtel-Dieu, had never been brought into contact with religious; he began by observing the Sisters with some suspicion, but was speedily won over by their quiet courage and entire devotion to their self-chosen vocation. When the regular troops entered Paris on

the 26th of May, he gave notice of the fact to the nuns, and advised them to resume their religious habit. Let us add that the grateful Sisters concealed their "Communard" friend for several days, and thus saved him from the fate that overtook his comrades at the hands of the victorious army.

A few years later the portion of the Hôtel-Dieu that stood on the right bank of the Seine was thrown down and completely rebuilt, on a large scale, at a few steps distance, in such a manner that the noble Cathedral, which was formerly hemmed in by the hospital buildings, now stands alone in its time-honored splendor. In front extends the "parvis," with a colossal statue of Charlemagne covering the space that, in former times, was occupied by the Hôtel-Dieu; but although it no longer masks the view of Notre Dame, the great Paris hospital still stands, as it has done since mediæval times, under the shadow of the basilica, with which its fortunes have been for centuries past so closely linked.

As we already observed, the Augustinian nuns still serve the Hôtel-Dieu, but, alas! they are no longer, as they were in the days of St. Vincent of Paul, "the mistresses of the house." The decrees that placed them in charge of the most ancient hospital in Paris have not, so far, been repealed, but their influence and authority have been curtailed as much as possible. One Sister is still in charge of each ward, but the lay nurses, men and women, who work under the nuns, are appointed by the "Assistance Publique," and the Superioress has no voice either in their selection or in their dismissal.

Our visit to Sœur St. Marguerite, in whose person are vested the traditions of over twelve centuries of charity, impressed us deeply. She came to us clad in the "linen surplice" of her mediæval Sisters. Under the gentle simplicity of her manner lie a quiet strength and an unflagging zeal.

This twentieth century Superioress has to contend with difficulties less visible, but no less grave, than those that were faced by her predecessors during the evil days of the Fronde, the Terror, and the Commune. With unswerving firmness she and her Sisters remain at the post that is theirs by right of inheritance, but it is only by a continual exercise of tact, gentleness, and infinite patience that the Superioress can steer her course through many conflicting elements. She preserves peace with the freethinking directors of the "Assistance Pub-

lique," and keeps in touch with modern methods by sending her novices to the official medical lectures of La Salpêtriere, but she has no illusions as to the uncertainty of her position, and awaits the future with unmurmuring faith.

The buildings of the mediæval "God's Hostelry" have been swept away by recent improvements, nothing now remains of the wards where the fifteenth century canons visited the "griefs malades," and where the beautiful and noble women, whom St. Vincent of Paul had trained, brought relief and comfort to the sick and suffering. But, if its exterior has been transformed, the spirit and traditions of the ancient Hôtel-Dieu are, to this day, worthily embodied in the brave nuns, who, among difficulties of no common order, carry on the work that was begun in the seventh century by St. Christopher's daughters, of whom these twentieth century Augustinians are the lineal representatives.

May they be spared the trials that have made so many French communities homeless, and, in spite of M. Combes' crafty and cruel persecution, continue the mission that even the bloody upheavals of 1793 and 1871 were powerless to interrupt.

NOTE.—It is hardly necessary to state that the above article was written before the downfall of the Combes' ministry.—[ED.]

MIRANDA AND JULIET.

BY A. W. CORPE.

IN the characters of Miranda and Juliet we have two idylls of young love in all its innocence, purity, tenderness, and self-abnegation. In these respects, Miranda and Juliet resemble one another; in their surroundings, and the issue of their affections, they could scarcely differ more. It may be interesting to consider these together.

Whatever was the motive when the plays were first collected together for placing "The Tempest" at the beginning of the volume, no fitter entrance to the temple could have been selected, and no priestess more charming than Miranda. It is for some such reasons probably that "The Tempest" has been a favorite inauguration piece.

Miranda, the only woman's part in the play and that a comparatively small one, is interesting rather on account of the character exhibited than for her share in the action. Driven, along with her father, from Milan, when barely three years old, she has lived with him ever since upon the enchanted island, attended only by the ill-conditioned monster who served them. This secluded life has developed in her an artless simplicity which gives her a peculiar charm.

At the opening of the play a vessel has been wrecked upon the coast in a storm, which Miranda, accustomed to the display of her father's magical powers, suspects to be of his contriving. No more fascinating introduction to what is to fol low can be imagined than the picture of the storm and wreck, the concern of Miranda for those on board, and Prospero's dignified assurance

> "Tell your piteous heart
> There's no harm done. . . .
> No, not so much perdition as an hair."

Prospero has learnt, by means of his art, that the crisis of his fate is at hand. It is accordingly necessary to tell Miranda

something of her history. She now hears for the first time that twelve years before her father was Duke of Milan. A beautiful turn is given to her inquiry: "What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed was't we did?"

"Both," he says; and proceeds to tell her of Antonio's treachery.

Presently she falls into a charmed sleep, during which we are introduced to Shakespeare's last creation in the world of fancy, the "quaint," "delicate," "fine," "dainty" Ariel. Shortly after she awakes, Ferdinand comes upon the scene.

From the moment we hear Prospero bid her, "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance and say what thou seest yond," we know his design. Her naïve exclamations of wonder as she beholds Ferdinand, "What is't? a spirit? . . . It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. . . . I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble," are delightful.

Ferdinand too for his part is not less amazed. Ariel's song has worked upon him, and he fancies he sees something more than earthly: "Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend"; he begs to know, by chance anticipating her name, if she is of mortal birth or not, "my prime request, . . . O you wonder! If you be maid or no?" To which she replies, with charming simplicity: "No wonder, sir. But certainly a maid."

Some editions suggest a play on words here, "If you be made or no?" but the suggestion is quite unnecessary. "Mayd" is the reading of the folio of 1623, the earliest known edition of the play, and Ferdinand evidently uses the word in the sense of "woman" as opposed to "goddess," which he had used just before; that this is so, is clear from his expression later on: "O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth," etc.

At the first sight they have "changed eyes" and are "both in either's powers"; to avoid "too light winning" Prospero adopts the device of Joseph in Egypt, and denounces Ferdinand as a spy. "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple," pleads Miranda; but Prospero forbids her to speak for him, and at length Ferdinand is invited to draw upon Prospero, when he finds his arm rendered powerless; Miranda again intercedes for him. Prospero tells her she is the advo-

cate for an impostor, and that "to the most of men this is a Caliban, and they to him are angels." To which she prettily answers: "My affections are then most humble; I have no ambition to see a goodlier man."

Prospero proceeds to set him task work, which moves Miranda to compassion.

> "Alas, now, pray you
> Work not so hard. . . . If you'll sit down
> I'll bear your logs the while."

Ferdinand asks her name, "Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers."

> "Miranda," she replies. "O my father,
> I have broke your hest to say so!"

He tells her his condition and that it is for her sake he is "this patient logman."

"Do you love me?" she asks with delightful unself-consciousness, and presently weeps. "Wherefore weep you?" he asks.

> "At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
> What I desire to give. . . .
> . . . Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no."

They join hands, hers as she says with her heart in it, and so ends this beautful little scene.

In the last act we find Ferdinand and Miranda over a game of chess; not exactly, one would suppose, the kind of game with which a pair of lovers would occupy themselves. Probably this was so in the unknown story from which, according to his usual practice, Shakespeare may be presumed to have obtained his materials. Chess, however, as appears from Chaucer, to quote no other authority, was formerly more a pastime and less a study than modern analysis allows it to be.

The climax of the play is at hand, and all the characters are gathered together upon the stage, when Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered at this game, and it may be some consolation to persons, of what the Latin grammar ungallantly calls

"the more worthy gender," to find that Miranda by no means confines her admiration of it to the person of Ferdinand:

> "How beauteous mankind is. O brave new world
> That has such people in't,"

she exclaims. A remark, by the way, not quite complimentary to Prospero.

In "Romeo and Juliet" the part of Juliet is much more developed than that of Miranda in "The Tempest," forming, with that of Romeo, the main purpose of the play.

The earlier scenes have introduced us to Romeo in love with one Rosaline, a cold beauty, who is inaccessible to "Love's weak, childish bow," and in consequence the cause of much unhappiness to Romeo, whose companions treat him with that want of consideration usually shown to persons in his condition.

Presently Lady Capulet and the garrulous old nurse appear upon the stage. Paris, a nobleman attached to the court, has asked the hand of Juliet, and her father has objected that she is too young. Lady Capulet sends for Juliet to break the subject to her, and she and the nurse proceed to reckon up her age It appears from the nurse's account (whose memory, like Mistress Quickly's, is of the circumstantial order) that Juliet is within a few days of fourteen. Juliet, on the suggestion of marriage, protests: "It is an honor that I dream not of"; but Lady Capulet, more eager than her husband, tells Juliet that ladies of esteem in Verona, younger than she, are already married, and that she herself was Juliet's mother much about her age; and goes on to inform her of Paris' offer, to which Juliet makes a dutiful reply of indifference, and the pair are then called away to supper at the ball which the Capulets are giving.

Meanwhile Romeo and Benvolio have accidentally been informed of the Capulet's ball, and they and Mercutio determine to go thither. It is noticeable, in relation to what follows, that Romeo on entering the Capulet's house has a presage of impending misfortune; this seems in strange contrast with the exhilaration he experiences at Mantua just before hearing of Juliet's death. Both moods are true to nature, but it is commonly by the light of afterwards that we see them.

Romeo's first sight of Juliet is finely conceived:

> "What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
> Of yonder knight? . . .
> O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!"

He addresses Juliet, and a pretty little play of words ensues, when Juliet is called away by the nurse and Romeo presently learns who she is. Juliet also, as the company are leaving, enquires who it is with whom she has been conversing, and finds to her dismay that it is Romeo and a Montague:

"My only love sprung from my only hate."

Romeo has left the ball, but he cannot tear himself away from the spot; he ventures into the Capulet's orchard, where he overhears Juliet's soliloquy, the simple charm of which is heightened, if possible, by contrast with Mercutio's lively but somewhat elaborated wit. Romeo discovers himself and the dialogue ensues which ends in the exchange of the lovers' vows. Familiar as this scene is, it can scarcely be recalled without the discovery of fresh beauties; whether it is Juliet's philosophical conceit on the subject of names, so prettily turned at the end,

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
. . . Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself."

or her alarm at being discovered:

"What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?"

or her recognition of him:

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound."

or her apprehension on his account:

"How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art.
. . . . . .
I would not for the world they saw thee here."

or the mingled modesty and warmth of her avowal:

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.
. . . . . .
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke."

And then, almost in the very words to be afterwards put in the mouth of Miranda:

> "But farewell compliment!
> Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
> And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
> Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
> They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
> If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
> Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
> I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
> So thou wilt woo; . . .
> But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
> Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
> I should have been more strange, I must confess,
> But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
> My true love's passion."

or her alarm at Romeo's adjurations, which finds further expression in the pathetic passage at the close:

> "O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.
> . . . Do not swear at all,
> Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
> Which is the god of my idolatry,
> And I'll believe thee."

or her vague apprehension like that which had affected Romeo before:

> "I have no joy of this contract to-night;
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say 'it lightens.'"

or her frank reply to Romeo's entreaty for the exchange of her "love's vow" for his:

> "I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
> And yet I would it were to give again."

or her self-dedication:

> "If that thy bent of love be honorable
> . . . . . .
> All my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
> And follow thee my lord throughout the world."

or, which is perhaps the finest strain of all, her touching appeal already referred to:

"But if thou mean'st not well
I do beseech thee—
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief."

Throughout, the thought and the expression are alike exquisite.

Here she is interrupted, and the tension of the spectator is afterwards relieved by a playful passage. With this scene, scarcely longer than that we have been considering in "The Tempest," the story, so far as the present paper is concerned, comes to an end. The lovers meet at Friar Laurence's cell and are there married. The play itself is scarcely more than begun; the untimely death of the brilliant Mercutio by the hand of Tybalt; Tybalt's in turn by that of Romeo; Romeo's banishment; Juliet's heroism; the hapless fate of the lovers; are all to follow.

If "The Tempest," with its atmosphere of calm dignity, is interesting as the last of the comedies—perhaps Shakespeare's last play,

"Now my charms are all o'erthrown,"

"Romeo and Juliet" is not less interesting as his first tragedy, in which, interspersed with passages recalling the quibbling and artificial wit of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labor Lost," we see the earliest indications of that tremendous power which was to culminate in "Lear" and "Othello."

Though a year older than Juliet, Miranda, as is natural from the circumstances of her early life, is the simpler and less self-conscious; but such difference as there is in this respect, is due to their education and surroundings rather than to nature; Juliet's position as the daughter of one of the principal houses in Verona, would necessarily bring her into contact with the world. While Miranda is not less true, Juliet is certainly more ardent. If Juliet seems cast in a more heroic mould, we are sure that Miranda's single-hearted faith will never fail. It is impossible to say which is the more charming; happily we are not called upon to decide; but we may admire both, and the magician's art to whom we are indebted for them.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

(Concluded.)

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,
Head of U. S. Consular Service.

ACCORDING to the promise made in the March number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I offer herewith a final article on the industrial, industrial art, commercial, and technical education of the German Empire. In the first article of this series I called attention to the danger of taking the Mosely Commission's promise too seriously. When I penned that article I had no idea of finding so able and efficient an officer as Consul-General Mason, now at Berlin, but soon to serve at Paris, confirming my views by facts furnished by a commission of German experts who had been silently and carefully taking notes among us when the Mosely Commission was going up and down the land. Mr. Mason's report deals with the facts furnished by the German experts, as all consular reports should deal with facts furnished in a purely objective manner. Like all good reports it is as valuable for what it suggests as for what it says. It has in it so much that is worthy of consideration that I quote it in full. It is as follows:

The throng of German engineers, mechanics, scientists, educators, merchants, and manufacturers who went to America during the past summer, not only to see the Louisiana Purchase Exposition but to travel over the United States and examine with expert intelligence the details of American railway management, and our agricultural and industrial methods, are now returning and relating to their neighbors and colleagues what they have seen. One can hardly take up a German newspaper without finding a more or less extended report of what some one of these clever observers had found and learned in the United States, and has related to his verein or local chamber of commerce, with his comments and conclusions as to what it all means to Germany. It has been no mere pleas-

ure trip to these thoughtful gentlemen, but an earnest, serious effort to learn everything possible of the real productive and commercial strength of our country, and what Germany will have to meet and compete with in the future struggle for a growing share in the world's trade.

It is quite worthy of note that the general tone of these reports is distinctly reassuring to the hearers before whom they have been delivered. While admitting freely the boundless resources of our country, the energy, industry, and unsurpassed mechanical skill of the people, the superiority of our factory system, the speed and cheapness of rail transportation, and the restless, progressive spirit which is always looking for a new and better machine or method than the one already in use, the German experts find, or think they have found, defects in many parts of the American system, which unless reformed will continue to weaken our country's grasp upon international trade, and promote the interests of competing nations. Without necessarily concurring in these criticisms, it may be of timely interest to hear and consider briefly what they are.

It has been noticed that there is on the part of our people a general feeling of complacent satisfaction with everything American, a secure conviction that whatever is done or produced by them is the best, and that they have only to keep on as they have begun to have the future securely in their hands. A pervading ignorance and indifference exist, say these critics, about everything outside the United States that, from the German standpoint, will be, unless corrected, a serious handicap in our quest for foreign trade. The careless confidence with which agents and salesmen are sent abroad, with no special preparation and with no knowledge of any language but their own, to do business in countries where only a trifling percentage of the population understands English, strikes these careful, methodical European experts as amazing. The meagreness of technical education, the trifling annual contingent of chemists, engineers, educated dyers, weavers, and electricians, as compared with the throng of lawyers, physicians, dentists, and unspecialized graduates turned out by our colleges and universities, seems to them shortsighted and improvident. The high standing and excellence of a half dozen great technical schools in the United States are frankly con-

ceded; but what are these in a country of eighty millions of people in which practically every student is destined for an active and useful life?

But the absence of any adequate system of special education for commerce, banking, and foreign trade appeared most surprising of all to the German visitors. They consider our so-called commercial colleges, where young men with a district or grammar school education are rushed through a three-months' course of bookkeeping and commercial usages, as little better than a farce. One of the visitors, a stadtrath and professor of commercial ethics, talked with some of the students of such an institution in one of the Eastern cities, and was surprised at their limited and superficial knowledge, their ignorance of languages, and of nearly everything else outside the United States, and their cheerful confidence that their ten weeks at the "college" would equip them for success anywhere. Reduced to simplest terms, these investigators generally conclude that the reliance on a general and more or less superficial education, together with natural adaptability, to fit young men for almost every walk in life, and the lack of specialized study in physical science, modern languages, and the industrial arts, will, if persisted in, neutralize much of the advantage which our country enjoys, through natural resources and advantageous geographical position, for the South American, Mexican, and Asiatic trade. They note also the enormous disparity between American and European wages, the high rates charged by express companies, and the general heavy cost of handling business in the United States, and conclude that on the whole the "American danger" has been greatly exaggerated, and that a steadfast adherence by Germany to the educational system and commercial methods now in practice will leave the Fatherland little to fear in future competition with American manufactured goods.

In just what degree these observations are correct, and the resultant conclusions logical and justified, it is not the purpose of this report to inquire. Inevitably, the observations which have been here roughly summarized were made from the German standpoint by men who might naturally overlook or misunderstand much that did not conform to their theories and traditions. But the fact that such conclusions have been declared by trained observers, after several months of close ob-

servation, may well suggest the reflection whether some points in their criticism should not be taken into account.

Certainly it should not continue to be truly said of our people that their most dangerous weakness is over-confidence, an undue reliance in their own skill, and the innate superiority of everything American, and their consequent unwillingness to adapt their goods to the wants of foreign consumers, or make the systematic effort, which other nations have found necessary, to build up and maintain a prosperous export trade. That this danger really exists does not rest upon the testimony of the German visitors alone.

An eminent English technician who recently visited the United States was impressed with the lack of scientific knowledge on the part of foremen and high-class operatives and the indifference on the part of their employers to the latest and highest improvements in machinery. The latter portion of this criticism is confirmed by various Americans who are engaged in supplying new labor-saving machines to Great Britain and Germany, and who find that progressive foreign firms in the metal industries are more enterprising than their American rivals in adopting up-to-date labor-saving equipments of American origin. Germany and Great Britain afford especially good markets for American machinery of the best types. Not only this, but the labor conditions abroad seem to favor the use of such perfected machinery. This opens up the latest and most important fact in the whole situation, which is that the conditions of labor, especially in the metal industries, are rapidly changing—have, indeed, changed in England and Germany since the great machinists' strike in Great Britain and since the Germans have learned that it is against America, not Europe, that their industrial strength must in future be measured.

An incident which illustrates this is related by a leading American manufacturer of machine tools, and has been published on both sides of the Atlantic. The manager of a large machine shop in Berlin was about to order a new machine tool, and sent to an American factory sample pieces to be worked by it in order to ascertain precisely the time that would be saved and how well the work would be performed. The pieces were worked out and returned, with a report of

the time occupied by each operation. Among others, a piece had been roughed out to the required size by an engine lathe in seven minutes. Shortly after the American manufacturer visited the Berlin shop, and was shown the written tag affixed to the piece and was told that it was absurd—that the lathe work would require at least an hour. He then offered to demonstrate that it could be done in seven minutes, the engine lathe having meanwhile arrived and having been set up ready for work. But the German foreman said: "No, that was unnecessary; if the Americans can do it in seven minutes, we can." Two days later the foreman reported that under his supervision the lathe had done the work in five minutes.

The story is pertinent only as a proof and illustration of how German shops are being supplied with the very latest and most highly perfected machinery, and how German workmen have been taught to take the American rate of production as the standard and to work up to or even beyond it. Realizing that the future prosperity of German manufacturers will depend, as now, largely on their export trade, and consequently their ability to compete with those of America, German workmen of the better class have come to the conclusion that their best interest is to be as efficient and productive as possible. There is a new and pervading ambition to beat the foreigner wherever possible at his own game and with his own tools. When it is remembered that this highly educated, efficient, and ambitious labor costs the employer only from one-third to one-half the wages that are paid in the United States, and that it is comparatively tractable and easily managed, it will be seen that a situation is being developed here which our countrymen will do well to take into account.

In no other country is banking capital so largely, so skilfully, and so effectively used to develop and sustain manufacturing industries, and to market their products in foreign countries as in Germany. A large, enterprising, and steadily growing merchant marine carries the products of German industry to every part of the inhabited globe. The united influences of the Government, the powerful sale and trade syndicates, and the capitalists who found banks and finance railways in new countries, are all intelligently and systematically exerted to give Germany a front place in the list of exporting nations.

As Germany has been clever and enterprising in adopting and making the best use of improved methods and machinery from abroad, so the nations which, like our own, must meet this competition in the world's markets, will find it needful to imitate her methods in much that relates to thoroughness in specialized education, in the art of adapting and selling goods to alien peoples, and to high service in everything that pertains to the development and maintenance of foreign trade.

If banking capital is thus largely, skilfully, and effectively used to develop and sustain manufacturing interests, it is because German boys in Berlin, Bremen, Cologne and Chemnitz, Frankfort and Frankenthal, are carefully trained in finance. If the conditions of the Empire are such as the London *Times* correspondent has painted, and such as Mr. Mason points out, they are so because the schoolmaster has literally been abroad. He has ransacked the world for its facts. These he is furnishing to a people as eager for facts as are the Japanese. In all this there is an evident lesson for us. If we pass it by, building as in the past on our rich resources in raw materials, we will be but the gatherers of material wealth, wanting in much that makes for what is best in life. The greed—grasping greed—that measures everything by a dollar and cent standard is unworthy of a people whose past was full of high purposes and lofty ideals.

Although a little out of the exact line with the foregoing, I am going to add a word here about the buildings in which the school work of the Empire is done. Nowhere in the world are the artistic and the useful combined as they are in the public buildings of Europe, particularly in Berlin, Dresden, and the leading cities of the German Empire. Licenses to build are regulated not only by law but by esthetics. Wealth is not allowed to do as it pleases. Taste is seldom very seriously offended. Happily nothing but fairly harmonious results is to be recorded in all the large cities. Schools, churches, court houses, etc., etc., all public buildings, are expected to serve a higher purpose than a mere utilitarian one. They educate. They are public monuments. They stand for the State. If national, the majesty of the nation must appear in wide, high porticoes. If built by a city, as city buildings

they are made to suggest the character of the city. The city buildings of Hildesheim, Hameln, Brunswick, Nuremberg, even Frankfort, Dresden, and Berlin, have something about them that is suggestive of the genius of the city by which they were built. All efforts to get the Empire to give up its written and unwritten laws, those based upon all that is best in architecture, in favor of the sky-scraping buildings of this country, have thus far been vain. What Berlin will do in the years to come can be, of course, only a matter of conjecture, but it is hardly possible that a people who have put up such technical high schools as the one at Charlottenburg and the one at Stuttgart will ever favor the grotesque creations such as are oftentimes seen here in our own country. If high buildings are ever constructed in Berlin, or in other large cities of Germany, they will hardly prove as ugly as some of the huge structures in our large cities. The past is the best guarantee of the future. Populous cities that have dedicated vast tracts in their centres to parks and public buildings, like the great opera houses, theatres, schools, churches, and stations, such as Cologne, Frankfort, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin, are hardly liable to "fall down" when they come to the problem of ten, twelve, or fifteen story buildings.

JUNE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

An instant fragrance, as of roses in the air,
A light touch on my shoulder, and I turned to see
The June among her flowers. A radiant, gracious form
She stood serene and fair; and from the very crown
Of the small, queenly head down to the bare, white feet
Were roses. Roses 'mid the dusky, rippling hair,
And roses gleaming from the misty vestment's fold.
Their hue was on her cheek and at her finger-tips,
And on her curvèd, sweet, and smiling lips their dew.
She raised her hand in beck'ning, and with the full gaze
Of those most tender, wistful, lovely eyes on mine,
How could I choose but follow her! So went we forth
Across the wide green meadows starred with butter-cups,
And where her light tread touched the grasses sprang new blooms.
The sleepy oxen slowly gazed at us, then plunged
In neighboring pools and, with the water rolling off
Their heaving sides, stood with full measure of content.
And on we went by each small drowsing hamlet, white
Beneath the sun. And on to hear the tinkling bell
From distant mountain-side, where careless shepherd sang
While watching. Then we passed a flowing rivulet
In whose transparent ripples leaped the shining fish,
And silvery pebbles sparkled from the crystal depths.
This led us to the coast where waves crept up the sands,
While out upon the waters rocked the white-sailed boats,
And clouds high up in air were mirrored floating by.

And always that fair form before me gleamed along
The way; and not the sky o'erhead was bluer than
Her eyes; and ever shone she through a golden mist
Which seemed to lie on earth and sea and sky and her.
Our steps retracing through umbrageous woods we went,
The friendly breezes whispering of us overhead
To the proud trees, which bent and fanned our glowing cheeks
With leafy branches and fantastic wav'ring shade
Upon our pathway threw. And now, methought, my guide
Seemed lingering close at hand, and I, perchance, might clasp
And hold her evermore for mine. But sudden out
She passed into an open space where in the wind
There rustled corn. And it was noon-tide, and the change
From shade to dazzling sun struck swift mine eyes
To blind confusion; and when I could look once more—
Alas! I was alone. The peerless June was gone!

THE EXTRICATION OF PATRICIA.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

"I COULD never be a nun," cried Patricia, with an air of audacious decision, as she proceeded to permeate the Bishop's book-belittered study. Her immense gray muff was deposited on the desk, where it totally eclipsed a stack of statistics on divorce.

"I could never be a nun," she repeated; "no community would keep me. They'd vote me out even before they felt the need of praying for light; besides, everybody seems to think I ought to get married."

"Everybody?" interrogated the Bishop, the humorous lines around his keen eyes skirmishing with the austere angles about his mouth.

"Oh, that was simply secular exaggeration—not at all according to Rodriguez," she answered roguishly.

"I didn't know your were an authority on 'Christian Perfection'"; then, with premeditated irrelevance, he added: "I suppose you think that great and gorgeous get up of yours is —is—most attractive."

Patricia frequently had qualms regarding her rashness as to raiment, which qualms she was wont to put to rout by precipitate extravagance with her orphans, incurables, and other pauper people. She felt that this was one way out of remorse, if not the most courageous.

She loosened her silver fox stole and adjusted a rebellious feather as she seated herself on an ecclesiastical looking chair.

"Of course I know my Paris gown is becoming—that's not vanity, but merely an appreciation of truth—"

"And beauty," broke in the Bishop.

"You are either a flatterer or a teaze—both are equally criminal. Plainly, you are not a proper person to advise me—and then love affairs are such a bore at best."

"Bishops must expect to be bored," remarked Patricia's uncle with delectable resignation.

"I feel somehow or other that you don't approve of me. Why don't you tell me so?"

"I'm averse to making superfluous statements," replied the Bishop smiling.

"So your disapproval goes without saying? Well, just unravel your reasons please—I wish to know the worst—you must admonish the sinner"; and Patricia forsook her seat and appropriated a diminutive stool.

"What a very imperious young person I have for a relative! She reverences neither age nor episcopal power."

"Forty-five is not very old for a bishop."

"I succeeded in securing it early," he suggested.

"You religious people are so secretive—you hear so many things you can't tell, that you forget to gossip at all. Perhaps you are not aware that I know how you tried to beg off the bishopric. If you had been only a shade more mediæval you would have hidden yourself in the desert, like that blessed man of old when they were bent on giving him a mitre. That you are a saint is an occasion of sin to me—I yield to feelings of pride every time I think of it. It's so unique to have one in the family."

"The Recording Angel will have much to do keeping account of your idle words, Patricia."

"That's uncharitable. I've come all the way here for counsel, and I am sure it's not my fault if I've been put off."

"Patricia calls for counsel?—incredible!"

"You're frivolous—"

"It's infectious—"

"So that is your diagnosis, my Lord Bishop—no more subtleties or subterfuges—you fancy I'm frivolous—because—because—you think I encourage people—people in particular, men, I mean—some men—" Patricia paused ruefully. "I am afraid you don't see my side of it."

"In other words, I am an old bigot of a bishop," he said benignly.

"Now let me elucidate," put in Patricia; "if it is my vocation to marry, I ought to marry; that is transparent enough. The opaque problem is the man. He would have to be ready for canonization to bear with me. Who is he? Where is he? That's the question! In the meanwhile, I am experimenting—I have a series of possibilities on hand. Usually one has to

have more than a bowing acquaintance with a man before one knows whether he is one's fate or not."

"Your consideration of that poor agnostic fellow is a part of the prospectus—I see"; and the Bishop nodded comprehendingly as he closely scanned as much of Patricia's profile as was visible.

"I am hoping he will emerge from the fogs and the bogs —at least before death. I know you're rather sceptical about such conversions, but I say the rosary for him every night." There was a suspicious nonchalance in her voice.

"Are you in love with the young man, Patricia?"

"What is love?" she asked airily. "You wouldn't have me marry a non-Catholic?"

"Why do you allow him to pay you attention in this way? He has been haunting you for two years."

"Three," volunteered Patricia, "I think he belongs to the soul of the Church—agnostics do, sometimes, don't they?"

"Why don't you like Dr. Sullivan?" demanded the Bishop abruptly.

"I do like Dr. Sullivan."

"Why don't you marry Dr. Sullivan? He would make such a splendid husband—he has offered himself, I am sure."

"Yes, five and a half times—no, five and three-quarters," calculated Patricia on the tips of her gray-gloved fingers. Dr. Sullivan is pokey—he's pious because he is pokey, not pokey because he is pious—of the two afflictions I'd choose the latter. Martyrdom through marriage is too undramatic. I prefer Indians and tomahawks, or amphitheatres and lions and tigers—anything but Dr. Sullivan, dear man!"

"I wish he would propose to some one else," said the Bishop with pastoral practicality.

"I have been generous enough to recommend even that to him. His proposing to me has become a habit. He is a slave to good habits. If he only had one or two bad ones he might be more bearable."

"I hear that Dick Carrington calls twice a week—what does that mean?"

"Who told you?"

"It's a bishop's debilitating duty to keep an eye on his ward."

"Oh, don't bother about Dicky, he isn't at all dangerous.

Sometimes we have most edifying interviews—it was only the other evening he spoke of entering the priesthood."

"Merely as an alternative, I surmise," chuckled the Bishop. The combination of Dicky and Holy Orders capped the incongruous.

"He did accuse me of being obdurate," Patricia admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps you haven't heard of Mr. Maddox," she went on, "he is a brand new admirer, a rampant reformer, a political economist—now, wouldn't it be the height of complacency for me to assume that he will tumble in love with me? There have been only cloudbursts of theories as yet. Do you think I ought to be icily rigid and unsympathetic when he unfolds his schemes for making over the masses? You wouldn't have me that unkind! The whole world has the rickets, and he is going to set it to rights. If he labors under the delusion that I can assist him—what is one delusion more or less?"

"O Patricia, Patricia," sighed the Bishop, "what does that curious little conscience of yours say to all this?"

"It's a nasty, nagging little conscience," moaned Patricia petulantly. "It says—it says—that I care too much for the agnostic!" and a dark red pompadour was recklessly rumpled against the purple sleeve of a soutane.

"My dear, dear child—" the Bishop whispered, as he caressed the crown of a picture hat—the episcopal ring flashed amid sundry dove-colored plumes. "My dear, dear child—this is what I feared. I told you to send him away."

"I did," faltered Patricia. "He stayed for three weeks, and then he said he would never play hermit again—"

"Has he ever been baptized?"

"When he was a wee bit of a baby in the Episcopal Church. At nineteen, he went to —— College, and now he doubts everything in and out of the world."

"Episcopalians are not very 'long' on logic, and that college is rather 'short' on religion. Perhaps he isn't quite certain whether he exists or not?"

"It's almost as bad as that," Patricia acknowledged forlornly.

"At times he must question his love for you?"

"I fear he does—I know he does," she dolefully granted.

"Yet he wishes to marry you?"

"O yes; yes!"

"And this Inconsistency's ideals of marriage—what of them, Patricia?"

"They are high, but I am afraid they are the flimsy, intermittent sort—" There were tears in this opinion. She felt herself the leader of a losing cause.

"You do not trust him?" the Bishop interposed.

"I cannot—I cannot," she cried. "A temperament like his, without a fixed faith, is too—too paradoxical to count on. Oh, do not blame him! The difficulty lies so deep—it's the very underpinning of his character. How can a man upbuild his being on quicksand? Who can be spiritual, or even moral, with only a debatable decalogue in the background? Honor, of course, keeps men from doing a lot of things, but honor and ethics are not synonymous terms. I know there are people who are naturally virtuous, and there are others whose cast-iron conventions and prejudices stand them in good stead; but when one is unconventional and unprejudiced, with a strong inclination to overturn rock bottom principles—there's the rub. Without the dogma of infallibility, I tell you, I'd be floating nebulæ."

"We should indeed pity those outside the fold of our Lord Jesus Christ," said the Bishop with mystic tenderness. After a moment or two he asked: "What does your Aunt Katherine think of it?"

"Aunt Katherine is a house divided against itself—she considers the agnostic rather a good match, mundanely speaking. He will probably make his mark on earth if he misses it in heaven. He is already quite a power in politics, and the President has promised him a big promotion—but Aunt Katherine does not believe in mixed marriages. She and Uncle Tom never did move on the same plane, and when it came to educating the boys there was always more or less of a well-bred rumpus—"

"When does your Aunt Katherine sail for Rome?" interrupted the bishop.

"Next month, she will be abroad for a whole year!" Patricia accented this last word into a geological æon.

"Why not go with her?" the Bishop proposed with a dubious assumption of cheer.

"And leave—leave—all—everybody?" Patricia protested.

"Yes; leave me and the agnostic."

"Oh, ought I to go?" A pair of brimming eyes seemed to seek the Bishop's very soul in tragic confidence.

"I think it is wise for you to make the sacrifice. You feel this yourself. Surely the old Church knows what is best for her children."

Patricia paced up and down the bare floor of the study. "I suppose I can weather it," she said at last, with a traitorous tremor in her voice. "Hearts do not break. I feel that it is for the best—I know it is for the best, and yet I thought perhaps—yes; I will go abroad—I will give him up—I will not even write to him—I promise you that; but I can't help hoping on, just the same, for a St. Paul miracle."

"We can net the Atlantic with novenas if you wish, Patrica."

But Patricia had vanished. The Bishop leaned on his desk.

"A game little girl," he murmured, "a game little girl!"

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOOD EARL.

WHEN John Adolphus Patrick Fitzmorris Fitzgarret Chute, Earl of Shandon, died at the early age of thirty three, leaving only a baby girl to succeed to all the honors and emoluments, there was great grief among his tenants and dependants.

He had been a quiet, scholarly, large-hearted man, with a great sense of his responsibilities towards those whom Almighty God had, as he considered it, entrusted to his care. He was the father of his people, and while he lived they felt his fatherly hand extended over them in a beneficent protection.

In politics he had been a Conservative of Conservatives. He had no sympathy at all with the new ideas which would make Hodge as good as his master. To his mind God had made the classes to rule and the masses to be ruled. If the classes did not rule with wisdom and love, then they betrayed their trust shamefully. But that the people should ever rule in the place of the aristocrats was to him something incredible, almost wicked. He was absolutely out of sympathy with all republican institutions, but he judged his own class by an inflexible standard. If the gentry had done their duty, he would say, republican institutions would never have arisen. No heated orator on the popular side could have condemned the bad landlord, the absentee landlord, more finally than the Earl of Shandon, although, to be sure, the Earl's verdict would have been spoken with moderation, in fine, classical, scholarly phrases, that said the last word of judgment and condemnation.

For the rest he had had an exquisite young wife, a creature so beautiful that people talked of her in hyperbole, recalling the Gunnings and other famous beauties. The marriage had been a romantic one. She had been one of half-a-dozen sisters

as beautiful or nearly so. In her first season she might have married any one, from a Prince of the Blood down to the richest commoner in England.

She had dawned on Lord Shandon's amazed eyes like a new planet when he had met her at dinner at his aunt, Lady Fyfield's, in Berkeley Square. He was in London to attend the sale of a famous library. Wild horses would not have dragged him into the vortex of its gaiety.

Up to this time he had been oddly untouched by women. He had found the Muses sufficient to his mind. Now he looked at this airy, exquisite, laughing creature, with the mystery unawakened in her violet eyes, and adored her.

Lady Fyfield was a dull, elderly lady of pronounced Evangelical views. The company at her dinner-table was generally of the dullest. If the beauty of the season found herself there, it was because of the amiability which distinguisned her among her sisters. To be sure she was "going on"; she was "going on," from one fine house to another, till the June morning should be golden over London. She was like Aurora herself, in her gown of white chiffon faintly shot through with rose.

Nobody at the dinner-table knew what was happening, none of the colonial bishops, the serious evangelical noblemen and gentlemen, with their ladies in gowns of obtrusive dowdiness. It was the most unlikely place for that rose of love to flower full-grown. But so it was. Soul had leaped to soul, heart to heart, across the early Victorian decorations of Lady Fyfield's dinner-table, in an atmosphere of solid English cookery, for Lady Fyfield would have suspected the Scarlet Woman in a French *chef*.

The wooing had occupied about three weeks. When it was sprung upon Lord Dunlaverock, Lady Cynthia Hazelrigge's father, from whom she inherited her amiability, he had flung out his hands in consternation.

"My dear fellow!" he had said. "You amaze me."

To his intimates Lord Dunlaverock had remarked that Cynthia would never stand Shandon. She was as eager for sunshine as a butterfly. The excellent fellow would bore her to the point of death or of . . . Lord Dunlaverock never concluded the sentence, but shrugged his shoulders. There were alternatives one would not suggest in the case of one's own girls. To think of Mount Shandon, in the wildest, loneli-

est, most desolate part of the County Kerry! Poor Cynthia! Lord Dunlaverock had never denied his daughters any of the gaieties their souls craved. He had gone about in the midst of them, a fair, bland, handsome middle-aged man, adored by his lovely girls, and treated by them with an easy *camaraderie*, which was as delightful as it was unconventional. Poor Cynthia! It would never do.

Cynthia thought it would do, was quite certain it would do, insisted, indeed, on marrying Lord Shandon before the end of the season, with a will of her own and an air of knowing her own mind which rather bewildered her father.

The marriage had turned out an idyll. It lasted less than half-a-dozen years. Lady Shandon had filled Mount Shandon with what gay company she would during those years. It would have been quite foreign to her husband's nature to have interfered with her tastes in that way; the vulgarity of distrust or jealousy would have been impossible to his fine, simple, distinguished nature. So long as he might follow his own way, might make flying visits to Dublin and London and Paris, where he haunted second-hand book-shops and auction-rooms, might devote himself for several hours a day to his library and to his great history of the County of Kerry which he had been engaged on for some years, he was satisfied that Cynthia should have the gaieties which were natural to her youth and beauty.

Those who thought that Lord Shandon was dull or indifferent, where his wife's doings were concerned, were as much mistaken as those who thought Lady Cynthia a flirt, dissatisfied with her prematurely middle-aged husband and his dull ways.

They would have been amazed if they had seen Lord Shandon on those rare occasions when he drew a pen through some name in his wife's visiting-list. All the lovely sisters were married by this time, and they lived in a more tolerant world than Lord Shandon's. The gossips would have been still more amazed if they could have seen Lady Shandon with an arm around her lord's neck, herself perched on the arm of his chair like a particularly bright humming-bird, her lovely lips smiling contentedly while the excision was made.

Her ladyship flirted to be sure, and her lord knew it and smiled at it. It was flirtation that never outran what was dignified and becoming. For the life of her Lady Shandon could not

resist the desire to make herself pleasant, and she had troops of lovers, not one of whom but was the better for adoring the exquisite woman.

There were some who said that Lord Shandon's heart was in his books, in his collection of Waterford glass, and engravings and old furniture. But they were wrong there; his heart was in his wife, and it received a fatal shock when she was brought home one day dying from the effects of a carriage accident.

Her lovely face was uninjured. All the surgeons in all the capitals of Europe could not give life to her.

"Never mind, Jack," she said, stroking his cheek, after her sentence of death had been spoken. "I've had a lovely time and you've been so good to me. It wasn't in me to live to be old and ugly. And it must be 'au revoir,' my dearest."

At the time of her mother's death little Lady Anne was three years old. She was seven when her father died.

For those four years she was his constant companion. The blow that menaced and finally ended his life had left little outward trace. He had always been, as he called it to himself, a dull fellow. He was not duller than of old; indeed to the discriminating he had gained a certain subtle radiance of aspect, as of one who always lifts his face heavenward and receives the benediction of the skies. That "au revoir" was with him constantly.

He was not too eager to follow Cynthia. He wanted to stay long enough to set Anne's little feet on the road they must take. He had finished the *County History* by this time, and he had an idea that it was not worth while to begin anything else. He had to train Anne to the duties of her station.

While he read or wrote she played sedately with her toys in an oriel of the library. Her taste was for boys' toys, for engines and steamboats, drums and guns.

She could ride like a Centaur from the time she was four years old. She was always with her father when he went to see his tenants, cantering along beside him on her wild little mountain pony, her own wild, black curls falling down over her scarlet habit like the mane of the pony.

Her father would lift her down and bring her into the farmhouses. She would listen, with a bright-eyed intelligence

which delighted him, to the conversation between him and the farmers. Presently they would go out over the land to see a field which required draining or a bit of reclamation from the bog which meant a ten-pound note off the rent. Lord Shandon would get down and feel the sides of the little cattle with a grave interest which gave no suggestion of his frail tenure of earth. He would talk of the rotation of crops and the newest implements of husbandry, suiting his talk, it seemed, to childish ears, so simple were the words he used, so lucid his explanations.

Everywhere little Lady Anne went with him. Sometimes a house mother would suggest, if the day was raw, or the rain coming down from the hills, that the little lady should keep within doors and await his Lordship's return.

"Will you stay, Anne?" Lord Shandon would say, smiling at her.

But Anne would not stay. She would be with her father, evincing a precocious interest in the affairs of the farmers which used to make the people smile and lift their hands.

"Sure, glory be to God," they would say, "if she wasn't a girl 'tis the young landlord we'd be calling her."

The father talked to her about unchildish things as they rode home together.

"Remember, Anne," he would say, "the people belong to you and they are not to suffer. It would be better that we should suffer ourselves than that the people should suffer."

And Anne would listen to him with intelligent, violet eyes. The eyes were the one beauty she inherited from her lovely mother—the violet eyes, and the long, curling lashes. For the rest she was dark and irregularly featured, but with a beautiful softness, which made up in many people's minds for her lack of regular beauty. But that was later. The tenants thought her ugly and compared her, to her disadvantage, with her mother. Their ideal of childish beauty was to be fair and plump and golden-haired.

Some of them noticed in time that his Lordship had a cough and a dark flush, and that he was not so active as formerly, but took many opportunities of sitting down now, as though he were tired. He gave up hunting, too, and he no longer pretended to race Anne and her pony along the excellent roads. The tenants had gloomy premonitions.

"Sure, any change 'ud be for the worse," they said, "an' there's no depindin' on a girsha. 'Tis as like as not she'd be after marryin' them that 'ud take no thought of us. 'Tis a pity his Lordship wouldn't be livin' forever."

His Lordship did all he could to postpone his going. He consulted doctors in vain. He even went to Bad-Nauheim and took the cure, although absence from home was now more than ever distasteful to him. But all the same he set his house in order, arranging for a minority which was to be a long one, and appointing guardians for little Lady Anne, who might be counted on at least not to bend the tender plant in an opposite direction from that he would have wished it to take.

He was a rich man for an Irish peer, with many investments as well as the ownership of the great stretch of country which included certain mountains and lakes of perfect beauty. The mountains and lakes brought him little revenue and another man than Lord Shandon might have under-estimated their value to the estate; but not so the Earl of Shandon. He was proud to hold so much beauty in fee, and he dealt with it generously, so that all the world might come and be refreshed at its fountains; and he bore with equanimity the occasional clownishness with which his generosity was rewarded. Beyond that there were great stretches of bogland and the arable land was not large in proportion. Indeed the farmers could hardly have lived under a harsh landlord. No wonder the tenants said, sorrowfully to themselves, that any change must be for the worse.

Before the end came, the Earl grew more persistent in inculcating on his little daughter her duty to the flesh and blood over whose happiness and misery she had so much power.

"I have written it all down for you, Anne, to read when you are older," he said. "God has given us great responsibilities. If we do not use them rightly, it would be better for us if we had not been born. Remember, Anne."

Anne promised to remember, clinging closely to her father as though she saw something she dreaded.

Then one day the blinds were down all over Mount Shandon as they had not been since the beautiful Countess had died. There was lamentation up and down the countryside, because the good landlord, the kind friend, the father of his

people, had been gathered to his fathers. Little Lady Anne had stolen away from her nursery, where she was a close prisoner, while her nurse slept, and had been found on her knees by the dead man, kissing his hand and crying out, through the dreadful, unchildlike paroxysms of her grief, that she would remember.

After that one of her guardians, Colonel Leonard, took her away with him much against her will, and rode home with her to his wife. She had fought like a little wild-cat against being taken away, but had finally yielded because papa would have wished it.

"Here, Nell," he said, walking into the big, faded drawing-room at the Chase, where only other people's children came to delight the childless lovers of children. "Here is something for you to comfort." Lady Anne had fallen fast asleep, worn out with her vigils and her sorrows.

When she awoke Mrs. Leonard's kind, sorrowful face was leaning over her. She remembered with a long, shuddering sigh, and then turned to the comfortable breast and burst into tears.

"Thank God," said the Colonel, coming in. "I knew if any one could do it you would, Nell. Egad, she frightened us."

In the days that followed after John Adolphus Patrick Fitzmorris Fitzgarret Chute had been laid with his fathers, his little daughter used to sit silent, with a puckered brow, in the midst of the happy children whose presence was supposed to comfort and distract her—the children of Mr. Osborne, the Rector, who had a quiverful, their innumerable cousins, and various others.

Once Mrs. Leonard rescued her from a game of nuts in May, during which the gloom of her small face was worse than tears.

"What were you thinking of, lambkin?" the kind woman asked.

Little Lady Anne put her hand to her forehead with a bewildered air.

"They were making so much noise," she said, "and all the time I was trying to remember as papa told me to."

CHAPTER II.

COMING OF AGE.

In time little Lady Anne emerged from those glooms and shadows, as was natural, seeing the splendid health that fell to her share. She did not forget her father, as another child might, but after the first grief and despair her nature put out tentacles to suck up the joy there was in the world, a beautiful world where no one could go on being unhappy.

As time passed she was the despair of nurses and nursery-governesses and governesses. She had developed, as might have been expected, into a tomboy. She was always with the Rectory boys; and the anxiety suffered on her account by Mrs. Osborne, the delicate mother of robust children, was something harrowing.

"I've almost given up expecting my own to be drowned or smashed up every time they are out of my sight," she said. "But how could I forgive myself or them if anything were to happen to Anne? Do look at the boat, Reginald! She is in it now with Rex and Arthur. Doesn't it look like the boat of the Flying Dutchman. Such a day for a girl to be out!"

The rectory windows looked on an inlet of the sea, across a lawn which grew sea-pinks and bents, and sea-holly instead of the orthodox grass.

It was a wild, wet day, with the rain driving in sheets off the mountains. The boat passed across the little bay and out of sight, with one wet sail filling before the wind. Seen through the driving rain it had, indeed, a spectral look.

"I do hope they are coming in," Mrs. Osborne said dolefully. "They've been out since lunch time. I think you ought really to stop it, Reginald. She'll get her death from a chill one of these days, and I dread those sailing boats, seeing all the squalls that come down from the mountains."

"I have great confidence in the boys' seamanship," her husband replied. "You see, they're quite accustomed to a boat. And she won't take a chill. If they've been out since lunch I'd have something substantial for tea. They'll come in with the appetites of hunters."

He had hardly spoken, indeed, when the young voices were heard outside, and Lady Anne came in with the boys, having

taken off the pea-jacket which they had lent her. The spray was on her lashes and her black curls; her eyes were bright; her cheeks glowed; her white teeth showed as she smiled; one forgot that her mouth was a large one, seeing how red were the lips, how white the teeth.

"Your mother was growing anxious about you, boys," said their father, as the young barbarians lifted the covers of the dishes on the tea-table and sniffed appreciatively. "Wasn't it rather a wet day to have taken Anne out?

The boys stared.

"Oh, she wouldn't be left at home," one said, while the other said, with the air of paying a compliment, that Anne wasn't like a girl at all, and that she'd take no more harm from the water than his retriever would.

As a matter of fact she seemed impervious to cold, and neither on this occasion nor on any other did she take the chills which were prophesied. In fact the worse the weather was, the brighter were her eyes, the curlier her hair, the rosier her cheeks; she was a very big girl, big and dark, and she seemed to grow like a young tree in the rain and the wind and the sea spray.

"She's straight as any poplar tree,
But not so aisy shaken, O,"

might have been written for her.

Indeed, as for shaking, those who had to do with her came in time to find that she had an inflexible will of her own. The tale of torn pinafores and frocks, of stockings out-at-heel, and boots water-logged and mud-logged, was followed by the complaints of the governesses that Lady Anne would not learn the things they wished to teach her. The accomplishments did not appeal to her, or perhaps it was the way in which the governesses sought to impart them. Where she did not wish to learn, said the governesses, she was positively stupid. On the other hand, where she was interested she learned with an amazing ease.

She perturbed those good ladies horribly, for she would fling their Charlotte Yonge to the other end of the room, and be found, a little later, immersed in some book in the library which her governess, for the time being, thought utterly unsuited for her. There was a legend that she had once been

discovered reading *Tom Jones*, with her elbows on the library table and her hands thrust through her curls. The legend went on to say that when the governess in a panic fled to the Rev. Reginald Osborne with her tale, the good gentleman had shrugged his shoulders.

"Pooh! my dear creature," he was reported to have said. "Pooh! It will do the child no harm. She will miss all the undesirable things. It's much better reading for her than the modern novel."

But to be sure Mr. Osborne was hopelessly eccentric and unlike other people—look at his friendship with the priest! who, if the rector had not been his friend, would not have spoken with an educated person once in a twelvemonth. A good many people held that the friendship was a scandal, and some few among the rector's flock showed their disapproval by transferring themselves as worshippers to the next parish.

Mr. Osborne was no person for a harassed governess to carry her griefs to. When he heard the complaint that Lady Anne would only learn the things that pleased her, he remarked: "And why not let her learn the things that please her?"

He discovered presently that, just as she would read the books his boys read while refusing those intended for her sex and age, she would learn the things the boys learned. She had, as a matter of fact, picked up a certain amount of Latin and Greek and mathematics—the latter less willingly—before the rector discovered her tastes. After that he taught her as he taught his boys and with them, and he was amused and amazed to find how quickly she outstripped them. What to Rex and Arthur and Eric and Herbert were mere tasks were to her an easy delight.

"She is her father's daughter, with the love of scholarship ingrained in her," said Mr. Osborne delightedly to Colonel Leonard, and proceeded to read for him a set of Latin verses, which had a remarkable elegance and polish, as the work of a girl of sixteen.

The Colonel did not see it in Mr. Osborne's way. Instead he received the reading of the verses on a note of dismay.

"Good God! Osborne," he said, "you're making a blue-stocking of her! She'll be going to a woman's college next, bending her back and dimming her eyes. Look at poor Shandon! If he hadn't been so taken up with books he might have

been among us to-day instead of leaving a child like that to carry on the estates. And a woman, too! I never knew a learned woman to be good for anything."

Mr. Osborne smiled at the dismay he had created. The Colonel was mopping his forehead with a red bandana handkerchief, wearing at the same time an air of being greatly disturbed.

"It wouldn't do her any harm if she were a lad"; Mr. Osborne suggested.

"Oh, lads don't take it seriously. It comes in the day's work to them with the cricket and the ragging and the drill. Girls take it like the measles. It's an inoculation, that's what it is."

"She takes it like a lad," Mr. Osborne said.

"The thing we'll have to do is to get her married," the Colonel went on. "Latin and Greek, indeed! Latin and Greek never yet got a girl married. I declare the responsibility poor Shandon put on us makes me sweat at times to think of it. I wonder if we were wise now to put that £5,000 into railway shares. Consols are safer—when you are handling other people's money. You take it easy, Osborne. For my part, I'll be very glad when she's married and we can hand over the whole thing to her husband."

Mr. Osborne smiled.

"She will be her own mistress when she's twenty-one," he said, quietly.

"Nominally," said the Colonel. "Of course she won't be able to do without us. She won't be off our hands till she's married."

A few days later Lady Anne waylaid the Colonel.

"I want the tenants at Knockbeg Point to have the right of turbary," she said.

"Right of turbary," the Colonel repeated. "My dear child, we couldn't do it. The right of turbary has always belonged to the estate. It would be a most dangerous precedent. Even if we could do it ourselves there are other people to be thought of. We must hold together, we landlords. Don't you see that we should put the others in the wrong?"

"Then they'd better not stay there. They'd better do what we do," said Lady Anne as though that were a conclusive statement. "Papa would have given them the right.

You see the bog wasn't there in his time. The bog-slide diverted it, and it has cut right into their lands. It would be most unfair that they should not have it. Another thing—the tenants must take what seaweed they will from the foreshore when it lies by their farms. Papa would have wished it."

"Who is to say what he would or would not have wished?" the Colonel said testily.

It was quite true that some of his friends had been persuading the Colonel to take a firm stand on the Shandon property, so as to bring it into line with the other properties. He had been persuaded rather against his will and judgment; and it annoyed him the more that, when he had persuaded himself it was all for the good of the estate, the heiress herself should interfere—at her age, too.

"My dear," he said, speaking more gently. He was devoted to Lady Anne in his heart, and had a fatherly pride in her bigness and strength and cleverness. "My dear, you must not interfere. You are only a little girl, you know. Bless my heart, to think of a little girl of sixteen, with her hair down her back in a pigtail, talking about turbary rights and right of the foreshore and such things! You must trust your guardians, my dear, to do their very best for you and the estate."

Lady Anne said no more, but looked at him in an odd way. The end of it was that the good gentlemen climbed down, pretended to have discovered for himself that the case of the Knockbeg Point tenants was an exceptional one. Somehow he minded less the mingled sorrow and anger with which certain of his adult friends regarded him after the climbing down than he had that odd look in Lady Anne's eyes.

"I don't want her to be kicking over the traces at the first possible moment," he said to himself in extenuation of his weakness.

Lady Anne was certainly very much on the Colonel's mind. By this time she was entirely free from the rule of her governesses. They had departed one after another, being too conscientious, some of them said in their anger, to keep a position in which they were rather the governed than the governing. At last one had stayed, a quiet, faded, elderly spinster who had been discovered by Mr. Osborne. She had

been too old at forty-five for the Ladies' College to which she had given her youth, and now she was quite willing to subordinate her learning to looking after Lady Anne in a general way, as much as the young lady would allow her. And having made the sacrifice of her learning, it was an amazing and unexpected delight to find that after all the refractory pupil was ready to meet her in the studies her soul loved. She almost wept as she told Mr. Osborne how she and Lady Anne were reading Euripides together. "She learns for love," she said; "and there is a world of difference between that and learning for any other reason."

In an unobtrusive way she did a good deal for Lady Anne, which might not have been done if the young lady were left to those who had not the sense of honor to stimulate them to a diligence, the absence of which would not have been discovered. For the rest she was certainly happy, except for the ever-present fear that Lady Anne, grown to womanhood, might find her too old as the College had found her.

"Miss Graham is all very well," said the Colonel disconsolately. "An excellent creature, although a trifle melancholy. But what is to be done, I ask you, Nell, when Anne is grown up? She can't live in that big house all alone. She will need a chaperon. There must be some relative of the family who would come and stay with her. There was Lady Fyfield's daughter—she seemed discreet enough—she might do."

He loooked at his wife with a hopeful air as he concluded the speech, and found his Nell laughing softly to herself.

"Lady Fyfield's daughter!" she said, "Miss Madge Winterton! I can't see Anne accepting Miss Winterton for a chaperon."

Indeed as soon as the matter was broached to Lady Anne she put her foot upon the proposal. She was at this time eighteen.

"Papa left me absolutely free and my own mistress at twenty-one?" she said.

"Quite so," assented the Colonel. "But even when you are twenty-one you will still require advice and assistance. It is not as if you were a boy."

"No; it is not as if I were a boy," she said enigmatically. "And I don't propose to have Cousin Madge here. Miss Graham will do very well. I shall not want to go out much

before I am twenty-one. Odd, isn't it, Uncle Hugh"—she always called Colonel Leonard, Uncle, although he was no kin of hers—"that there is no medium in our family between extreme seriousness and extreme frivolity?"

She had just returned from a round of visiting among her English relatives, with a scornful and amused wonder over their indefatigable pursuit of amusement. She lived every hour of her life, and she could not imagine any one having the necessity for killing time. For her the happy days were all too short.

The Colonel smiled.

"I don't ask you to have Lady Sylvia Hilton, Anne," he said; Lady Sylvia was a widowed sister of the late Lady Shandon. "Gad, how she would—wake us up!"

He had been going to say something stronger, but had made the harmless substitution just in time.

Lady Anne went her own way. By this time she knew the needs of the tenants as well as her father before her, and she was more modern than he in her ideas of what the needs demanded. She bided her time, saying nothing. It would be time enough when she was twenty-one to talk about the things she was powerless to do till then.

At last the fateful day arrived. There was to be a dinner to the tenants, a dance for the servants, and many other fine doings. The house was crammed with the English friends and connections, half of whom turned night into day with bridge, while the other half read *The Christian* and turned up their eyes at the wickedness of the world.

"My dear Anne," Colonel Leonard said, with an affectionate hand on his ward's shoulder. He had done what he called "giving an account of their stewardship" for himself and Mr. Osborne, who was a tongue-tied person in matters of business. "My dear Anne, you are now free and your own mistress by law. But I may say that you may count on Osborne and myself, in the future as in the past, to do all we can to help you in the difficult position in which you find yourself. You have succeeded to a big property and a big responsibility, too big I may say for a girl like yourself to support unaided. But your father's old friends will not fail you. My dear child, you must let us bear this burden for you till, in the most natural way, it devolves on your husband."

The Colonel paused for breath. Before he could go on again Lady Anne spoke quietly.

"Thank you very much, Uncle Hugh," she said. "Of course I know that you would do anything for me. But I have been preparing myself all these years to do what I know papa wished, that is to manage the estate myself. I shall not even have an agent. A steward, perhaps, but not an agent. I do not intend that any one shall come between the tenants and myself. To-morrow I will look into those leases—"

"Good Lord!" gasped the Colonel. "Good Lord! You'll come a cropper, young lady, I tell you; you'll come a cropper!"

"You dear!" she said, jumping up and kissing him on top of his bald head. "I can never thank you enough, you and Mr. Osborne, for having taken such care of things for me. If I ever needed advice of course I should come to you, but I warn you frankly that I do not anticipate that I shall need advice."

"Good Lord!" said the Colonel to himself. "Good Lord If it had been a lad now! If it had been a lad!"

CHAPTER III.

MISS 'STASIA.

There is a certain Dublin street which lies on a hilltop, surrounded by other streets, into which the dry rot has been eating for many a year past. This has not yet suffered the degradation of many of the others, which have fallen into disrepute as streets of tenement houses, but it has a dreadful melancholy by the side of which their squalid over-crowding is cheerful. The houses were houses of the nobility and gentry in the latter half of the eighteenth century. They were built over what once were cherry and apple orchards. The rooms are lofty and spacious, decorated with Italian stucco-work; they have doors of wine-red Spanish mahogany, and fine marble mantel-pieces, although where they have become tenement houses the enterprising builder has in most cases torn out the mantel-pieces, and replaced them by something commoner.

Wharton Street is off the beaten track, runs away from the main thoroughfare, where the electric trams climb and descend

the hill. It connects two streets with an unnecessary connection, since you may take the high road a few steps further and make the connection more cheerfully. I doubt that anybody ever saves those few steps by turning up Wharton Street. There is something deadly to the spirits in its black house-fronts. Its one solitary bit of renown is that a political murder took place some thirty years ago in a low archway in the middle of the street. For the rest the lower windows are screened from the public gaze by short wire blinds which go half-way up. The upper windows have curtains of red moreen, with the cheapest Nottingham white ones to indicate the drawing-room. One wonders how in this city of few manufactures, with the fields not half a mile away, the house-fronts could have become so black. The imaginative person passes Wnarton Street with a shudder, thinking that a life within its precincts would be a living death.

Every house in the street lets lodgings, and the lodgers are all old ladies. They have seen better days. They hold aloof from each other as a rule in a proud isolation, wrapping themselves about in their memories of past glories. It is a sort of Béguinage for the widows and maiden sisters and maiden aunts of the Irish land-owners, whose provision for these helpless ones, which they thought as solid as the solid earth, went down in the wild storm of the early eighties.

At the very top of the dreariest, grimiest, blackest house of them all lived the Honorable Anastasia de Courcy L'Estrange Chevenix, Lord Shandon's cousin, seven times removed.

She was the greatest hermit of all the old ladies, never went out to tea with any of the others, not even to Mrs. Montmorenzy De Renzy on the drawing-room floor, nor to the Misses Burke Vandaleur on the third floor. For one thing, she could not have afforded to return the hospitality, and that was a thing she could not have borne. The old ladies expected a return of hospitality too. For another thing, she was desperately shy and sensitive. For yet another, she had a gnawing wolf at her vitals in her fear that as she grew older the tiny annuity she had saved out of the *débacle* would be insufficient to keep her. As it was she starved, inasmuch as she never had enough to eat. She would have literally starved if it had not been for the landlady, Mrs. Cronin, who had been kitchen-maid to Miss Chevenix's brother, Lord Moneymore, in

the great days, and now reared a large family, somewhere in the basement of the house, of discreet children, who from their earliest months learned to be quiet and demure so as not to disturb the old ladies.

Mrs. Cronin sent up many a little dainty to Miss Chevenix's table which the tiny sum the lady paid for board did not warrant. Sometimes Miss Chevenix had compunction over those dainties.

"You are feeding me too well, Eliza," she would say. "I don't expect an egg with my tea when new-laid eggs are at famine prices. And that little sole yesterday. A Dublin Bay herring is a very dainty and sweet fish; I should have been quite content with one."

"Is it Dublin Bays, Miss 'Stasia?" Mrs Cronin would answer. "Sure, they're great commonalty, and besides they're scarce. That little sole now, the fishwoman had her basket full o' them. 'Take them at your own price,' says she, 'for I'm heart-scalded wid them. There was a terrible take o' them last night,' she says. As for them eggs, my cousin Bridget brought me a present of a dozen. Sure it was a bit o' business dalin' I was doin' wid ye, sendin' you wan up for your tay."

After an interview like this, and there were many such, Mrs. Cronin would descend to her own premises, wiping her brow and hoping the Lord would forgive her.

"I'm after tellin' lies as fast as a dog 'ud trot," she would say to Mr. Cronin, who was a waiter by night, and in the daytime cleaned knives and chopped wood and polished boots and washed dishes. "Sure my tongue runs away wid me. She'd ha' been deceived wid the quarter o' the lies I told her. Indeed she's as aisy deceived as a child; aisier, for childher are sharp as needles—look at our own Mary Anne!"

Both John and Eliza Cronin—for, although John owed none of the special loyalty to the Chevenixes which his wife did as an old servant, he yet thought with Eliza in pretty nearly all matters—both John and Eliza would have been distressed if they could have known of that wolf of fear which was ever gnawing, gnawing at poor Miss Anastasia's heart.

It would never have occurred to Eliza that Miss 'Stasia could have cause for fear. She was quite content to shoulder the burden of Miss 'Stasia's advancing years. Not that they need be apprehended for a long time. Why, Miss 'Stasia's sixtieth birthday was yet some way off. But when the time

should come, sure the children would be grown up by then and doing finely; already Mary Anne had a position in view in a big draper's, for which she would receive the princely income of five shillings a week. And it was no use meeting trouble half way; and God was good.

But Eliza had not reckoned with Miss 'Stasia's pride. Miss 'Stasia's mind was made up. The idea of becoming a burden on the willing Eliza would have been the last thing possible to her thoughts. She had considered several alternative institutions where her days might be ended. She might perhaps be able to creep into one of these, concealing the fact, at least from the other inmates, that she was the daughter and the sister of two Lords Moneymore. She imagined disguises in which no one would ever trace the blue blood of the Chevenixes. When the time came she would have courage to enter one or other of the abhorrent institutions. It might even have to be the workhouse. Then, on the other hand, perhaps she might die before the necessity arose. She prayed a great deal that God might find a way out for her, creeping along the dark streets—a darker little figure shrouded in rusty crape, and closely veiled lest she should meet any one belonging to the great days—to the Church which was her one bright spot of the neighborhood.

If she could she would have hidden herself away completely in that room of hers at the top of the house, approached by a garret stairs. Its very position seemed to give it an impregnability which she hugged with a sense of satisfaction. Mrs. De Renzy was asthmatic, the Misses Vandaleur had one a weak heart, one a rheumatic lameness. None of the three would attempt the garret staircase unless the temptation were greater than any she was likely to offer.

She loved her garret room. For one thing the windows were not level with the street, but stood back, invisible from it, in a privacy, since it was the only house of the street which possessed a garret story. From those windows she could see, across the smoke of the city, wonderful glimpses of mountain and sea. In the early mornings indeed—and she was often up for an early service, before the chimneys smoked—there was a fairyland of beauty visible from the garret windows, when even the spires and chimney-pots of the city in its valley but enhanced the loveliness of the world which every night seemed to be born in new loveliness.

She had, as all the old ladies had, relics of the old life about her which gave her garret room a certain distinction. What if the wall-paper was of the cheapest and commonest and the floor-covering an "Art Square," of an incredible dreariness of color, the place was redeemed by Miss 'Stasia's own furniture, which she had brought in with her. One or two elegant Chippendale chairs, a sofa brass-inlaid, with heraldic eagles supporting it on their wings and their claws grasping a ball, a few miniatures, a brass-bound cellarette, Miss 'Stasia's workbox and writing desk, the old chintz curtains which draped the small bed and hid it completely away in the daytime—these things gave the little room its air of refinement and charm.

The room in itself was a certain happiness to Miss Anastasia. She had imagined fancifully, smiling to herself, that it would have been a comfort if she could have taken it with her when the other world opened its doors. It was the dearer to her because she looked forward to the day when its friendly shelter might no more be hers.

It had been prettier once on a time, but there had been emergencies when one and another article had disappeared, as had most of her trinkets. John Cronin had been the kindly and discreet medium in the disappearance of the things; that was something she could not have managed for herself, and John had removed the things after nightfall, never betraying by a stumble on the steep garret stairs or by so much as a creaking boot to the other inmates of the house Miss Anastasia's lamentable necessity.

"If I should die in the night," she had said to Mrs. Cronin, "these things"—indicating the furniture that was left—"will bury me. I have left them to you, you kind creature. You will find my will in my writing desk when I am gone. If I should have an illness you must sell them, and keep me as long as they will pay my expenses. After that you must send me to a hospital."

"Is it me to do the like?" Mrs. Cronin had responded in horror; "me, that was born on the estate and was in the kitchen at Moneymore the day I was twelve years old! An' 'ud never have left ye, Miss 'Stasia, if the place hadn't been sold. I wouldn't be talkin' of sickness or wills or the like. Sure you're young yet. As for hospitals, never one o' my

flesh and blood I put into them; an' it isn't likely I'd ever be thinkin' of it for you."

"Oh, my dear creature," Miss Anastasia cried, beginning to tremble, "I couldn't wrong you and your family like that. Indeed, you'd have to put me into hospital. It would be a thousand times worse to lie here knowing that I was taking the bread out of your children's mouths. I know you don't do very well. You're not cut out for business any more than the rest of us. Promise me, now do promise me, that if I fall ill, and it is likely to be a long illness, you will send me to hospital."

Mrs. Cronin promised "for the sake of peace," as she explained to John afterwards, adding that if sickness were to come upon Miss 'Stasia she wouldn't stand up against it very long, since she'd no more strength than a sparrow and ate as little.

"There she sits, up in that terrible cowld room," she said, "mendin' her stockin's. I offered to put in a bit o'' fire for her, but she wouldn't hear of it. It's roastin' too in summer, bein' under the slates. She used to be a wiry little lady, Miss 'Stasia, for all that she was so delicate and pretty looking; but she wants comforts, God help her, and I can't give them to her, an' she wouldn't take them if I could. 'Tis a shame, so it is, that she should be left like it in her age."

It was a rather hopeless outlook just then in the Cronin family. John had lost his job as a waiter, having been superseded by a young Swiss lad, deft and quick beyond what John had ever been. The place which Mary Anne had looked forward to so long, had been given away, as she put it, over her head. John in his shirt-sleeves, sat turning over a newspaper, scanning the long columns of advertisements somewhat hopelessly.

"I'll never wait again, Eliza," he had said despondently, "an' I don't know what else there's for me to do. I'm too owld to learn a new trade. Aye, it's sad about the poor owld lady, but, sure it's a sad world for most of us. It 'ud be as well some of us were out of it."

While his wife rebuked him for this unusual fit of despondency, half-scolding, half-rallying, John turned to the portion of the paper which contained the news of the day. He had to go nearer the murky kitchen window to read it. The light, always bad in Wharton Street basements, was worse than usual on this winter afternoon.

"I wonder if she'd come down an' take a hate o' the fire," Eliza said. "I believe she would if I asked her. She was never proud with us."

"'Coming-of-age of Lady Anne Chute,'" read John from his paper. "'Entertainment to the tenantry.' She's a cousin o' Miss 'Stasia, isn't she, Eliza? You wouldn't think that she'd be after lettin' the owld lady want if she knew it, an' she her own flesh and blood. An' I'm afeared it'll be want with the whole of us before long."

Eliza was arrested midway of the table and the door; she was just going up to ask Miss 'Stasia "to come down and take a hate o' the fire."

"To be sure she is," she said, coming back and looking curiously at the paper. "Miss 'Stasia's papa was sixth cousin to the Lord Shandon before last. What were you thinkin' of, John Cronin?"

"Mary Anne's a fine scholar an' a beautiful hand with the pen," he said, staring abstractedly into space.

"She'd never forgive us if she was to know," Eliza said, in an agitated voice.

"We'd never forgive ourselves if we had to turn her out," replied John, "an' we might have to come to it, Eliza. An' perhaps the young lady 'ud never forgive us ayther."

"If you tell me it ought to be done, John," said Eliza trembling. "Poor Miss 'Stasia. 'Tis little I thought she'd ever come to it. I remember her in white satin with roses in her hair comin' down the stairs at the Abbey the first time I ever laid eyes on her. I thought she was like a queen."

A shadow crossed John's paper as he held it to the light of the window, a slight shadow that was gone almost as soon as it came. An angular child's figure came down the area steps to the kitchen entrance.

"There's Mary Anne," said John, "there's our little scholar. Get the pen and ink, Eliza, and a bit o' paper."

"'Tis a great comfort," sighed Mrs. Cronin, as she watched her offspring's pen glide quickly over the paper, "to have a man to make up your mind for you, so it is. But I won't be able to look Miss 'Stasia in the face. Indeed she'd murder me if she knew what we were after doin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

VI.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

MY DEAR SIR:

When it is understood that never once has the infallible authority of the Church been compromised by condemning any scientific truth, the first and the only really serious count in the indictment against Catholicism, of having obstructed the march of knowledge, has been satisfactorily met. If the charge incriminating infallible authority could be sustained it would be destructive of the Church's claim to be the unerring interpreter and teacher of divine truth. Once the infallible magisterium is dissociated from the case, then, if any blunder or mistake can be proved against us, the only inference that may legitimately be drawn is that, besides the infallible voice, there is also a non infallible, human agency, sharing in the teaching and juridical functions of the Church; in other words, the assistance promised to the Church by her Founder does not protect from inerrancy every action and procedure of the entire organization. And this is but to state the theological doctrine that the infallible prerogative belongs incommunicably to the Supreme Authority.

This point being placed clearly beyond discussion, we may, without any misgivings as to the result, consider the evidence offered to establish the accusation that Catholic authority has, in modern times, shown itself the relentless foe of scientific progress.

This assertion has been so frequently repeated that its truth is now almost taken for granted. It is a postulate assumed by non-Catholic writers in every European tongue, when they treat of modern history, or the advance of civilization, the development of science, religion, or philosophy. Who, forsooth, would waste time in pointing out the obvious, illustrating the evident, or proving the indisputable? And what is more evident, obvious, and indisputable than that

Roman authorities, since the day when the modern mind threw off the yoke of ecclesiasticism, have done little else but condemn and silence every one, within their own borders, who claimed the right to engage in free scientific inquiry. And for science, that has progressed only because it was, fortunately, independent of her, and safe from her machinations, Rome has had nothing but curses and anathemas. Her accusers delight in brilliant metaphors about owls blinking in the noonday, the blind man denying that the sun is shining, upas trees poisoning all the vegetation around them. Modern knowledge is the dawn that has chased the darkness of mediæval superstition, and science is likened to the infant Hercules who began his career by strangling the venemous serpent that would have killed him in his cradle. The Roman Church not opposed to science! *Si monumentum quæris circumspice:* examine the record of the Index from Paul IV. to Pius X., and if you are not yet convinced, cast an eye over the famous Syllabus of Pius IX. Besides, if we are to believe our opponents, in resisting intellectual progress, Rome was but obeying a profound instinct of self-preservation, for the triumph of science means her destruction. The progress made by rational knowledge may, we are told, be accurately expressed by the figures that indicate the decline of ecclesiasticism, and of Roman ecclesiasticism in particular.

In reply to these allegations, we can point to a long, glorious list of Catholics, from Copernicus to Secchi, from Ampère to Pasteur, who have been among the leaders in the advance of modern knowledge. But this argument, that would seem conclusive, is not allowed to count for us. The retort is that, of course, no instructed person would dream of denying that a Catholic may be a brilliant astronomer, or mathematician, a successful physicist, or chemist, or surgeon, or biologist; he may become famous in almost any science. The antagonism of Catholicism is not to the sciences, but rather to *Science*, to the spirit which vivifies all the sciences; which demands complete freedom to investigate every field of inquiry that opens to the human mind, and to follow truth whithersoever it may lead. Science scorns to acknowledge a power which claims the right to say to the thinker or the investigator: You may range at will through the boundless realm of mathematics; you may experiment upon molecules and gases and chemical affinities;

you may, now, explore the utmost recesses of the astronomical heavens with your telescope; you may classify beetles and plants; you are free, within certain limits, to pursue your studies in history, philology, ethnology, and even philosophy; but I reserve to myself the right to arrest you when I please with a prohibition of—Thus far, and no farther; and that right I shall exercise whenever, in my opinion, you threaten to trespass on the domain of religion.

The Church, certainly, does claim this right. She professes to be the divinely appointed guardian of truths communicated to men by the Almighty through revelation. When the scientist, or the philosopher, or the scholar, puts forth doctrines or views that are contrary to revelation, she steps forward to condemn these pronouncements as erroneous, since they conflict with what she has received as truth on the authority of God. When the investigator enters upon a course of reasoning that, obviously, will lead him into contradiction with faith, she warns him that he is losing his time; and, if he publishes his views, she forbids her members to read his works lest they may thereby be led astray. This policy is, clearly, a limitation of free inquiry; it is the direct negation of absolute freedom of thought. But the question is whether or not it is a just and reasonable coercion.

Every established truth is a similar limitation of thought. I may not, under penalty of being unreasonable, think that two and two make five. When the scientist discovers some hitherto unknown fact, there is a new fingerboard set up for him and his fellows bearing the caution: no thoroughfare. Once, it was free to scientific men to deny or admit the theory of the circulation of the blood. Harvey put an end to that liberty. If anybody now were to insist upon his right to explain the common pump by the principle that nature abhors a vacuum, or to deny the existence of gravitation, he would be looked upon as a lunatic or an eccentric. Every man must acknowledge that, provided God has really revealed any doctrine, reason declares that we must bow to it and accept the limitations that it imposes, just as we do in the case of scientific truth. When the Church proves that revelation has taken place, and that she is the authoritative exponent of its content, our question is settled, as far as the philosophic or logical objection is concerned. The historic side still remains.

The historical charge cannot be met with a categorical denial. The Index is a great, public fact, with a history of three centuries open to all who wish to study it. The works that have been placed upon it, the various cases of writings which, after being kept for a long period upon the list of the proscribed, were at length permitted, are very well known. Here, unquestionably, is evidence of a systematic, strenuous, coercion of thought, enforced, frequently, when ecclesiastics had the power, by serious penalties. Besides, its records show that, in many instances, doctrines that at first have been branded as false have, even on the admission of theologians, turned out to be true. We might conceive a representative of science, with a synopsis of the evidence to be found in the lists of the Index, addressing authority somewhat as follows: You claim to have an infallible organ whose decision is always correct, and we must submit to it. Very well. But I find that it is rarely the infallible voice that has condemned us. Long before we can lay our case before the supreme tribunal, we are arrested and silenced by those who acknowledge they may make mistakes, who have erred before now, and may go wrong again. They permit us now to teach many things that their predecessors condemned ours for having taught, and their successors may allow ours to hold those opinions for which we now are condemned. It is the official theologian, drest in a little brief authority and trailing robes of scientific ignorance, with whom we have to reckon. Besides the dogmatic articles of faith, he has endeavored to sustain a number of mere human opinions that are now relinquished. He held these errors to be true, and, shutting his eyes to the evidences that we produced, or failing to appreciate them, he declared that we were contradicting the truths of faith, and consigned us to perdition. The defenders of orthodoxy have assailed us in season and out of season; they have imputed the worst motives to us. When we pointed out the teachings of geology, we were infidels, atheists, and slaves to secret immorality. When science ventured to doubt the historical character of some contents of Genesis, it was arraigned as a seducer of the people, speaking against Moses and the prophets. We questioned whether the Hebrew lawgiver really descended the mountain carrying under his arms two slabs on which the Almighty had personally engraven the decalogue; then we were

denounced as secret profligates, who habitually violated every one of the Ten Commandments. If, in the face of the voluminous evidence that exists, persons will still maintain that the Roman Church has not, for the past two centuries and more, waged a relentless war against the human intellect, then we may also declare that such a personage as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte never existed.

Fortunately we are under no necessity of defending all that some well-meaning apologists of religion have written against science and scientists. They have indulged in great generalizations, attributing to the entire scientific world the anti-religious bias that, undoubtedly, has been displayed by a not inconsiderable number. They have, frequently, been betrayed into intemperate opposition to truth; and, to borrow a happy metaphor, have mistaken the dawn of science for a conflagration threatening the indestructible Gospel of Christ. But this spirit is only temporary, and never has been universal. It is fast yielding place to a growing willingness to acknowledge that scientific men are not, exclusively, or even primarily, actuated by a hatred of religion. When the dogmas of faith are not involved, scriptural scholars are now quite ready to reconsider old opinions in the light of fresh evidence brought forward by science. Theologians, too, though, perhaps, with more reluctance, are beginning to admit that, on matters of their province, history affords much information that has long been overlooked, and that the dogmas of the Church do not depend on the fate of Aristotle's physics and metaphysics.

When tempted to hold the defenders of religion to a strict account for the excesses of a few, one must remember that not so very long ago there was a very strong antipathy to religion displayed by those who set themselves up as the standard bearers of science. We have only to recall the noisy days of the last century, when, from the physical science side, the doctrine of evolution came into prominence, and along with it the aggressive agnosticism of which Huxley was the popular champion, while, concurrently, in the world of biblical criticism, the extravagances of the most advanced rationalism were spread broadcast as the mature and unassailable results of sane criticism. When an unscrupulous enemy is threatening the stronghold, the defenders cannot safely refrain from firing lest they

may hurt some innocent person who happens to reside on the ground occupied by the foe.

The cases in which authority has interfered with scientific men within their own field, where, alone, they have any particular right to speak, have been very rare. It is not with science, but with pseudo-science, with speculation passing for science, with the popular peddlers of hypotheses, theories, conjectures, and guesses, that ecclesiastical authority has usually crossed swords. Sometimes, too, writers of scientific eminence, presuming upon the reputation which they had gained in their own department of knowledge have set themselves up as dogmatists in religious or theological matters in which they were not qualified to speak. Yet the private opinions which they were pleased to express on these topics were often assumed to be the verdict of science. Twenty or thirty years ago, for example, the worship of Herbert Spencer, as the prophet of science, was a widely spread cult throughout the English-speaking world. His ponderous volumes were revered as the revelation of reason which had forever disposed of the claims, not merely of supernatural, but also of natural religion. Had he not, by a profound course of reasoning, demolished the pretensions of metaphysics, and banished God from the realm of intellect? The spokesman of modern thought had proved religion to have sprung from savage ignorance or superstition, and to be henceforth fated to pant and grope after an abstraction in the darkness of the unknowable. To-day, Spencer's solemnities on metaphysics and religion are waived aside by leading thinkers, like Professor Royce, as the uninstructed efforts of a great mind to deal with matters for which it had no aptitude, or the work of one distorting the facts to his pre-conceived theory. At present the representatives of science recognize its limitations. They evince a sobriety that is in strong contrast with the arrogance of a few years ago. When one of them attempts, in the name of science, to "dogmatize out of bounds" he seldom escapes a rebuke from some of his fellows.

One of the foremost physicists of England has recently castigated Professor Haeckel with a dignified vigor that our theologians and apologists might envy. A passage of Sir Oliver Lodge's recent article on Haeckel's popular book, illustrates the change that has taken place in the temper of the

scientific world, and the value that it assigns to the anti-religious speculations which passed under the name of science in the last century. In his crushing criticism on the *Riddle of the Universe*, Sir Oliver Lodge says of its author: "Unfortunately it appears to me that, although he has been borne forward on the advancing wave of monistic philosophy, he has, in his specifications, attempted such precision of materialistic detail, and subjected it to so narrow and limited a view of the totality of experience, that the progress of thought has left him, as well as his great English exemplar, Herbert Spencer, somewhat high and dry, belated and stranded by the tide of opinion, which has now begun to flow in another direction. He is, as it were, a surviving voice from the middle of the nineteenth century; he represents, in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions which then were prevalent among many leaders of thought—opinions which they themselves, in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow, so that, by this time, Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not as the pioneer of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard bearer, still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades, as they march to new orders in a fresh direction." Elsewhere he remarks that "if a man of science seeks to dogmatize concerning the Emotions and the Will, and asserts that he can reduce them to atomic forces and motions, he is exhibiting the smallness of his conceptions, and gibbeting himself as a laughing-stock to future generations." Yet, because Catholic authority rejected and condemned the views of Spencer and his followers, when they first appeared, hundreds of pens poured forth floods of eloquent sarcasm and indignation over the intolerant obscurantism of the Catholic Church. In biblical criticism the same phenomenon has occurred. The systems of Baur and Paulus, and the entire Tübingen school, with hundreds of minor rationalistic theories, were, on their first appearance, applauded by unbelieving scholarship and condemned by the intolerant foe of scientific progress. Now the scholars have come round to the judgment of authority concerning Tübingen, while they maintain, in turn, some opinions of their own that, in due time, their successors will relegate to the limbo in which Baur and Paulus repose.

While, in many cases, time has thus justified authority, it is true that, in many others, science has made good opinions which authority at first resisted. And only those persons who take a very superficial view of the situation can cherish the rosy optimism which fancies that similar cases will not again occur. There is no likelihood of an alliance, in the near future, between the scientific world and the principle of dogmatic authority, of which the Catholic Church is now the only consistent and uncompromising representative. We may deplore the fact, but the fact remains that the methods of science which can point to such brilliant results for their justification cannot but get into occasional temporary misunderstandings with ecclesiastical organs. Authority, in the due discharge of its office, will continue to regard scientific inquiry with suspicion, and occasionally to thwart its progress. But we maintain that this interference will not result in the ultimate rejection of any ascertained knowledge; and will only occur in a measure necessary for the protection of faith. If, on the one side, the scientific investigator could go straight to his goal, without any preliminary floundering or groping, and if, on the other, every organ of authority enjoyed the supreme gift of infallibility, no collision would ever arise. But these conditions do not, and never will, exist. Let us see what this means.

In the strict and rigorous sense of the word, science includes only ascertained knowledge. This, indeed, is the perfect product of scientific method, the pure gold that remains when all the processes of extraction and purification have been completed. But, if we exclude mathematics, there is no science which does not contain, at any given period, a great deal of dross mixed with the genuine ore. Intermingled with verified facts there are assumptions and theories that may or may not prove true in the end. The investigator, in his travel, may sometimes stray along a false route, either to reach the right path at some point further on, or to find himself obliged to retrace his steps altogether, and start off in a new direction. A champion of science, the late Professor Huxley, has expressed this fact with his usual lucidity. "It sounds paradoxical to say that the attainment of scientific truth has been effected, to a great extent, by the help of scientific errors. But the subject matter of physical science is furnished by observation

which cannot extend beyond the limits of our faculties, while even within those limits, we cannot be certain that any observation is absolutely exact and exhaustive. Hence it follows that any given generalization from observation may be true, within the limits of our powers of observation at a given time, and yet turn out to be untrue when those powers of observation are directly or indirectly enlarged. Or, to put the matter in another way, a doctrine which is untrue absolutely may, to a great extent, be susceptible of an interpretation that is in accordance with the truth." Then Huxley proceeds to give illustrations from the history of physical science. His observation is equally applicable, as you perceive, to the other sciences which bear directly or indirectly upon theological doctrine. At certain stages of those sciences that have contributed to our modified estimate of biblical history, the truth was to the error as four grains of wheat to four bushels of chaff; and, in many cases, the error was of a deadly nature, while the truth, though valuable to the scholar, was of very little importance to salvation. Could authority have acted otherwise than it did—that was, to place the entire mass under lock and key till the process of winnowing had been carried out?

If it is true then, that errors are an indispensable condition of scientific progress, evidently the Church cannot, even provisionally, accept them when they touch upon religious truth. She cannot take into account the possibility that they may be serviceable to progress, and are sure to be rejected in the long run. The purity of doctrine, not the advance of science, is her concern. She is bound to denounce the error as soon as it appears; and she leaves science to extricate itself as best it can, if it will not accept the helping hand which she proffers. The scientists may say that, if they are hindered from pushing inquiry freely in every direction, the march of knowledge will be retarded. She replies that divine truth is incomparably more valuable than all secular knowledge. Untrammeled speculation, the publication of immature, false, or partially false, theories may help to stimulate inquiry, and ensure the advance of knowledge; but the same influences may ruin, or irreparably weaken, the faith of thousands; and dead faith will not be restored to life by the subsequent rectification of the scientific error.

To afford ample protection for faith, authority may be called upon to resist, at least for a time, the introduction of new knowledge that, in reality, does not conflict with faith, but only with such human traditional opinions as those we have referred to before. Cases of this kind are cited as the most glaring evidence of the Church's intolerance. But we must remember that the line which separates the domain of faith from the adjacent territory of pious belief, theological opinion, popular interpretation, and amplification, is not always obvious to even the trained mind, and still less so to the great mass of believers. Hence a legitimate curtailment of the latter domain might easily seem to be a trespass on the other. A sudden and violent uprooting of traditional beliefs might seriously disturb the dogmas around which they have long clung and flourished; just as an ill-advised surgical operation for the removal of some malignant growth or harmless blemish may kill a patient, who might safely have been entrusted to the genial restorative powers of nature. Our mental point of view cannot be changed all in a moment. The immediate result of the introduction of some fresh piece of knowledge often is to startle and confuse. A truth which is to take the place of some long-standing misapprehension may at first sight seem incompatible with other truths that were long associated in our minds with the traditional error. The adjustment, especially in the case of beliefs that we hold not on evidence, but on authority, demands time. When, for example, it was universally taught that hell was a place situated in the centre of the earth, any sudden admission that this belief might be erroneous, would certainly have tended to shake belief in eternal punishment. We can conceive that many would have come to the conclusion that, if ecclesiastical teaching on the nature and whereabouts of hell had proved unreliable, it might easily happen that the same teaching should turn out to be quite as mistaken concerning the existence of hell. Nor are the learned, in this respect, much better off than the simple. Have we not seen that the greatest theologian of his day declared that to assert the diurnal motion of the earth was to call in question the inspiration of Scripture and the veracity of Christ? There are some people, now, who find great difficulty in conceiving how Catholic faith can stand, if we give up belief in the universality of the deluge or the historical character of the Book of Jonah.

Authority, then, acted wisely, with beneficent result, when it hindered the premature diffusion of knowledge which, however valuable, might have irreparably hurt interests immeasurably more sacred. The situation might be compared to that which arises in war. Representatives of the press, intent only upon providing the world with the latest and most detailed information from the scene of hostilities, are careless of the harm that might be done to one of the belligerents by imprudent disclosures. But the military censor steps in effectively to impress upon the newsgatherer the good sense of the proverb which says there is a time to speak, and also a time to be silent.

In his recent brilliant essay on the reconciliation of the ideals of science and faith, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has happily described the position of the Church towards new knowledge offered by science: "Authority tests it, and may, in doing so, seem to oppose it. She plays, as far as scientific proof is concerned, the part taken by the 'Devil's Advocate' in the process of canonization. She is jealous of disturbing changes in the human *medium* by which faith in the unseen is habitually preserved *hic et nunc;* science is placed by her on the defensive; excesses and fanciful theories are gradually driven out of court; a truer and more exact assimilation of assured results in science and in theology is thus obtained by the thinkers; then, and not until then, Authority accepts such results positively. She is the guardian, not of the things of science, but of the things of the spirit, it is not for her to initiate enquiries beyond her province." *

It is no reproach, then, to the Church that she has maintained a position of watchfulness, even of suspicion, towards modern science, and, occasionally, has been obliged—to borrow a phrase from Mr. Ward—to act to some extent as a drag on the freest adoption of speculations advanced in the name of modern criticism. Nor is the strength of her case weakened when opponents submit a long list of instances where the resistance to progress has been carried to an unwarranted extreme by the Congregation of the Index, or any other subordinate authority. Equally irrelevant is the charge that numberless theologians and apologists have obstinately

* *Ideals of Science and Faith.* Essays by various authors. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. Longmans, Green & Co., p. 318.

arrayed themselves against the legitimate claims of science, and, frequently, shut their eyes to the strongest evidences. In the Church, as in the world at large, Providence works through secondary causes, whose imperfections and failures are made contributory to the divine purpose. The action of the Holy Spirit, as the history of doctrinal development and theology testifies, does not exclude a concurrent action of the human mind, operating under its natural limitations. "Theology," writes Father Hogan, "is subject to two distinct laws or tendencies, the law of conservation and the law of progress. As directed by human hands, either of these two tendencies may be developed at the cost, even to the destruction, of the other, but always with detriment to the science itself. The progressive tendency, if unchecked, would soon emancipate itself from authority and do away with all definite, settled belief, while pure conservatism would end only in stagnation." These two forces, mutually counteracting each other's excesses, under the eye of Supreme Authority, have contributed to the adaptation of doctrine to the changing conditions of the human mind, without any change in the essential content of faith. But history forbids us to say that they have so controlled each other as to produce, at every instant, a perfect equilibrium, or to keep the proceedings of all authorities, great and small, in the undeviating line of rectitude.

We are under no necessity to deny that mistakes may have been made, in this department, as in several others, of ecclesiastical government. It has long been noted that the fulfilment of the divine promise made to the Church is manifested as much by her escape from the dangers that have arisen within, as by her victories over external enemies. The case which Father Hogan describes as follows is not altogether imaginary:* "There is such a thing as blind conservatism, and theologians are not necessarily exempt from it. They may cling obstinately to antiquated notions, and go on repeating confidently weak or exploded arguments. They may, by unconscious exaggeration, extend the immutability and sacredness of divine truth to solutions and speculations which are but human, and, in their eagerness to preserve in its integrity the deposit of faith, they may allow it to be overladen with worthless accretions which destroy, instead of enhancing, its

* *Clerical Studies*, p. 154.

purity and beauty." The condemnations of St. Thomas and of Galileo's doctrine, the various mistaken attacks upon scientific truth which have furnished to our opponents weapons that our apologists find somewhat troublesome, are all to be ascribed to the local or temporary possession of power by some representative of the "blind conservatism" to which Father Hogan refers.

Even if it were proven that the authorities who have conducted the censorship of books have sometimes erred through ignorance, or allowed themselves to be carried away by personal motives when they ought to have been actuated only by devotion to truth, what, again, would this prove, but that neither grace nor office, except in one man, and then under very strictly limited conditions, is an assurance against the failings of humanity? Nobody pretends that the Index is presided over immediately by the Holy Spirit. When it was instituted, there was a frequent complaint that the theologians who controlled it took advantage of it to the injury of a rival school. Many an author found his name upon it because his enemies were in, and his friends were out. Not always has Providence so signally interposed to prevent injustice as happened in the case of Bellarmine. Pope Sixtus V. had determined to place a work of the Cardinal on the Index. The list was already in print. But before it could be officially published, as Father Aquaviva, the Superior-General of the Jesuits in 1590, informs us, Providence removed Sixtus, and his successor was of a different mind.

The great Pope, Benedict XIV., knew that those who exercised the tremendous power of the Index were exposed to the danger of using it to the prejudice of religion. Hence he issued those admirable instructions which, unbiased judges will admit, express the spirit that, on the whole, has presided over the work of the Congregation of the Index. "Let them know," writes Benedict of the examiners of books, "that they must judge of the various opinions and sentiments of any book that comes before them with minds absolutely free from prejudice. Let them, therefore, dismiss patriotic leanings, family affections, the predilection of schools, the *esprit de corps* of an institute; let them put away the zeal of party—bearing in mind, moreover, that there are not a few opinions which appear to one school, institute, or nation to be unquestionably certain,

yet, nevertheless, are rejected and impugned, and their contradictories maintained, by Catholics, without harm to faith and religion—all this being with the knowledge and permission of the Apostolic See, which leaves every particular opinion of this kind its own degree of probability." The order to put away all prejudices, personal, local, patriotic, intellectual, is a hard saying; and if those to whom it is addressed have sometimes failed to hear it, we can only conclude that "men, not angels are the ministers of the Gospel."

Summing up the several points that are to be taken into account in a fair consideration of the Church's position towards science, we may say: (1) A great deal of the thought that has been put forth as science, is but speculation; (2) In science itself, besides verified fact and ascertained knowledge, there has been included, also, a considerable element of hypothesis, a large proportion of which has ultimately been rejected by scientists themselves; (3) As the guardian of revealed truth, it is the Church's duty to check, for a time, the diffusion of knowledge, when its sudden spread among minds unprepared for it might act injuriously on the interests of faith; (4) The principle of Authority is not affected by some rare mistakes made by authorities.

Only those who deny the existence of revelation can logically find fault with the restrictive policy of the Catholic Church. The wisdom of that policy is evinced in the safety with which the gradual adjustment of doctrine to the immense progress that the modern mind has made in so many departments of knowledge that bears directly, or indirectly, upon Christian faith. Non-Catholic Christians may boast that they have more rapidly assimilated the results of science; that, for example, they ceased earlier than Catholic theologians to oppose the teachings of geology. That may be. But what has been the result? The almost complete destruction of the old Protestant belief in the Bible, with a consequent collapse of all dogmatic Protestantism. Everywhere we hear of reconstructions of Christianity, revisions of creeds, restatements of confessions. But each attempt at building has begun and ended in the uprooting of some more of the old foundations of the temple, till now there is left scarcely a stone upon a stone. On the other hand, as may be seen in the pages of Lagrange, Prat, Hummelauer, and their fast-increasing school, the work of assimilation is proceeding

among us with all the rapidity that prudence allows. Convinced that there can be no real conflict between the truths of reason and the truth of Christ's message, Catholics await with confidence the arrival of the day when, no longer distorted through the medium of human perversity, and enfranchised from the fogs of comparative ignorance that now surround them, the sciences will all converge in one splendid flood of light, to render the City on the mountain top visible from afar.

Believe me, Yours fraternally,

—— ——.

THE WREN.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

How can I praise so slight a thing as thou,
O merry atom of the rolling song!
As brisk thou rangest all the paths along
To lift huge twig-beams to thy hollow bough
Dost build a cosy nest within? And how
Wilt feed thy young, small father? Nay, I wrong
Such patient cheer; thy little heart is strong
To hope great things from toil, nor fears allow.

O little wren, brave builder all the day,
And pausing but to lift thy voice and sing;
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see so small a thing
So large in hope; with firm assurance gay
That present needs a present aid shall bring,
And he who sends the want, will send the way.

New Books.

RENAN.
By Dr. Barry.

It looks at first sight a daring venture for a Catholic priest to write a life of Ernest Renan.* But if the hazard is to be made, we know of no abler hand to manage it than Dr. Barry's. Dr. Barry wields a pen of eminent distinction, and there is a fitness about his undertaking a study of a man whose style is a very miracle; and in the second place we are assured at the outset that Dr. Barry, so wide has been his reading, so sincere is his intellectual honesty, and so robust his Catholicity, will present Renan to us fairly, neither flinging a polemic at his head, nor letting him escape the just censure of a Christian scholar. So this work is finely wrought as a piece of literature, is judicious, brave, and reverent; and we fancy that it will become one of the most discussed books of the year.

Ernest Renan was one of the most highly gifted and perhaps the most influential of all the men of the nineteenth century. It is very doubtful indeed if even Charles Darwin so directly acted upon his age and threw into tumult so vast a multitude of minds as the ex-seminarist of St. Sulpice. Renan was brought up devoutly, made a brilliant course of preparatory studies, spent three years in the seminary, received tonsure and minor orders, and then, just as his class made the irrevocable step of the subdiaconate, which however he did not make, left the sanctuary and the Church, and became a deist of a vague and uncertain kind. He has told us the whole story in the seductive pages of the *Souvenirs*. It was biblical difficulties which gave proximate occasion for his momentous apostasy. But the remote cause was his own nature and temperament. He possessed but a thin and feeble religious sense. That solemn sense of the eternal, that worshipful obedience to the august oracle of conscience, that apostolic eagerness to grasp an ideal of righteousness and love, which were so characteristic of another man who entered the Catholic Church three days after Renan abandoned it, John Henry Newman—of all this Renan was destitute. He judged religion from the

* *Ernest Renan.* By William Barry, D.D. New York: Scribner's.

single standpoint of intellectual criticism. The needs of a soul, the perfection of spiritual character, and the postulates of the practical reason as a foundation of moral life he would not allow in his reckoning.

Perforce therefore he threw off Christianity. Not that Renan was immoral. On the contrary, his life was clean and blameless, even though at odd times he would utter some epicurean sentiment, which seemed to condone indulgently in other men the weaknesses of flesh from which he was himself exempt. But the point is, and it is the fundamental thing in understanding Renan, he had no strong sense of religion. Humanity facing God did not cast him down in awe, but rather roused in him a good-natured curiosity about so entertaining an affair. He was the perfection of bonhomie. He was forever smiling. He described his own life as "a charming walk through the nineteenth century." Devoted all his life to the study of the Hebrew language and religion, he never caught in the smallest degree the Hebrew seriousness before the problems of life. Too learned to be a dilettante, he nevertheless displays many elements of the dilettante spirit whenever he speaks of the sacredest interests of man.

Still it is only just to say that cries break at times from Renan's lips which spring from the depths of his soul. He is not always the smiler at superstition. He does not always approach the Sphinx of the universe with a jest; but now and then he seems subdued by the uncommunicating countenance, and ill at ease at sight of the mysterious desert beyond. But he never wavered in his infidelity. Dr. Barry says we cannot question his sincerity. He died as he had lived, and told them to engrave this epitaph upon his tomb: *Veritatem dilexi.*

Dr. Barry, as we have said, describes this man's career with admirable ability and considerable tact. He is silent upon the futile behavior of some of Renan's professors when the lad had begun to drift. Certain it is that those early doubts were not discreetly dealt with. To make a student say the *Miserere* as a penance for questioning the translation of a verse of the Vulgate is not wise, especially when the student has the original Hebrew in his hand. Dr. Barry also passes over in charity the hideous lack of scholarly men who might have answered Renan. But the arch-rationalist had hardly an adversary worthy of him among the orthodox, as Kant had not had, nor Darwin. These

three names may warn us that deep and critical scholarship is demanded for the welfare of Christianity in these modern times. These men have furnished almost all the weapons of the present warfare upon faith, and they are still weighty in the world of thought. Their equals must arise before the ancient *Civitas Dei* can feel safe and at peace.

This biography passes over rather hastily the *Vie de Jésus*, and is unaccountably brusque toward the *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*. One would gather from Dr. Barry that this latter work is worthless as history; and we are all but told that Sayce's Assyrian studies have pulled the foundations from beneath it. This latter point is, we fear, an exaggeration of Professor Sayce's contribution to biblical science. We apprehend that there is another side to Babylonian discoveries than the highly favorable one given by Dr. Barry. And as for the historical value of the *Histoire*, every Scripture student to-day knows that it is often wrong and cannot at all be regarded as an adequate picture of the present-day attitude of criticism toward ancient Israel. But in substance the work unquestionably remains an embodiment of the rationalist position on Hebrew history, clothed in a French style of almost overpowering fascination; and as such is a production of momentous importance. However, Dr. Barry's volume is, as we have already observed, a strong, clear, Christian judgment of Renan that no student of contemporary history or theology can afford to miss. This English priest is the most brilliant living writer among the Catholics of England and America, and we trust that he will give his pen no rest, but will continue to favor us with studies like this, which do so much to make us understand both our religion and our age.

ESSAYS.
By Bishop Spalding.

The strongest and bravest voice that speaks for righteousness to the people of this country is Bishop Spalding's; the strongest because it finds its utterance in the nobility of the human soul and in the loving kindness of God; and the bravest because it recks not of consequences when it has truth to proclaim. One must read Bishop Spalding* deeply and extensively to

* *Religion and Art; and Other Essays.* By Bishop Spalding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

understand him properly, and to get a grasp upon the world-view and life-philosophy which underlie his writings. Sometimes one hears the objection that there is not much dogmatic religion in the Bishop's works. But this rests on a total misconception of his purpose. That purpose is not to write a theology nor to deliver a polemic. It is far deeper and nobler than that, being nothing less than penetrating to the ultimate springs of human endeavor, to our faculties of loving, thinking, and aspiring, purifying these heavenly sources from greed and selfishness, and thus sanctifying the life of man at its very origin. This is not the day for contentions among Christian churches. The need now is to save the foundation of all religion, to convince men that they are not brutes, to liberate the spirit from the flesh, to open dull eyes to the beholding of the supernatural, to recall the race from voluptuousness to the austere obedience of the moral law which speaks within our conscience, and to initiate a bewildered world into the perennial joy and serene stability of the higher life. This is the glorious end to which Bishop Spalding keeps his eye directed in every page he writes; and in no holier way could he serve his fellow-men. His words cut like a lash when he attacks a greedy and sordid life; they burn with indignation when he describes the public corruption and private sin which darken the fair face of our Republic; and they tremble with inspiration when he holds up before men and women the blessed ideal for which God has fitted them and which they may victoriously attain. To every young man we say: Get Bishop Spalding's books, read them, ponder them, live up to them, and your life will be no futile animal existence, no characterless, shiftless bubble blown into the shape of a man, but will be a benediction on this earth, full of courage, power, gentleness, and edification.

This present volume consists of chapters on "Religion and Art"; "Education in the Nineteenth Century"; "The Meaning of Education"; "The Physician's Calling"; and "Social Questions." Of these we would give a word of special mention to the second, which was delivered before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis last fall. It is a glorious appeal for the right spiritual view of education, which is not filling a mind with information, but leading it upward

to a region of goodness and beauty, that it may be as cultured, free, and religious as God intended. Courageously the Bishop maintains that education is "a human need and a human right," "the right not of a class nor of a sex, nor of a profession merely, but of all"; that "universal education is a postulate of democracy"; that "the people must have the knowledge and wisdom which nothing but education can impart"; that "if education is to be made universal, it must be organized and supported by the State through a system of free schools brought within the reach of all, which it alone has the means to establish and maintain"; and that "the belief that education should be universal, and the recognition of the fact that it can be made so only through a system of public schools for which all are taxed, have given the impulse to the most characteristic developments of educational ideas during the nineteenth century." Then follows a description of the ideal teacher as a man or woman who is called on "to found here a kingdom of heaven wherein truth, justice, and love should prevail, wherein men should do the will of God." Teachers of this sort are "the world's guides and saviors, the inspirers of the multitude, the leaders out of captivity and bondage." This great essay closes with giving voice to that "infinite hope," which has descended upon the world, that man is made for God and will never, as a race, leave the pathway that leads on high. Again let us say, Bishop Spalding's writings are brave and beautiful and inspiring. If a man is losing sight of the moral ideal, they bring it near and brighten it; if a man is tempted to abandon all holy ambition because his sphere of action is small, they sound in his ears the heavenly lesson that every life has an infinite and eternal side to it, and that it is impossible for any child of God to play an insignificant part or to do a merely transitory work; and finally, if a man has been narrowly trained and one-sidedly educated, they break open fresh fields of thought and lead him out into a world-wide culture which will stimulate every faculty and destroy every unworthy prejudice. We trust that Catholics will not be remiss in appreciating the great work which this sturdy thinker puts before them; and we hope that the Bishop will long be spared to speak his mighty message to the modern world.

ADDRESSES.
By Dr. Shahan.

Dr. Shahan's addresses,* now brought together into a goodly book, were well worth publishing. They are full to flowing over with historical facts, details, side-lights, and suggestions, such as only a man who lives history and thinks history could furnish. One who reads this volume from cover to cover will acquire rare information on Christian art and archæology, the social and public influence of mediæval Catholicism, the Church's dealings with education, Catholic foreign missions, and the history of Ireland, in an amount not to be equalled, we think, in any other single volume that we possess. Not that these essavs are technical studies on these subjects. On the contrary, most of the chapters in the collection were originally delivered as popular lectures; as for example: "The Teaching Office of the Bishop"; "The Office of the Priesthood"; "Ireland and Rome"; "Robert Emmet"; "The Future of Ireland"; and "Do we need a Catholic University?" But woven into every one of these papers, however popular, are precious threads of history which make up the chief value and best adornment of the book. The rhetoric is often daring, what with venturesome metaphors and luxuriant style; but doubtless one should not search scrupulously for academic calm in compositions which, for the most part, were spoken addresses. On one or two subjects however we wish Dr. Shahan had been more objective. We refer to the essays on Leo XIII. and the Brussels Congress. Eulogiums on great men like the late Pontiff have their place, no doubt; but we have had them in plenty. Now that Leo has been dead nearly two years, it is time for a scientific study of his career, a study that will not be an indiscriminate adulation, but will, with affectionate good-will, estimate his strength and his weakness, his successes and his failures, and will anticipate the judgment which history will ultimately pronounce upon him. Dr. Shahan could do this so well, owing to his knowledge of papal history, that we regret that he passed the opportunity by. And as to the Brussels Congress, we would wish that something had been said in this essay on the present state of science among Catholics, what these Congresses mean, why they have been opposed, and what they

* *The House of God; and other Addresses and Studies.* By the Very Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

may lead to. This would demand frank and courageous speech, of course. But our *savants* ought to be frank and courageous. The day when timidity would do any good is gone. In conclusion we again cordially recommend this book, as indeed we feel safe in recommending every future volume that will come from the same capable pen.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.
By Dr. MacDonald.

Dr. MacDonald gives us a theological treatise* on the Sacrifice of the Mass which will be interesting to students of this tract in Christian dogma. He maintains at considerable length that not merely the oblation, but also the destruction, of the thing offered is essential to the idea of sacrifice. This position is supported by citations which display wide reading in theology, and the treatment throughout will call for the admiration of those to whom such disputes are important. The second part of the small volume has for its purpose to show that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the self-same as that of Calvary. In proving this point Dr. MacDonald expresses his regret that post-Reformation theologians conceded that the Mass is *simpliciter diversum* from Calvary. This unfortunate phrase, he says, is an obstacle to the proper understanding of Christ's one Sacrifice made on the Cross and continued on the altar. We may take occasion of this work to wish that some Catholic would give us a critical study on the Last Supper. This is a matter about which a mighty debate is now going on among New Testament critics, and, so far as we have seen, neither in English nor in any European language, is there any adequate representation of the Catholic side. No one, of course, should undertake such a task who is not familiar with the methods of scientific exegesis and of positive biblical criticism.

SAINTE-BEUVE IN ENGLISH.

It must prove a source of satisfaction to the lovers of the great masters in literature to learn that some of the historic and literary papers of Saint-Beuve have been translated into English and published in two beautiful volumes, by the Knickerbocker Press, under the general title of *Portraits of the Seventeenth*

* *The Sacrifice of the Mass.* By Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald. New York: The Christian Press Association.

*Century.** There are many to whom the French original is practically a sealed book, and whose knowledge of Sainte-Beuve was limited to fugitive, condensed, and wholly unsatisfactory translations of an occasional *Lundi*, and to such these volumes will be most welcome. And even to those to whom French is not unfamiliar the work will be no less welcome, since it presents in sound, idiomatic English some of the best work of the man who holds rank as one of the greatest critics in all literature.

In one of his delightful monographs Paul Bourget has shown how, especially in France, the Critical Essay is the "survival of the fittest" in literary forms. And we can readily see how the spirit of the French people, no less than their language, naturally and most successfully lends itself to this form of literary expression. Keenly appreciative of style and form, ever alert to the *bon mot*, always shrewd and pointed in criticism, no people, as a whole, could take to the Essay with greater zest. Hence it is not surprising to find this literary form at home in modern French literature. It flourishes, it is interjected into every kind of prose, the novel, the treatise, the history. And as the Frenchman lives in an atmosphere of art, as the feeling for form, the poetry and inspiration of color and tone, are in the very air he breathes, perforce he must be the artist or the critic; he must create, or he must appreciate.

And just as Montaigne is the father of the modern essay in its broadest conception, just so surely is Sainte-Beuve the parent of the modern Critical Essay. After Montaigne the form grew richer and richer, and its fecundity was little short of the marvelous. But Sainte-Beuve was the first scientific and universal critic, and only Balzac shares with him the primacy of influence upon the France of the nineteenth century. This influence is so real, so pronounced, that men of authority in the world of letters do not hesitate to declare that there is not a writer in France, of the present day or of the past half century, who is not more or less directly indebted to Sainte-Beuve.

He is the acknowledged prince of critics. Both by train-

* *Portraits of the Seventeenth Century.* Historic and Literary. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katherine P. Wormeley. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

ing and by temperament he was analytical; in him that quality was ever dominant. His was the widest learning, to him the greatest pleasure was to comprehend. In his youth he had studied medicine; he had been a physiologist before he became a poet and a novelist; he had been all three before he devoted himself to the Critical Essay. The old school of criticism regarded a book as a finished product, to be judged by itself and apart from its writer. Sainte-Beuve saw that to understand a work one must know and understand all that was involved in the process of its making—and especially one must know the writer, the man as he moved and breathed and had his being, not only the man in himself, but the man in his whole environment, his antecedents, the social, family, religious forces that had any play in his development, the racial characteristics, ambition, views of life that prevailed in his age and country—all these entered into the concept of Sainte-Beuve as necessary material for the Critical Essay. And it is this which makes this form of literary expression one of the richest and most life-like pictures of all that served to create the particular work under notice.

These were the qualities which made Sainte-Beuve call his work the "natural history of minds." And for such work he was admirably equipped. He possessed an acute perception of all that was vital and significant in his subjects. His learning was profound, his research far-reaching and painstaking. His theories of criticism were thus broad and sound, founded on knowledge he had made his own, and a study that was so wide in its range as to merit the term universal. He had a tact that even in a Frenchman was wonderful, while his taste was well-nigh perfection. His style is a model of French prose, clear, dignified, exact. It can, therefore, be readily understood how he drew for so many years the attention of the whole world of letters in every land and of every tongue to the pages of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Moniteur* in which his wonderful *Causeries* appeared. From one of his biographers we learn with what care each of these papers was prepared for publication.

> He began each Monday to prepare the article for the following week. Having selected his subject, he dictated a rough outline of the article, filling in blanks and making corrections. This first draft was then copied, revised, and

> sometimes even wholly rewritten. For twelve hours daily this continued until Thursday, when the manuscript was sent to the printer. The proof was then subjected to a revision as minute and thorough as that which the manuscript had undergone, before everything was pronounced ready for publication on Monday. And when it did appear, the accuracy and aptness of every quotation, the correctness of every name and date were as noteworthy as its finish and effect as a whole.

This elaborate, painstaking work reminds one of our own Walter Pater, and of the late W. E. Henley, both possessing high standards to which Henley, for instance, was so loyal, that it is said he would not allow even a four line notice of a book to appear till it had been polished *usque ad unguem.*

The first of Sainte-Beuve's famous literary *causeries* was published in 1830 in the *Revue de Paris*, but it was not until 1849 that he regularly contributed the *Causeries du lundi* to the *Constitutionnel*, and these he continued till his death in 1865. These literary monographs cover the widest range, from the classic writers of antiquity to those of his own day. The mere bulk of his work, fifty-three volumes, is of itself imposing, and when one considers the precision, subtlety, and delicacy of his writings, the whole stands unrivalled in the literature of criticism.

The English presentation of Sainte-Beuve under consideration has been taken from the *Causeries du lundi*, the *Portraits de Femmes*, and the *Portraits Littéraires.* The two volumes (which, it may be useful to note, may be purchased separately) deal with the important personages in France during the seventeenth century, and a list of the subjects discussed would be sufficient to show the wide range of Sainte-Beuve's special gifts and power as a critic. The whole series of papers is too lengthy to print here, but we may notice that the first volume contains papers of special interest on Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and De Retz, on de La Rochefoucauld, the Abbé de Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe, and Henrietta Anne of England; and the second volume treats of the History of the French Academy, of Bossuet and Fénelon, of Molière, Corneille, and Racine, of Boileau and La Fontaine, of Pascal, of Madame de Sévigné.

Here and there passages in the original have been omitted,

but these are practically of no importance, or relate chiefly to distinctions of style, etc., which cannot be made clear in English. Likewise, where two or more essays on the same person have been written in different series they have been put together, with, of course, the omission of repetitions. The volumes are beautifully printed and bound, and the portraits of the different celebrities have been artistically reproduced. The work must, as we have said above, be welcome, and will prove of absorbing interest to all whose love for the great in literature is genuine.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. By Munsterberg.

Dr. Münsterberg's brief essay * on Immortality has much in it to attract and much to exasperate. His interpretation of life in terms of will is done with extraordinary skill and perspicuity, considering the small space allotted to the problem in his paper. But his application of the theory of will-values to individual immortality appears to us unsatisfactory and weak. To speak first of the former point, Dr. Münsterberg insists that the true value of human life cannot be stated in terms of mechanics, physics, space, or time, but rather consists in our will-attitude towards reality. Our beliefs, endeavors, and ideals are our life, so far as that life is specifically human and not material or animal; and these beliefs, endeavors, and ideals represent the position that our will takes toward the world about us, and toward the absolute. Obviously this will-attitude is independent of time; it shares in the absoluteness of the reality which is not imprisoned in forms of finite thought. Therefore, says Dr. Münsterberg, a man's true life is in itself eternal, and it is futile and unworthy to dream of a continued individual existence after death. There is no future as there is no past or present to life, when life is thus ideally regarded. A will-attitude toward absolute reality is eternal; and to fall from this high conception to the animal desire for a space-and-time futurity is egregiously to miss life's nobler meaning.

With this interpretation of life in terms of will we have only sympathy; with its application to immortality we totally disagree. Dr. Münsterberg, in our judgment, needs in his philosophy a deeper and more comprehensive idea of the individual as such. He reduces man to a series of impersonal

* *The Eternal Life.* By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

will-attitudes, and ignores the underlying *Self* which makes those will-attitudes possible and gives them meaning; he empties all content out of the great affirmation, *Ego;* and he totally passes over the very highest element in will-life, the element of responsibility. Because there is a timeless aspect to our life now, away, he says, with the superstition that we shall be shut up again after death in a prison subject to time. Rather, we would maintain, because our earthly life catches a glimpse of absolute values, and to that extent is beyond the constraint of time, is it all the more likely that we shall hereafter see more of those absolute values; or else these present gleams of them are futile and purposeless. The greatest value of life consists in our attitude toward ultimate reality. True; but that attitude is inconceivable, unless referred to the personal self that takes the attitude. Life and reality are nonexistent to us, until we fling our personalities against them and adjust our *selves* to them. This adjusting of individual selves to the absolute merely begins, merely dawns here on earth, and we die almost as soon as we have found that in this adjustment our purest life consists. The adjustment, therefore, must go on in a world to come, or else the highest finite reality we know, namely a conscious self, has a more horrible fate than the meanest grain of matter. And if that adjustment to the absolute will continue, it can continue only in terms of self. Otherwise the impersonal is higher than the personal, and the august fact of individual responsibility is blown sheer out of human life. Mr. Münsterberg reads the world in terms of will. It is astonishing that he should seem to forget that will means a self; and that if there is an eternity in will-attitude, there must also be an eternity in self-attitude. And if there is an eternity in self-attitude, his unreal foundation of impersonal will-postures is demolished, and we are standing on the traditional ground of everlasting individual permanence in the world to come.

CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.

Two small volumes by Catholic laymen, on vital questions of controversy and apologetics, are heartily to be welcomed.* In Europe it is not uncommon to

* *The Light of Faith.* By Judge Frank McGloin. St. Louis: B. Herder. *The Church of God on Trial.* By Edward J. Maginnis. New York: The Christian Press Association.

find learned laymen entering the lists in behalf of religion, but in America the spectacle has thus far been rare. Judge McGloin and Mr. Maginnis give us hope that we shall have a renascence of the lay apostolate. Judge McGloin's volume deals with such fundamental questions as the existence of God, divine revelation, and the immortality of the soul. On these subjects Mr. McGloin writes as one who has read pretty thoroughly in the modern literature of science, and he acquits himself with distinction.

Mr. Maginnis' volume aims at proving the Church and its sacraments against such objections as are contained in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church. The discussion is brief, but it has a legal incisiveness, and never wanders from the point. Naturally in so summary a treatment, many points are undeveloped and some conclusions seem hastily arrived at; but the book furnishes stimulus for wider research and more exhaustive investigation. Again let us say it, these treatisse are in a high degree encouraging. May the number of our lay defenders speedily increase. It is time for another Brownson.

GREAT CATHOLICS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Lefebure.

M. Léon Lefébure has written a book* consisting of four sketches of eminent French Catholics, believing that one of the best apologetics for faith is the life-story of great men who have believed. This is a just and true belief, and M. Lefébure is happy in the choice of characters who illustrate it. He has selected Montalembert, Augustin Cochin, the philanthropist, François Rio, the historian of Christian art, and the Abbé Guthlin, student and philosopher. These were men who lived abreast of their age in the spheres of study and practical activity, and remained always sincere and simple Catholics. Of Montalembert's Catholicity there is no need to speak. In prosperity and in trial, in the ardent hopes of his youth and in the sorrowful disillusions of his old age, he stood firmly true to faith, and allowed no shock or vicissitude to loosen his loyal grasp upon it. M. Lefébure writes of him with especial tenderness, treating chiefly of his misfortunes wherein he is so superbly great. Lamennais is harshly spoken of in these

* *Portraits de Croyants au XIXe. Siècle.* Par Léon Lefébure. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit.

pages; rather too harshly we think. Is it not with great sorrow that we should behold that mighty ruin of a gifted soul, rather than with unfeeling censure?

How Catholicity lived in and inspired the careers of his three other subjects, M. Lefébure shows in eloquent pages. Cochin was a lover of men and a well-doer to them, who in every deed of charity kept before his mind the spirit of the Gospel and the traditional ideal of Catholic philanthropy; Rio was a student of art who counted the most brilliant men of his age among his intimate friends: Lord Houghton, Carlyle, Gladstone, and many others, in whose company he was ever the edifying, devout, and fearless Catholic; the Abbé Guthlin recalls Père Gratry; like Gratry he was of an ardent, idealizing nature, whose fine qualities of mind were incessantly preoccupied with means for winning the modern world of scholarship to Christ. He died in the very prime of life, just as he seemed about to realize the brilliant promise of his youth. It does one good to read these sketches of noble and believing men. We are sure that books like these will give inspiration to many lives—*exempla trahunt*—and we trust especially that among the Frenchmen of to-day there will arise Christian heroes not unworthy of the splendid names on France's long roll of honor, to restore and strengthen in their countrymen the Christian spirit which appears now to be obscured.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.
By Giraud.

This book,* written for religious, gives the rugged and old-fashioned lessons of spiritual life in an earnest, pious manner which is not without a certain attractiveness. There is little in it that is new, as we might expect—even the similes and examples are taken from Francis de Sales, Cassian, and Rodriguez—but we dare say that it will compare favorably even in literary interest with almost any other of its kind. We were astonished to find that there are no chapters on prayer. The old monastic way of writing spiritual books made all other considerations, whether on vices, virtues, or vows, only preparatory to a long and analytic study of prayer, which is the highest occupation of the human soul, and ought therefore to be the most important part of a religious book.

* *The Spirit of Sacrifice in the Religious State.* By Rev. S. M. Giraud. Revised by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The preface styles Father Rodriguez' work on *Perfection* the first and foremost treatise on the religious life. We venture to say that not many people, whose reading in spiritual literature has been moderately thorough, would approve this astonishing statement. The chapter on manifestation of conscience should have been omitted. Leo XIII.'s decree *Quemadmodum* abolished the custom in all lay communities, on account of the abominable abuses to which it had given rise; and inasmuch as this book will almost certainly be used chiefly in sisterhoods, this troublesome matter should have been dropped. The final chapter, too, on the apparitions at La Salette, had better been excised, for reasons that will be obvious to whoever reads it. But in conclusion let us say that we read one sentence in this good book with sincere delight. Here it is: "After the priesthood, there is nothing more holy, more sublime, than the religious life." Heaven be praised that right order is observed at last! The disparagement of Christ's priesthood goes so far in some treatises on the vowed state as apparently to regard the priest as merely a canonical functionary. Cardinal Manning was justified in his indignation at this subjection of the apostolic priesthood to any other state, however holy. To the person, author, or editor, who wrote the sentence quoted, we would express our gratitude.

THE HISTORY OF NAZARETH.
By Gaston Le Hardy.

A long, varied, and momentous history clusters about the Galilean village of Nazareth. Apart from the biblical events that occurred there, nearly every century of Christian history has seen something worth recording on the scene of the Annunciation. Christian art finds fascination in the basilicas which devout hands raised in the Holy Family's honor; pious romance may revel in the pilgrimages that stream through all ages toward the venerated spot; and interests of a sterner and sadder kind will be occupied with the wars and conquests which drenched in blood the birth-land of the King of Peace. This story of Nazareth and its basilicas has been concisely written by M. Gaston Le Hardy in a volume* of extraordinary value. Woven into the substance of the book are long citations from ancient authors, arranged chronologically, which tell with great

* *Histoire de Nazareth et de Ses Sanctuaires.* Par Gaston Le Hardy. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

vividness, and of course with weighty authority, what learned pilgrims and historians of old found in the holy hamlet, or heard existed there. Its shrines are minutely described, and the fate which decreed that it should pass in violence from Christian to infidel hands is fully and sympathetically narrated. Naturally in a book on Nazareth we look to find the author's account of the episode of the Holy House, said to have been transported to the West by angels, and at the present time to rest in Loreto. M. Le Hardy is not very forward or dogmatic in giving his opinion on the matter, but it is perfectly clear that he regards the Holy House legend as unhistorical. He points out, as so many other historians have done, that long after the alleged miracle, travelers in Palestine positively declare that the Holy House existed unchanged in Nazareth; and he indicates the very late date of the legend as a grave reason for its historical untrustworthiness. M. Le Hardy, let us remark, is a devout Catholic. On the whole this is a very interesting book, and every one who reads it will feel grateful to the author.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

A new edition of the *Little Flowers of St. Francis** is a favor to be welcomed. These tender and immortal legends make one forget for a time the tumult and the shouting of our modern world, and beguile one's fancy with visions of mediæval Umbria, and the mighty servant of God, St. Francis. They tell, as the world knows, of how blessed Francis chided Brother Elias for speaking disrespectfully to an angel; of how he commanded Brother Bernard, under obedience, to tread three times on his throat and mouth, because he had half-admitted an unkind thought about Brother Elias; of how he had divers colloquies with the Lord and several of his saints; of how while he was praying one night a little boy-brother saw him conversing with Christ and his holy Mother; of how he tamed Brother Wolf, after Brother Wolf had killed many people; of how he preached a sermon to "My little Sisters the Birds"; and many other charming stories, as artless as the look of a child, as fresh and pure as the dawn of day. It will do every one good to read the *Little Flowers.*

* *Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.* London: Kegan Paul, French, Trübner Company.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. By McClain.

An excellent manual* of constitutional law in the United States has been written by Judge McClain, of the Supreme Court of Iowa. An introductory section is historical in character, giving the English and Colonial antecedents of our present Constitution. The body of the book is naturally taken up with the Constitution itself in its various regulations concerning the three branches of our Government, the inter-relation of States, and the rights and guarantees of the individual citizen. A useful appendix contains extracts from Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and other similar instruments of popular government. The volume is very well adapted either for private reading or for classes of civics or history in our schools.

TALES. By M. E. Francis.

The well-known name of M. E. Francis appears on the title-page of a new volume† of short stories. Like so many of the author's earlier writings, these sketches have their scene of action in Dorset—Dorset of quaint speech, simple manners, and guileless hearts. And so appropriately, these stories are simple too, being pastoral tales and quiet romances of an English village's joys and sorrows and superstitions and affections. They display no agitation of great adventure, no painful ingenuity of plot, no detailed delineation of striking characters. But they are fascinating from their unpretending simplicity, their pure goodness, and their warm, human interests. Every one who loves good literature and has a heart for the quiet humanities of our lot will find delight in reading them.

LYNCH LAW. By Dr. Cutler.

A book on the gruesome subject of lynching‡ is not pleasant to read, but it may be a means toward remedying a great evil. Professor Cutler has collected a vast amount of data on this particular feature of lawlessness; he gives a summary of the pre-

* *Constitutional Law in the United States.* By Emlin McClain, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Dorset Dear.* By M. E. Francis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ *Lynch Law.* An Investigation into the History of Lynching in the United States. By James Elbert Cutler, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ventive measures thus far proposed for destroying it; and in his last chapter he expresses the personal convictions to which his investigation has led him. It is hardly necessary to state that Professor Cutler is uncompromising in his abhorrence of lynching. He admits, of course, that the provocation is often exceedingly grave; but he denies that it ever justifies mob action. He makes the point that lynching does not deter from crime, and that the terror excited by such summary vengeance has no permanent effect for good. The speedy vindication of justice by strictly legal procedure, he insists, would not only remove a reproach flung often against our country by aliens, but would also be the best check on the crimes that have brought lynching into being. And as for the punishment of lynchers, this volume repeats what the whole world knows; namely, that although nearly all the States in which lynchings are frequent have laws on their statute-books making lynching a crime, these laws are practically inoperative and worthless. We agree with Professor Cutler that lynching ought to be made a federal offense to be tried in federal courts. Lawless men would hesitate long before forming a lynching mob if they knew that they would have to stand trial before a judge who directly represented the central government of the country. For our comfort, Mr. Cutler's figures prove that lynching is decreasing. Whereas in 1892, 235 persons were lynched, and in 1893, 200, the average yearly number from 1899 to 1903 was 111. With the spread of education, and the growing sense of religion and civilization, we have abundant reason to hope that this sin against society will soon disappear. It is absolutely necessary, let us say in conclusion, that the men who handle this question, whether in pulpit, press, or Congress, should be free from sectional bitterness, and should adapt their fine academic theories to the exigencies of human nature. No man who has not lived or extensively traveled in the South, and sympathetically learned the South's difficulties, burdens, and traditions, should presume publicly to discuss the problem. The noble South is bravely doing its best to sustain its share of our country's responsibilities, and to have a fitting part in America's splendid progress. It is neither disloyal nor lawless. It simply has a perplexing crisis to confront, and it will confront it and pass through it honorably and successfully if the North will give help instead of criticism, sympathy instead of censure.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. By Hichens.

A novel that since its publication has received extensive notices, most of them laudatory, is *The Garden of Allah*,* by Robert Hichens. The Garden of Allah is the title poetically given by the Arabs to the Desert of Sahara, and the desert with its "atmosphere," its silence, its charm, its heat, and its sky-effects, is employed as the background of this tale, and the interpreter, in great measure, of the feelings and emotions of its characters. The novel, in so far as it employs the dry and voiceless desert for this purpose, is unique; the theme of the story itself is exceedingly trite. We have had, indeed, a nauseating surplus of this kind of frenzied novel writing within the last two years, and we need but mention two others that have been widely and sensationally exploited—*The Shutters of Silence* and *The Broken Rosary*. We have called it frenzied novel writing, and we think the adjective a just one. The author of such a book is evidently beggared for a theme, and his selection of the abnormal and the unusual is a confession of weakness. Genius in order to find its expression need not distort nature nor display its eccentricities and its exceptions. In truth by such a proceeding a writer but seeks to conceal his own weakness by attracting the attention of the observer to the freak of nature. Art is but the powerful expression of the true, and the good, and of what is fundamental in the proper growth and perfection of all things. Could we differentiate art from morality, which we cannot, any more than we can separate soul from body and still have life, this novel, *The Garden of Allah*, would yet sin grievously against the first canons of art; for it creates not normal, natural characters, but characters that from the outset are unreal, impractical, and artistically, or rather inartistically, monstrous. It is a straining after the unusual, glaring in its great daubs of yellow and red, and attractive because of its very unusual coloring, its fantastic lines, and its sensational lights, as, in another order, the display lines of a penny daily are attractive to many jaded minds, or the two-headed calf in the menagerie is attractive to the curious crowd.

This novel has been praised, and praised almost without limit, for the power of its English. If power be an excessive use of the adjective, a down-pouring of words, a repetition of

* *The Garden of Allah*. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

sentences with the same meaning, and the employment of phrases which when analyzed seem to have no purpose save the creation of that intangible thing called "literary atmosphere," if delicacy be a fault and simplicity a weakness, then the present work may be called powerful indeed. We have read it, but the reading has been a laborious task. Many times during the reading we had to seek a respite. The book, from the point of view of writing, is decidedly heavy. It is overdone, it smells of the lamp, and the endeavors for great effects and unusual climaxes are pitiful.

The immorality of the book is, to our minds, so gross that we fail to see how any soul, cherishing the pure and holy things of life, can fail to be disgusted and sickened at the reading of it. We do not wish to be prudish in the matter. Literature, since it is a study of life, must deal with life in its entirety, and, in depicting the sinful and the forbidden, literature but fulfils a necessary part of its office. But when an author deliberately exploits the sensual, describes minutely, carefully, and with the single view to arouse the purely animal in his characters, he makes himself but the arch-priest, or rather the arch-devil of the indecent, and his work should no more be tolerated in the respectable home than his like conversation would be listened to in the drawing-room.

We have spoken thus at length because the book in question has been praised by journals that claim to be eminently respectable, and the author is said by them to have entered once more into his own—perhaps he has.

We might continue our criticism of the volume, and speak of how the author, with all his claims to exactness, fails utterly to understand the sacrament of marriage as taught by the Catholic Church; how he makes his chief character grossly inconsistent; how he violates most obviously the laws of physiology—but we would have to continue indefinitely. *The Garden of Allah* is not a worthy nor an artistic creation; it is a reeking monstrosity.

ÆQUANIMITAS.
By Osler.

Dr. Osler is the author of one of the best single volume text-books of medicine in English.* He dedicated that book to the memory of

* *Æquanimitas.* With Other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses, and Practitioners of Medicine. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

his teachers, the first of whom is the Anglican minister of Weston, Ontario. It is somewhat unusual for a scientist thus to acknowledge indebtedness to his early religious training, but this affectionate remembrance is an indication of the character of the author. Dr. Osler's extensive sympathy, his elevation of thought, his insistence on worthy ideals, his wide reading are all strikingly exhibited in the volume before us. The book gives us an excellent idea why the medical profession was so enthusiastic in its tribute to him on the occasion of his departure for Oxford. We will be pardoned if we quote a few passages from the work. In his address on teaching and thinking, or the two functions of the medical school, Dr. Osler said:

> 'Tis no idle challenge which we physicians throw out to the world when we claim that our mission is of the highest and of the noblest kind, not alone in curing disease, but in educating the people in the laws of health, and in preventing the spread of plagues and pestilence; nor can it be gainsaid that of late years our record as a body has been more encouraging in its practical results than those of the other learned professions. Not that we all live up to the highest ideals, far from it—we are only men. But we have ideals which mean much, and they are realizable, which means more. Of course there are Gehazis among us who serve for shekels, whose ears hear only the lowing of the oxen and the jingling of the guineas, but these are exceptions. The rank and file labor earnestly for public good, and self-sacrificing devotion to community interests animates our best work.

Apart from this expression of lofty ideals of conduct, to be met with so frequently in these addresses, the most striking feature is the breadth of reading and the extent of the literary knowledge displayed. The Bible is quoted very frequently and very appropriately. Other favorite authors are John Henry Newman, Walter Pater, Plato, Shakespeare, George Eliot, Cervantes, and Dante. These writers are quoted evidently not from any mere chance reading of striking passages, but from a deep knowledge and intimate familiarity with their spirit and intention. Thus Dr. Osler himself is a wonderful example of the advice he has so often publicly given to medical students and physicians that, besides their vocation, they should have some avocation to which to turn in their leisure moments, and that they should acquire, if not a scholar's knowledge, at least

a gentleman's knowledge, of the immortal literary works of all time.

Dr. Osler, to his praise be it said, continually insists on the necessity for a professional man rounding out his life with other interests beyond those of his profession, and with other desires beyond that of making money. Real success, he writes, means happiness in life, not merely the accumulation of money, which may indeed be a source of more worry than pleasure to its possessor. Some of Dr. Osler's expressions in this regard are not limited in their application to the medical profession. Speaking of a great University he said:

> While living laborious days, happy in his work, happy in the growing recognition which he is receiving from his colleagues, no shadow of doubt haunts the mind of the young physician, other than the fear of failure; but I warn him to cherish the days of his freedom, the days when he can follow his bent, untrammeled, undisturbed, and not as yet in the coils of the octopus. In a play of Oscar Wilde's one of the characters remarks: "There are only two great tragedies in life, not getting what you want, and getting it!" And I have known consultants whose treadmill life illustrated the bitterness of this *mot*, and whose great success at sixty did not bring the comfort they had anticipated at forty. The mournful echo of the words of the preacher ring in their ears, words which I not long ago heard quoted with deep feeling by a distinguished physician: "Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

Dr. Osler has realized especially, and expressed in a striking way, the duty of charity, and in so doing has paid more than one tribute to the work of the Church. We quote an example from an address to nurses:

> Among the ancients, many had risen to the idea of forgiveness of enemies, of patience under wrong-doing, and even of the brotherhood of man; but the spirit of Love only received its incarnation with the ever memorable reply to the ever memorable question, Who is my neighbor?—a reply which has changed the attitude of the world. Nowhere in ancient history, sacred or profane, do we find pictures of devoted heroism in women such as dot the annals of the Catholic Church, or such as can be paralleled in our own

century. Tender, maternal affection, touching filial piety, were there; but the spirit abroad was that of Deborah not Rizpah, of Jael not Dorcas.

If more of our teachers in America had the breadth of human sympathy, the depth of learning, and the precious love of high ideals, which characterizes those addresses, we should feel less anxious about the effect of present-day education on the rising generation.

GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
By Lee.

Coincident with the publication of the lectures delivered at Cambridge, England, by Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard College, is the appearance of a volume of lectures delivered the same year at Lowell Institute, Boston, by the distinguished English scholar, Sidney Lee.

Mr. Lee's subject is *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*,* and he has chosen as representative of the highest culture of the period, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon, and William Shakespeare.

No attempt at detailed biographies has been made by Mr. Lee. He has endeavored rather to trace in these men "the course of a great intellectual movement." This movement, it is needless to say, is the spirit of the Renaissance, "which reached its first triumph in More's *Utopia*, and its final glory in Shakespearean drama." By their versatility of aim, ambition, and achievement, More, Sidney, Bacon, Raleigh are indisputably typical products of the Renaissance. As Mr. Lee says of Bacon: "His philosophical interests embraced every topic; his writings touched almost every subject of intellectual study. To each he brought the same eager curiosity and efficient insight. He is the despair of the modern specialist. He is historian, essayist, logician, legal writer, metaphysician, a commentative writer on science in its every branch."

With commendable fairness and conscientious criticism Mr. Lee has handled the virtues and the weaknesses of his subjects. His enthusiasm over Bacon's scholarship is exuberant, but his censure of his lax morals is keen. In his essay on

* *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century.* By Sidney Lee New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

More, he has naturally failed to see that noble man from the point of view of one within the Church; to him it is "one of history's perplexing ironies" that "the man who, by an airy effort of the imagination, devised the new and revolutionary ideal of *Utopia*, should end his days on the scaffold as a martyr to ancient beliefs which shackled man's intellect and denied freedom to man's thought." More was beheaded, as Mr. Lee himself says, and as every schoolboy knows, because he refused to bow to the Act of Supremacy which conferred upon Henry VIII. and all his successors, in place of the Pope, the title of Supreme Head of the Church. For Catholics the paradox would have existed had More subscribed to Henry's claim. Aside from this lack of sympathy with More on the fundamental question, Mr. Lee's appreciation of him is eulogistic. He speaks of him as "one endowed with the finest enlightenment of the Renaissance; a man whose outlook on life was in advance of his generation; possessed, too, of such quickness of wit, such imaginative activity, such sureness of intellectual insight, that he could lay bare with pen all the defects, all the abuses, which worn-out conventions and lifeless traditions had imposed on the free and beneficent development of human endeavor and human society."

This volume of essays is a valuable addition to literature on the subject.

Eden Phillpotts is the writer of a new West of England tale entitled *The Secret Woman.** The scene is laid in that bleak yet beautiful Dartmoor country which the author knows how to describe so well. The novel belongs to that class of heart-burning tragedies which Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* typifies, and it is quite as gloomy and unpleasant. The old story of sin and its terrible consequences is told again with dramatic and forceful power. Clever and powerful as the book is, it none the less raises again the old question, would it not be better for a talented writer to devote his energies to life's happier episodes?

Notwithstanding the sincerity of Mr. Phillpotts, and the stern lesson his tragedy preaches, the book is not one for indiscriminate circulation.

* *The Secret Woman.* By Eden Phillpotts. New York. The Macmillan Company.

The Bishop of Beauvais has written to his clergy a pastoral letter* on Scripture-study which is highly creditable to its distinguished author. It is sanely conservative but honorably sympathetic with the just endeavors of modern criticism. It is a great pleasure to read it, after one has been disheartened by the multitude of pamphlets that have come from certain quarters in violent, but not very scientific, disparagement of the historical method in biblical study. This brief work recognizes that new problems have arisen in the field of Scripture, that the fathers have not exhausted human science, and that sound criticism is to be encouraged. More particularly the bishop admits the great principles of implicit quotations, and of diversity of interpretation depending on diversity of literary form. From this the initiated will understand that we have here a broad and enlightened prelate.

In *A Short Handbook of Missions*,† Mr. Eugene Stock gives a great deal of valuable information concerning the foreign missions of the non-Catholic Christian denominations. According to his figures these missions now govern between three and four million converts, of whom a million and a quarter are regular communicants. The missionaries number between fifteen and seventeen thousand, including four thousand married and over three thousand unmarried women. Interesting sketches are given of the chief missionary societies in non-Catholic churches, and also brief biographical notices of some of the more celebrated missionaries. Unfortunately Mr. Stock intensely dislikes the Catholic Church. He discredits our foreign missions, and makes various charges against our missionaries, some of which charges, however, seem to spring from irritation at the number of Catholic converts. At all events this exhibition of prejudice is repulsive, and greatly disfigures his book.

* *L'Étude de la Sainte Ecriture.* Lettre de Mgr. l'Évêque de Beauvais au Clergé de Son Diocèse. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

† *A Short Handbook of Missions.* By Eugene Stock. New York. Longmans, Green & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (13 May): The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, studies exhaustively the advantages and disadvantages of the French Concordat. The letter manifests much practical knowledge of affairs and considerable moderation of view, and it will be a great aid to the appreciation of the true condition of the crisis. The civil and religious powers must necessarily be distinct. This is a principle arising from the very nature of the Church's divine mission. The mutual independence of the two powers in their respective domains, is complemented by the duty of living and working together in concord and harmony. That these principles have not been adhered to, cannot be laid at the Church's door. The present crisis is not the outcome of the Concordat. On the contrary the fault is clearly imputable to those whose duty it was to use the Concordat. A government, animated by intentions merely pacific, would not take forty-eight hours to settle the dispute honorably for France and joyously for the Church. In addition, the writer traces a provisory line of conduct to be pursued by his clergy until reorganization is attained. The most serious fault of the present system is the lack of autonomy for the French clergy. In this hour of violent transformation let the Church put aside that passive attitude with which the clergy have been reproached.

(20 May): The Bishop of London, speaking of the remarriage of divorced persons in Churches, says, that what the State has done in decreeing a divorce, the State, if it wishes, must undo; the Church should not be compromised in the matter at all. The convenience of the world is one thing, the standard and teaching of the Church is quite another.

(27 May): The Archbishop of Albi contributes an examination of the French Separation Bill. The pretexts for disunion are shown to be artificial.

Le Correspondant (25 April): "Japan, France, and Europe," by Marcel Dubois, is a serious study of the dangers which threaten the French, English, and Dutch colonies in

Asia in the result of a final victory of Japan over Russia. The writer points out means for averting these now almost imminent dangers.——"Why Dogmas Reassert Themselves.—The Balance-Sheet of Positivism," is a critical essay by J. E. Fidao. It is the refutation of a work by M. Gabrielle Séailles, *Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne.* The author in the *Correspondant* studies Positivism under three aspects: (1) The limits which science may not overstep without ceasing to be science; (2) Religion has its own realm, the supernatural, and plays an essential part in the world which nothing can replace; (3) There is no religious society without a "spiritual power" and a Credo which all believe, and which its ministers are bound to maintain in its original sense. M. Fidao thinks that there are few unbelievers who would not be converted to Catholicity by this apologist for Positivism; witness M. Brunetière, to mention only one name.——M. Amédée Britsch, in "An African Hero," recalls the brilliant but too brief career of Commandant Lamy, a true patriot, who gave his energy and his military talents to the achievement of success in the Saharan mission entrusted to him. He made the French flag respected on African soil, where he would conquer only to pacify.

(10 May): In "A German Jubilee" M. André makes an intelligent and impartial analysis of the works of Schiller, and traces with a masterly hand the moral influence this great poet exercised on his generation. M. André thinks that Schiller well deserves, not only the homage of the German people, who are celebrating his fame so grandly, but of the whole world; for, to quote the poet's own words in the "Prologue to Wallenstein," He who has sought to satisfy the noblest souls belongs to all times and nations.

(25 May): "The Kingdom of Hungary.—Its Evolution and its Present Crisis," is a learned article by Réné Henry on the history of the peoples who compose this nation, and shows the causes of the several crises it has passed through, and especially the ministerial crisis of the past year.——Ferdinand Loudet has a most interesting article on Gascony, entitled "The Changes of a

Village." He pictures the rural life of old times, and notes the little signs and tokens of progress which at present are visible here and there throughout the country.

Études (20 May): Th. Gollier contributes a lengthy article on the intellectual state of Japan. The first part is devoted to a review of the growth of institutions of learning in that country, giving statistics on the number of schools, pupils, and various branches taught. In the second part, after briefly describing the chief characteristics of the Japanese mind, the author sketches the work of the Japanese in philosophy, from its introduction into their country down to the present day.——Schopenhauer and the philosophy of the will are the occasion of an article by Lucien Roure. The writer dwells on that radical and pessimistic philosopher's conception of the will; on the relation between his pessimism and the philosophy of the will; and on his deductions from this relation.——Other articles of interests are "The Location of our Churches," by Paul Auclerc; "Lourdes: Apparitions and Cures," by Gaston Sortais.

La Revue Générale (May): The usual comments of Europeans upon America, its people and customs, are summed up by a friendly critic, H. Primbault, in an article entitled "In the Land of Youth and Energy." Our commercialism is particularly noted and little praised. The spirit of independence and equality existing here, the energy and vitality of the people, come in for a good share of praise. Some things American surprise our critic, for example, the mingling of the sexes in schools, in factories, etc., and also the fact that so many of the weaker sex are bread-winners. He touches on national dangers, race-suicide for example. Our methods of amusement are shocking to the conventional European. According to the statistics the writer errs in ranking Philadelphia as second city in the Union; Chicago has managed to get hold of that distinction.

La Quinzaine (16 May): "Catholicism and Free Thought," by George F. Fonsegrive, is concluded in this number. The method of free thought is shown to be legitimate in science, yet illegitimate for all practical life. Catho-

lic dogma provides an example; by many it is considered a kind of science, or something purely intellectual. In truth it is not this, but rather the sum-total of concrete practices of religion, of single acts of intelligence of the will and of the heart. Dogma, to be sure, is made up of intellectual propositions, yet these come to the individual not by scientific demonstration but through faith. Knowledge of faith is totally different from scientific knowledge; the former cannot adequately be expressed in the terms of the latter kind of knowledge, nor can the methods which are legitimate in science, free thought for example, be considered as legitimate in religion, a practical, vital matter for each individual soul.

La Revue Apologétique (April): Abbé J. Lensson continues his story entitled, "Life and Providence," examining in this number the question of animal evolution. He concludes that we may take this evolution as a fact, and that while it has not been demonstrated, yet to oppose it simply because it has been used as a weapon against religion would be to commit an imprudence; for, if evolution is a reality, it has been accomplished under the direction of a superior intelligence, and is a proof of the existence of divine Providence.——Under the title "Concerning the Syllabus," J. Vosters concludes a criticism of M. Viollet's recent work on that famous document. The writer, in this issue, considers M. Viollet's interpretation of the sixty-first proposition and finds it to be "unfortunate." As to the nature of the Syllabus, M. Viollet reached the conclusion that it should be considered as an anonymous document, neither composed, nor solemnly promulgated, nor signed by Pius IX., and that its doctrine is not infallibly imposed. The present writer considers the Syllabus "a doctrinal act of Pius IX.," and that "the infallibility of its doctrine does not depend upon its being a doctrine imposed by an ex cathedra act, since in addition to its direct, it has an indirect object of infallibility, and besides the solemn magisterium it has the ordinary and universal magisterium."

(May): About the middle of the nineteenth century three evils raised their heads to disturb the peace of

the Church. These were: Scientific Fatalism or "Determinism," rationalistic optimism, and liberalism. In an interesting article on the consequences of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, A. de la Barre shows how in this one short formula the three errors mentioned above were condemned and guarded against.——H. Bovens, S.T.D., treating of some of the complementary questions connected with civil divorce, answers some interesting queries concerning the proper action of Catholic officials under the divorce laws existing in Belgium.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May): The Abbés Simienski and Denis describe the characteristics of false devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The former notes with approval the crusade against unwholesome devotions started by several French bishops, and hopes that this vigilance will not be relaxed. The Abbé Denis remarks that false devotion is due largely to rival religious orders which wish their own particular forms of cultus and legend to predominate.——M. Ermoni, reviewing Chantepie de la Saussaye's *Manual of Religions*, warns Catholics that comparative religion is a science of which they must take account.——A. Riguet shows how solicitous St. Irenæus is in his writings for the honor of the Blessed Virgin.——Albert Leclère contributes another article in his series on Dante and Catholic mysticism.——Gabriel Prévast examines the function of the modern press.

Stimmen Aus Maria Laach (April): This number contains an article on Frederick von Schiller, occasioned by the hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. The writer gives an estimate of the more famous of Schiller's productions.——Fr. C. Pesch, S.J., has a paper on the relation of the Church to Religion, in which he shows the need of a living, speaking authority to preserve religion and morality in their purity.——Fr. C. A. Kneller, S.J., begins a series of papers on the life and labors of Louis Pasteur. This first article is given to an account of the education and the early career of the great scientist.

Current Events.

Russia.

The destruction of the Russian Fleet, and the consequent annihilation of the power of Russia on the ocean is, of course, the most striking event of the month. The causes of this disaster are not far to seek, if credence can be given to the reports which are sent by the presumably well-informed. Want of discipline on the part of the men and contentions between officers are the immediate causes; but the real cause lies deeper. Every nation has its gift and, as of each individual so of the nation, it is true that it has not been granted by the powers above that each should have all. Russia has brave soldiers, and although it may have brave sailors they are not skilled, or, at all events, are not so skilled as their opponents; they are not at home on the sea; and consequently they have proved no match for the island-power.

Another enfeebling cause is that the Russians are fighting under compulsion and in a cause not their own. Their rulers have taken it upon themselves to exclude the nation from all active participation in the conduct of affairs, and have made the whole duty of man to consist in passive obedience to the head; and when it is incompetent, what can be expected except that the whole mass should rush headlong into the deep? The Russian system has deprived the nation of freedom and of the right to think, and thus has prepared the way for its own downfall. Almost a pathetic interest, therefore, is excited in the attempts which are being made to remove the incubus which has for so long crushed out the life of so many reasonable beings. For a long time the promise of the Tsar to call a representative Assembly has remained unfulfilled, and had it not been for the naval disaster it is probable, or at least possible, that nothing more would have been heard of it. The promise has, however, been renewed, but no great confidence in any satisfactory outcome can be felt. The influences to which the Tsar is yielding himself are manifested in the appointment of the notorious General Tre-

poff as Under-Secretary of the Police and Assistant Minister of the Interior, and in the powers which have been given to him. These powers consist in the right to close all assemblies and congresses, to suspend indefinitely all societies and leagues and other bodies which manifest, in the opinion of the authorities, pernicious activity, to take all steps to preserve what the Tsar looks upon as order, that is to say, to suppress any interference with the established *régime*. This appointment is a virtual re-establishment of that Third Section of the Police which was the instrument of the worst deeds of Alexander III. It places the lives and liberties of the whole of Russia at the mercy of an official who virtually becomes a dictator. The Minister of the Interior, M. Buliguine, has in consequence resigned, but the Tsar has refused to accept his resignation. On the other hand, the government, we are assured, is steadily proceeding with its plan for the fulfilment of the March-the-third promises, and will not swerve therefrom on account of any difficulties.

What the thinking portion of the nation desires may be learned from the proceedings of the second congress of *Zemstvos*, which met in Moscow early in May. This congress was a thoroughly representative gathering of the existing *Zemstvos*. After a great deal of discussion and much difference of opinion, which nearly led to a split, a programme was agreed upon. The question of universal suffrage as the basis for the hoped-for national assembly was the chief cause of the differences which arose. A leading reformer, M. Shipoff, was in favor of the Deputies being elected by the *Zemstvos*. These *Zemstvos* were, however, to be extended and popularized, but not on the basis of universal suffrage. The opponents of this plan, the Radicals, do not think that a house thus indirectly elected, and on a restricted franchise, would have the necessary authority. They think it essential to go to the people on the basis of universal suffrage by direct ballot for the Lower House, while for the Upper House they urge that the members should be returned by the *Zemstvos* and *Dumas*, these bodies, however, being reorganized on the basis of universal suffrage. The Radical plan received the approval of the majority of the delegates. M. Shipoff ultimately gave in his adhesion. To give these proposals legal sanction the congress has in view not a Ukase of the Tsar, issued on his sole

authority, but the convocation of a Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage, thus giving the sanction of the people to the new order of things and basing it upon their will.

The Buliguine Commission, appointed to elaborate the reforms promised in March, has made its report, and it is said this Report has received the sanction of the Tsar. A representative assembly is to be summoned, and it is to have the power to make laws, but not to control the finances or even to discuss them. It would deprive the assembly of any real power were such a restriction to be maintained, but if the Russians are men they will know how to develop and amplify these concessions. Extensive reforms are granted to Poland, Finland, the Caucasus, and the Baltic Provinces. The Jews are to be placed on the same footing as persons of other nationalities living in Russia. Such is in outline the programme said to have been approved by the Tsar.

All the horror of the actual position in Russia lies, according to M. Witte, in the fact that the government refuses to recognize the gravity of the internal situation. The internal history of Russia consists of a series of assassinations, outrages, and riots, against which the costliest police in the world is utterly powerless. The selfish determination of those in power to retain that power, even though the country may be ruined thereby, is no worse a sign of the existing evils than the utter indifference of the peasants, who make up the main body of the population, to all political reforms. Their hunger is for the possession of the land; if this is gratified they will be satisfied; and if it is not gratified the state of unrest which exists may be mitigated but will not be removed.

One result of the promulgation of the Imperial ukase granting religious freedom is that wholesale conversions from the Orthodox to the Catholic Church have taken place in Poland in the governments of Lublin and Siedlce. No less than twenty thousand persons are said to have returned to the Catholic Church. Of the many crimes of the Russian government, its unmitigated hostility to the Church is by no means the least. The Church has every reason to look forward to an increase both in numbers and in power, when the changes expected are made.

Germany.

Great as is the interest excited by the affairs of Russia, the German Emperor, his speeches, and his doings, are at the present moment of more vital importance to the world at large. For it cannot be denied that the peace of the world is threatened by his proceedings, rumors being abroad of the mobilization both of France and Germany. We do not think that there will be a war, but if it is avoided it will not be due to the Emperor's wisdom or moderation. His interference in Morocco has met with a two-fold success—the Sultan has rejected the French proposals and M. Delcassé has resigned. The desire of France to bring about a reform in the anarchic conditions existent in Morocco, although doubtless not quite pure or disinterested, deserves the sympathy of every one who wishes to see the horrible sufferings of his fellow-men brought to an end. It excites something like disgust and indignation to see the Emperor bolstering up the reign of a barbarous tyrant, and doing everything in his power to perpetuate these conditions. The mission sent by him to the Sultan succeeded in inducing the latter to reject the proposals of the French government. In place thereof the Sultan has called a conference of the European Powers interested in Morocco. This is what the German Emperor desired, for the effect would be to set aside the Anglo-French agreement, so far at least as Morocco is concerned. But it requires two to make a bargain. The Powers chiefly interested—England and France—have not yet accepted the Sultan's invitation, and those whose interests are not so great have made their consent dependent upon the acceptance of these more interested Powers. Consequently the holding of a Conference remains doubtful, and it may be that the Emperor will receive yet another rebuff. He is now doing what formerly he refused to do, negotiating directly with France. What the outcome will be is, we fear, somewhat uncertain. No one can fathom the Emperor's mind. The ally of France is so crippled and exhausted by the present war, and especially by the removal to the East of all her troops from the frontier of Germany, and by the destruction of her navy, that he may think it opportune to make an attack upon France This is the danger, but we hope it may be averted, especially as England will not allow France to be isolated. There are in Germany

many persons who think that a war between Germany and England is inevitable, and the same feeling is shared by not a few in England. The decision will rest with the Emperor, and if he lays himself out to provoke a war, thinking this is a good opportunity, he doubtless has the power to bring it about. Although Germany has a Parliament and a Constitution, neither the Emperor nor his ministers are responsible directly for the administration of affairs, and the present head of the State has no mean opinion of his own power and ability, and does not look for guidance to any one except himself. On his decision the future of Europe largely rests, and what that may be is now in suspense.

The ruling party in the Reichstag—the Catholic Centre—has made another contribution to the well-being of the Empire, by exercising a moderating influence over the extremists, of which the German Navy League consists. This League has been very active in promoting the increase of the Navy, and has been looked upon with favor by the Emperor and the various Sovereigns, and to its efforts the present power of the Navy is largely due. A short time ago it put forth a demand for an immense increase in the number of vessels. Three double squadrons of battleships, with the complement of cruisers and destroyers, were said to be necessary. This extravagant demand was not approved by the governing party in the Reichstag. The agitation promoted by the League was declared by one of the Catholic members to be a public danger. Without the support of the Catholic members it is impossible to carry through any measure which involves fresh burdens on the resources of the Empire. The government, therefore, has set itself against the League's agitation. The Emperor sent a telegram expressing disapproval of the League's demands. As a consequence the two Generals who, as members of the League, were chiefly responsible for its action, have resigned, the programme has been modified, and the League is forced to be satisfied with the less ambitious object of adding to the Navy large cruisers and torpedo-boats, and the substitution of new, for some nineteen obsolete, ships. The Emperor has been appeased, the Generals have been reinstated, the League becomes a semi-official organization.

On the occasion of the visit of the Emperor to Jerusalem seven years ago, it will be remembered that he presented to

the German Benedictines a piece of consecrated ground called the *Dormitio Sanctæ Mariæ Virgines.* The late Patriarch of Jerusalem, in recognition of this and of other courteous acts, bestowed upon his Majesty the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. When the Emperor was at Metz a short time ago, Cardinal Kopp conferred the Order upon him, and inasmuch as Archbishop Fischer, of Cologne, and Bishop Benzler, of Metz, and the Chancellor of the Empire were present, a discussion has arisen as to what was the real purpose of this imperial and ecclesiastical conclave. The fact that Metz was chosen is also considered very significant. The speech of the Emperor merely gave expression of his good will towards German Catholics. Many think, however, that a step has been taken to place the Catholics in the Turkish dominions under German protection, although this has been semi-officially denied.

Austria.

In Austria no event has occurred of any note. The Parliamentary sessions have transacted their business with all due decorum and tranquillity. German has worked with Czech in unwonted harmony. An unfounded rumor that the Emperor was going to pay the long-deferred visit to the Italian King, with the approval of the Pope, caused great surprise and was speedily contradicted. Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, has celebrated, in the midst of manifold expressions of good will and many congratulations, the tenth anniversary of his appointment. Although a pure Pole by birth, he has had the confidence not only of his own Emperor, but also of the rulers of Germany and Russia. His policy has been one with that of the greatly loved and trusted Emperor Francis Joseph—a policy animated by the desire of always maintaining peace and concord. To his collaboration with the Emperor are due the work of reform (such as it is) in Macedonia, and the maintenance of peace in the Balkans; the Austro-Italian understanding concerning Albania; the maintenance of the Triple Alliance in such a way as to preserve good relations with other countries; the successful preservation of the position of Austria-Hungary as a Great Power in spite of internal troubles and dissensions.

But while all has been going well in Austria, the settle-

ment of the conflict with Hungary seems as far off as ever. The Crown finds itself unable to grant the demands of the coalition majority for the use of the Magyar language in the Hungarian Army. In all purely internal affairs it is willing to give uncontrolled power to the coalition. And yet no common ground of agreement has been found, although envoys from the Crown on the one hand, and the coalition on the other, have done their best. The Cabinet of Count Tisza, which has been carrying on the necessary work of government since its defeat, insists on relinquishing its task. It would have been impossible to find any one willing to undertake the formation of a new Cabinet under conditions which render failure almost inevitable, had not the devotion of Baron Fejervary, the former Minister for many years of National Defence, to the Emperor-King, moved him to make the attempt. His acceptance is looked upon as little short of heroic, for he is sacrificing a brilliant past and a comfortable present, and condemning himself to pass the rest of his life as an object of execration. For the majority are committed to a course which the wisest, even among themselves, look upon as foolish, but which no one has the courage or the manliness to resist, since the populace has set its heart upon its attainment at any cost, even at that of breaking up the union with Austria.

Norway and Sweden.

To what lengths national spirit unduly cherished will go is shown by the conflict which has arisen between Norway and Sweden. The two countries have been united since 1814. Denmark, with which Norway had until then been united, had taken the part of Napoleon against the Allied Powers. On the defeat of Napoleon, Norway was detached from Denmark and united to Sweden under one King, but it retained the privileges and rights of a sovereign State. The Act of Union declared Norway to be "a free, indivisible, and inalienable kingdom, united with Sweden under one King." Have the terms of the Union been observed? Most outsiders would hold that they have, and the terms of respect in which King Oscar is addressed by the decree of the Storthing which deposed him, show that no blame can be attached to his Majesty. The country has not suffered either in its

material or intellectual interests. On the contrary, Norway has increased in wealth and prosperity, and if it is not intelligent it is its own fault. The only justification offered for a step which must have many deplorable consequences is, in the first place, a certain incompatibility of temper between the two peoples who yet have a common stock, a common creed, and a kindred tongue, and, in the second, the desire for absolute independence. The Consular question was a pretext only, a means to the end, and that end was the dissolution of the Union.

As, however, the Norwegians are practically unanimous, and as Sweden, although she feels great regret for the action of Norway, yet will not attempt coercion by force, the separation must be regarded as an accomplished fact. In making the change the Norwegians had no wish to establish the Republican form of government. In fact they showed their confidence in their former King by asking him to nominate one of his own family to the throne of Norway. This he will undoubtedly refuse to do. In fact it is very doubtful whether any prince will be willing to rule over such an independent race. It is curious, in the light of these recent events, to recall Mr. Gladstone's argument for Home Rule based on the experience of Norway and Sweden. According to him the tie which bound the two countries together had effected "not discord, not convulsions, not hatred, not aversions, but a constantly growing sympathy never to be broken." There is a saying to the effect that the lack of wisdom of the rulers of mankind is very remarkable. Perhaps the lack of knowledge of its self-chosen guides may offer a parallel.

Italy.

From California to Rome is a far cry, and yet the most important act yet taken by the King of Italy is due to a citizen of that far-distant State. The King has called a Conference of delegates from every civilized nation to discuss the formation of a world-wide organization of agriculture. The idea of summoning this conference was derived, as the King publicly acknowledges, from Mr. David Lubin, who has made in California and elsewhere a study of the needs of a class of workers the most numerous of all, and of the

disabilities under which they lie. The possibility of removing those disabilities by a permanent international organization seemed so feasible, and the advantages so great, that the invitation has been accepted and the Conference has been held. The results have not yet been published. It is interesting to note that one of the delegates sent by the British Government was at one time the Sub-Editor of the CATHOLIC WORLD.

France.

The most important events which have taken place in France have already been mentioned—the rejection by Morocco of the French plans for reform and the resignation of M. Delcassé. For seven years this Foreign Minister had remained in office, having seen some half-dozen Premiers come and go. The services he had rendered to France and to the peace of the world have been universally recognized. When he took office the relations between France and England were strained almost to the breaking point Italy and France, as a consequence of Bismarck's policy, were estranged. In fact France was practically isolated. As a result of the treaties and understandings with various Powers which M. Delcassé has negotiated, France has regained the position which had been lost, and Germany has lost the leadership which she had held so long. That it was due to the success of Germany in Morocco that he resigned cannot be doubted; although other causes had their influence. Democracy does not love distinction and other men were anxious to take his place. M. Rouvier, the Premier, has succeeded him, relinquishing the Ministry of Finance. It is understood that he is a warm supporter of the *Entente* with England, and not quite so much opposed to Germany as was M. Delcassé. At the present time delicate and difficult negotiations are being carried on between the three Powers, on the outcome of which peace or war depends. The object of the German Emperor seems to be to separate France from England and to effect a *rapprochement* with the former. It is not likely, however, that he will succeed.

The Bill for the Separation of Church and State is still being debated in the French Assembly. The discussion is,

however, drawing to an end. After it has passed the Lower House it will have to go through the Senate. It is not yet known whether or not it will be radically altered. There is, however, little anticipation of any great change being made. If it becomes law the relations between Church and State will be fundamentally changed. The provisions of the Bill we now proceed to state with but little note or comment. The Bill guarantees liberty of conscience with complete freedom of worship. All restrictions which hamper any religious body are removed. Magistrates in interpreting the law must seek the solution most favorable to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. The vital section of the Act is the declaration that the Republic neither recognizes, nor pays, nor supports, any form of worship. All expenses connected with the exercise of public worship will disappear from January 1 next from the budgets of the State and the Communes. The Ministry of Public Worship will be suppressed. The State will keep within its own sphere, which concerns the things of earth alone. How little this is done is shown by the enactment of penal regulations of several kinds. A priest who celebrates a wedding before the civil ceremony has taken place incurs punishment. The property of the Church is to be transferred to the new Associations. No part of the Church patrimony is to revert to the Treasury. The "Budget des Cultes" is suppressed. This involves the loss by the Church of the greater part of the sum of nine million dollars, which has hitherto been voted every year, and which is in reality a debt due to the Church for the confiscation of the Church property secularized in 1789. The Bill, however, leaves to the Church the greater part of the property, whether real or personal, acquired during the past century. Disputes about property must be decided by the civil courts.

Pensions are provided, but on a very niggardly scale. Those who have served for twenty-five years or more are entitled to life pensions ranged from $80 to $240 yearly. Other ministers will receive, during four years, an annual sum equal in the first year to the whole of their present salary, but declining gradually to a third of that amount in the fourth year, after which they receive nothing. The Bill thus practically throws upon the street some fifty thousand men

who are unadapted to any other career, and who had the right to rely upon the State's fidelity to its contract. Such are the tender mercies of Liberalism.

The sacred edifices of France are divided, under the Bill, into two classes, those erected before, and those erected after, the Concordat. The former group, which includes cathedrals, churches, bishops' palaces, priests' houses, and seminaries, are to become the property of the State or the Commune. The new Associations will be allowed to use them without payment for two years from the passing of the law. At the end of that time the buildings will be let with the furniture to the Associations for a term not exceeding ten years in the case of churches and five years in that of houses. The rent to be charged must not exceed ten per cent of the average annual revenue of the establishments which have been suppressed under the law. The expense of upkeep and insurance falls upon the Associations, but State funds will be employed for restorations on a large scale. When the first twelve or seven years are complete, the State will have full liberty either to re-let or to sell the property. That is to say, the cathedrals and churches may become museums of art or warehouses, according to the feelings dominant in the near future. The second class of edifices, those, that is, built since the Concordat, remain the property of the various religious bodies, and must be transferred to the Associations. Bishops' palaces and seminaries will be at the free disposal of the State after two years.

The Associations which will hold so important a place in the administration of the new Act must, under its provisions, consist of at least seven adult members, householders or residents in the parish. They are permitted to receive subscriptions, offertories, and the money contributed for founding Masses, etc.; also pew-rents and funeral expenses. They are forbidden to receive any subsidy from State or Commune, with the exceptions of sums allotted for the structural repair of churches. They may, under the provisions of the present Bill, group themselves into unions and form central funds. This was forbidden by M. Combes' Bill. The indefinite accumulation of wealth is prevented by forbidding the Associations to have more than a fixed capital, calculated upon the yearly requirements of the district or parish. They are compelled also

to prepare a yearly balance sheet which may be inspected by the Prefect.

The Bill gives still another proof of the respect for liberty which animates those who call themselves Liberals. The Bill contains many pages of Police Regulations, the general aim of which is to keep politics out of the churches. Any minister of religion who attacks public officials in his sermons, or attempts to influence the electors, or to incite to illegal acts, is punishable by fine or imprisonment. The Associations are made responsible for the strict observance of these rules by the clergy. Religious processions are forbidden; bell-ringing is under municipal control. Public worship may be held only in places annually registered for that purpose, but gardens or other spaces may be allotted for open-air services. Streets, squares, and highways must be kept entirely clear.

For the above statement of the provisions of the Bill we are indebted to the *British Weekly*. We have made use of it. first on account of its excellence, and secondly because, being made in a Protestant publication, it is not likely to be unduly biased in favor of the Church. Comment upon the iniquity of the projected law is not needed. It is open and manifest.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE annual reception of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle was held June 15, in the hall of the Catholic Union of Boston, Mr. F. B. Conlin, president of that organization, presiding.

The guests of honor were the Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D.; the Rev. D. J. Hickey; the Rev William P. McQuaid and Rev. R. Nagle representing the Catholic Summer School. For continuous success during many years this Circle has been an incentive to many other workers in the Reading Circle Movement. The excellent results secured must be attributed to the remarkable unanimity among the members, and particularly to the able management of the president, Miss Katherine E. Conway, whose books illustrate her noble ideals of Catholic home life. The programme was brief, consisting of the report of the Circle's work and addresses from distinguished guests, interspersed with music.

* * *

Trinity College, at Washington, D. C., should furnish many leaders of the intellectual movement for self-improvement represented by the numerous Reading Circles in large cities and small towns. At the closing exercises recently the Rev. John T. Creagh, D.D., of the Catholic University, ably demonstrated the necessity of soul-culture as well as brain-culture for the individual; and that the rights to the satisfaction of the nobler yearnings which spur the human soul are not the peculiar prerogative of any sex or condition of mankind. Woman, too, knows high desires for intellectual and spiritual betterment.

She may hope, as well as man, for the fullest delights of scholarship. If there be degrees in education, its every degree should be hers according to her needs and opportunities. Made, as truly as man, to the image and likeness of God, with a mind to perceive and a heart to appreciate all that has been discovered of inspiring truth, she may walk the ways of learning untrammeled by any sense of incapacity or unfitness. She has no lack of equipment for intellectual pursuits. When admitted to competition with her brethren, she does more than demonstrate an absence of mental interiority. She is acknowledged to have a special aptness for teaching, and teaching surely demands a thorough intellectual preparation. And if we admit that inestimable benefit and elevation of soul come from converse with great minds and from communion with high truths, woman, even more than man, should be deemed worthy of the fullest opportunities for enlightenment, and her desires for knowledge should be given freest scope for realization, since she furnishes our souls their first instruction in goodness and greatness of life.

This certainly is the mind of the Church, speaking through her latest discipline. She regards with approval the modern spirit which prompts woman to sound the depths of learning, she encourages the opening of schools for the higher education of women, she recommends her daughters to take advantage of the courses offered in such schools. Great as is the latitude which we Catholics have in many of our judgments regarding womanly activity, we should be of one mind on the matter of Education. Woman, who has always been regarded by Christianity as the privileged heir of honor and blessing,

and as peculiarly adapted to exemplify the fullest perfection of the Christian life, must not be denied the right to realize one of the fairest aspirations of that life.

But neither the Church nor woman herself would hold that the knowledge of Latin or Greek, of science or philosophy, is woman's most perfect ornament, or the all-sufficient means of dignifying the sex and accomplishing its true mission. If it be necessary to teach the worth and sacredness of life to men, to encourage their longings for the fulness of soul perfection, if generosity and sacrifice be necessary, not only for man's individual well-being but for the safety of society, who cannot see that for woman the need of such teaching will be doubly urgent, since she, much more than man, lives not for herself alone, since her rank in society depends altogether on her qualities of soul, and since her power for good or for evil transcends immeasurably that of men.

Is it not of supreme importance to lead woman toward the heights of life, to open to her vision life's fairer beauties, to sustain her in her natural strivings for all that gives grace and honor and beauty to human nature? She is the greatest of social influences; her power is greater than that of man; her's is the finer and more effective power of heart and soul. It has often been said, and truly, that most of what is worthily done by man is accomplished under the influence of woman. The sacred name of Mary and her gracious sway over our minds reminds us how true this is even in the supernatural order. Woman's example and love move where naught else is effectual. She has the divinely given ability to sense the beauty of the purest and noblest causes when man is dull and unresponsive. Her finer sensibilities make her devotion to a principle more hearty and more persevering and more disinterested. On each generation she acts through that all-powerful mother-love which gives to the young soul its earliest and longest-remembered lessons, which pleads irresistibly with the strongest passion, which lives as a power for good when even religion can no longer persuade. God himself on earth saw fit to obey her and to defer to her. He has made her dignity and influence a corner stone in the temple of his religion; a man must recognize them to be a foundation of society. Let woman's influence be exerted aright, and all will be well for the family and for the State; let her turn her allegiance to evil and sin and vulgarity, and general ruin is imminent. She can subvert or she can save society.

What folly it is to speak of equalizing the sexes; of opening every field of activity to woman! She is not destined by nature or by religion to be the equal of man, nor to do those ruder tasks from which God has saved her by making her not an equal but a queen, with queenly dignity and queenly power and queenly privileges.

Not the equality of woman with man, but the maintenance in her of the real causes of her dignity and power and superiority must be the ideal of those who would have God's all-wise plan find its full fruition. She must be carefully trained to keep alive her love for all that is true and good and beautiful in life. Her virtue is the keystone of society; her sense of duty and honor and right is reflected in every home; her unselfishness and devotion and correctness of view are our safeguard against social shipwreck.

It is the great glory of Trinity College that at a time when the soul's most urgent needs are exposed to general forgetfulness, she has assured woman of influences which will lead infallibly to all that is best and most

desirable in womanly life and character; and the great consolation of her graduates must be that while others have to hear what a school should be, they can be told what their school is. Here is a pleasant shelter in the desert of modern life where souls are refreshed and strengthened by the waters of wisdom as well as those of knowledge; where each moment brings its high inspiration and its noble impulse, and where each day marks a growth from power to power, an approximation to the divine ideal on which rests the approving judgment of God and man. Here all high desires find fulfilment; here, in answer to your prayers, you receive in its fulness the spirit of wisdom. Here modesty and virtue, unselfishness and heroism, reverence for truth and duty, are not left to chance, or to college spirit, or to human respect, or to the unreliable development of an æsthetic sense of right, but are made the prime, explicit object of the endeavors of both teachers and students. Here the young soul advances in wisdom and age and grace with God and men.

This high ideal of an advanced education for women is now assured of a concrete reality in Trinity College, at Washington; St. Angela's College, at New Rochelle, N. Y.; and at St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J. Reports from these three institutions indicate satisfactory progress within the past year.

* * *

The Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, recently appointed a member of the cabinet by President Roosevelt, delivered an address at Trinity College, after the conferring of the degrees, in which he affirmed the right of corporal punishment as applied by the mother in the home circle. He spoke in part as follows:

Know thyself was a precept of well-nigh boundless utility for the ancient Greek; it is no whit less suited to the American of to-day, and you may perhaps spend a few minutes fruitfully in the attempt to practically apply it, or, in other words, to find out, if you can, what you are, and more especially what you have now become when about to leave the sheltering walls of your Alma Mater.

In a little address which I delivered sometime since to an association of ladies, I pointed out that it was a feature of our Christian civilization to commit those principles of thought and action which we hold really essential to our welfare to the guardianship of our women; in other words, when all the women of a country such as ours firmly and practically believe something to be true, we find its truth recognized as vital in the laws, the manners, and the accepted standards of feeling and conduct of the entire community. I have called this a feature of Christian civilization because it is not found in a Mahometan or a Buddhist or, to-day, in any non-Christian society; but something of the sort existed in the better days of Spartan and Roman history, when, as with us, it was understood that mothers are pointed out by nature as the first and best teachers for whatever all must learn, and that no one can teach what he or she does not believe. What we never forget, we have been taught by our mothers; respect for maternal authority is the germ of all the virtues of a citizen and of a soldier, and mamma's slipper constitutes a sanction for law and public order in the domestic community which realizes the well-nigh hopeless ideals of penologists for the community at large. No other

form of punishment ever devised by man has proved one-half so effective, whether as a deterrent to law-breakers or as an agency of reformation. In short, it is quite safe to say that the only schools which can or will make Americans worthy of their country's greatness and consequent responsibilities must be in the future, as they have been in the past, schools of the fireside, with mothers as their principals.

Will the mothers of to-morrow in our country be worthy principals for such schools? Will the typical American woman of this century fulfil our hopes and prove equal to her duties? It is for you, young ladies, to answer that question; that woman will be what you make her, her traits will be a composite photograph for all those who each year go forth from halls like these equipped to bear the burdens, to justify the dignity, of womanhood. If there be aught unworthy in the picture, anything mean and repulsive in the features it shows to the world, no small measure of responsibility will rest on the colleges where American girls are trained for the labors and duties of life.

This is not the time, I am not the person, to discuss in what branches of learning such institutions shall perfect their pupils; already this is a serious problem and, as the bounds of science rapidly widen before our eyes, it grows daily more difficult of solution. I leave it to those better able than I am to cope with its perplexities.

* * *

Mother Ellen Griffin White, of the Society of the Sacred Heart, died on May 30, in the Convent, where she had taken the veil more than forty years before. Mother White was a daughter of the late Judge James White, of New York City, and like her mother, Rhoda White, the author, and her sisters, the late Jenny C. White del Bal, Janet Edmonson Walker, late of Boston, now of Berkeley, Cal., and Lucy C. Lillie, was a woman of marked literary and artistic ability. She had also the administrative gift, and had successfully filled the office of Mother Superior at the convents in Rochester, N. Y., Elmhurst, Providence, R. I., and London, Ont., building a fine new school and chapel in the place last named. She was a niece of Gerald Griffin, the famous Irish poet, novelist, and dramatist.

A woman of great personal charm, she made warm friends of her pupils everywhere, and her death is much deplored by her sisters in religion. Her excellent work for the encouragement of Reading Circles was known only to those who came directly within the sphere of her personal influence. Miss Ellen H. Walworth, of Albany, has written the following touching tribute to her memory:

The lovers of Indian lore well know that the green and pleasant valley mentioned in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," is the valley of the Normanskill, just South of Albany. No less an authority than Schoolcraft gives us the meaning of the word Tawasentha, which just precedes that beautiful line. It signifies the Place of Many Dead. There the Indians had a burial pit lined with rich furs, where the bones of Mohawk heroes were treasured. There in mournful cadence they have chanted the long roll of Iroquois chiefs, beginning with Hiawatha's name, and gone through other rites and ceremonies of the condoling council.

The silent Indian no longer dwells by those pleasant water courses, but the no less noiseless tread of cloistered nuns presses on leaf and twig in their

old trail alongside a tiny water course up, up, close to its source under the Kenwood trees; and thence, near Rosary Alley, turning with a sweeping curve to the upper river terrace of old Hudson, their footfalls cease as they whisper the De Profundis near a rustic calvary. There on the North side of the silent valley the arms of a tall cross stretch over a newer and a Christian burial place. There, too, are many names and dates in white painted letters on plain black iron crosses, marking the graves of holy nuns. And down under the rolling hills below the convent, South by Westward, tosses the cataract of Norman's Creek, chanting a perpetual requiem.

Just at the end of May time of this year, 1905, the sun shone brightly among the trees, whilst Mother Ellen White, a wise and learned woman, a true-hearted daughter of New York State, was laid lovingly to rest in that peaceful spot. About the grave stood her cloistered sisters in an open square, each bearing a candle, thrice ten and more of them with well-trimmed lights, ready for the Bridegroom's coming whenever it may be. A hearse stood at the gate, but no carriages. Only the dead are driven on wheels to this cemetery. Up the winding path from the convent chapel others must go afoot. The happy schoolgirls, gathered in great circles at their sewing hour, plying their needles deftly and listening to entrancing stories read aloud by sweet-voiced comrades, were all unaware of the solemn cortége that had formed and slowly issued from the noviciate wing of the building, and was soon lost to view among the trees. They had only heard of Mother White as a patient invalid.

But to an earlier generation at Kenwood, her's was a name to make the eye sparkle and the blood bound. How she was loved by her Third English Class! How they worked over their compositions and letters to win her smile of approval, and the promised story from her eloquent lips! How they wept when she left them to become superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rochester, N. Y. What a treat, later, to hear her recount her conversation with the cloistered daughter of the Count de Montalembert at Paris, whither she went to a reunion of the superiors of her order.

A highly gifted mind, sanctity, and the warmest of warm hearts gave Mother White a host of friends. Among them were the daughters and other relatives of Horace Greeley, Clevelands, Hoyts, Schuylers, Van Rensselaers, and many a Van besides were in its list. Her aunt, Madam Kate White, was well known as an author of text-books in the domain of Belles-Lettres. They came of a family belonging to the Irish gentry, some of whom moved early to America, not so much to seek as to spend a fortune. They settled at Silver Lake, N. Y., and loving our land remained to serve it, in and out of Congress, and to become bone and sinew of its wholesome patriotism, in the West as in the East, even into far California.

The last task of Mother Ellen White, before her magnificient energy gathered its waning forces for the final struggle of all—the maintenance of patience amid pain—was in the cause of science. She labelled and arranged the new museum of Manhattanville Convent in the departments of geology, mineralogy, and ethnology, during the course of the past year.

White was her name, and white was her record. Clear was her soul as the crystal sea before the great white throne; and the eve of Ascension Day was a fit time for her burial.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Introduction to English Literature. By Arnold Harris Mathew. Revised by Very Rev. W. A Sutton, S.J. Pp. 412. Price $1.25. *English Monastic Life.* By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. Pp. 326. Price $2 net. *The Race for Copper Island.* By Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. Pp. 206. Price $1.85. *A Daughter of Kings.* By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Pp. 317. Price $1 25 *A Gleaner's Sheaf.* Price 30 cents net. *The Senior-Lieutenant's Wager; and Other Stories.* By foremost Catholic writers.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Valiant and True. By Joseph Spillmann. Pp. 408. Price $1.60 *The Mysteries of the Holy Rosary.* Pp. 72. Price 30 cents. *The Angel of Sion.* By D. A. Hamilton, O.S B. Pp. 113 Price $1.10. *The Tragedy of Fotheringay.* By Hon. Mrs Maxwell-Scott. Pp. 236. Price $1.10.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Village Life in Palestine. By G. Robinson Lees. Pp. 236. Price $1.25 *Songs and Poems.* By Lizzie Twigg. Pp. 74. Price 60 cents. *Homeric Study.* By Henry Browne, S.J. Pp. 325. *Dorset Dear.* By M. S. Francis. Pp. 332. Price $1.50. *Life of John Knox.* By Andrew Lang. Pp. 274. Price $3 50. *Lynch Law.* By James E. Cutler, Ph.D. Pp. 280. Price $1 50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Sturmsee. Man and Man. By the author of *Calmire.* Pp 682.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:

The Church in the Philippines. By Captain William H. Johnston. Pp. 31. Paper.
Napoleon's Divorce. By Rev. Reuben Parsons. Pp. 15. Paper.

O'SHEA & CO., New York:

Building of the Mountain. By William Seton, LL.D. Pp. 263.

GINN & CO , Boston:

The Story of Columbus and Magellan. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, A.M. Pp. 151. Price 45 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Crux of Pastoral Medicine. By Andrew Klarmann. Pp. 162.

THE AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:

A Story of Fifty Years. From the Annals of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. 1855-1905. Pp. 214.

REV. J. L. CAMPBELL, Green Creek, Idaho:

Missionary Ramblings in Texas. Part I. Pp. 61. Paper.

A. M CLELAND, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.:

Wonderland 1905. By Olin D. Wheeler. Pp. 120. Six cents.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Child Labor. Consisting of a number of addresses on the subject made at the annual meeting of the National Child Labor Committee. Price $1.25.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Reports of the Departments of the Interior. 1903. Vol. II. Pp. 2,511.

INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE, Davenport, Iowa:

Juggernau: Christian Science Exposed. By W. H. Watson. Pp. 69.

PRIEST'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE LEAGUE OF AMERICA:

Report 1903–1904. Pp. 20. Paper.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR VISITING CATHOLIC PRISONERS. P. O. Box 15, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Eighth and Ninth Annual Reports for the Years Ending January 31, 1904 and 1905. Pp. 30. Paper.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Ireland:

How to be a Saint in a Workshop. By William J. Forman. Pp. 32. Price one penny. Paper.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Pourquoi je suis devenu Catholique. Preface de M. l'Abbé Henri Brèmond. Pp. 32. Paper. *Études D'Histoire et de Théologie Positive.* Par Pierre Battifol. Pp. 388. *Lourdes, Apparitions, and Guerisons.* Par George Bertrin. Pp. 558. Price 3 *fr.* 75.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Souvenirs Politiques 1871–1877. Pp. 419. Paper. *Portraits de Croyants au XIXe. Siècle.* Par Léon Lefébure. Pp. 350. *Les Principes. La Divinite du Christ.* Pp. 420. Price 5 *fr.* 50.

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RACE SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,

Chief of the Division of Consular Reports, Bureau of Manufactures, Department Commerce and Labor.

NEITHER frenzied finance nor the question of labor is so critical a problem for our statesmen as those that now confront the French republic. And the difficulties in France, due to the expulsion of religious orders and to the deportation of monks and nuns, are as nothing to the problems connected with the constant depopulation of the country. To the Frenchmen of Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Paris, or Havre, the people beyond the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, adding nearly a million a year to their sixty millions, are as a nightmare. Moltke's remark that "Germany's birthrate is the best guarantee of her permanent position as a great power"—giving her the equivalent of an annual battle gained over her watchful rival—is one of those gruesome and grim sayings that have sunk deep into the French heart and mind. In 1800 Europe had 98,000,000 inhabitants. Of these France numbered 26,000,000; in 1900 France had 38,000,000 out of Europe's total of 343,000,000. In other words, the republic's relative position was far below what it had been at the beginning of 1800; for, instead of having 26 per cent of Europe's population, it had only 11 per cent.

While it is true that the French language is still the language of a large part of polite society throughout the world, and is likely to continue to be such for some time, it is no longer popular among the world's masses. To-day 45,000,000

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speak French; 100,000,000 German; and 150,000,000 English; and the last two are rapidly increasing. It is even doubtful that French will again be the language most widely used in science, society, and literature.

In 1850 France had a little more than thirty-five million souls (35,260,000); in 1900, 38,961,000, an increase in fifty years of 3,701,000; Great Britain had 27,369,000 in 1850, 41,484,000 in 1900, a gain of 14,115,000. Germany's population jumped from 35,397,000 in 1850, to 56,345,000 in 1900, a gain of 29,948,000; to-day it is beyond the 60,000,000 limit. Austria-Hungary had 30,727,000 in 1850, 45,314,000 in 1900, a gain of 14,587,000. Russia had 66,714,000 in 1850, and 128,893,000 in 1900, gain, 60,183,000. Italy had 23,617,000 in 1850, 32,450,000 in 1900, a gain of 8,833,000. In the case of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Italy, these are normal figures rather than normal growths. One is hardly justified in comparing them with American and Australian figures, for these have been largely influenced by enormous tides of immigration. For example, the present tide pouring into the United States brings nearly a million a year.

The best way to get at what is bad or good in the French system is by going back to the very beginning, or at least far enough back to get beyond the waves of what the world calls modern thought and civilization, both of which have been influenced by modern materialistic philosophy. In 1698 France had 38 per cent of Europe's population, or something like nineteen or twenty millions; less than a hundred years later, in 1787, she had 26,000,000; but of these a million or more were added by the annexation of Lorraine, in 1766, and of Corsica two years later. The natural, normal increase, due to the people's virility and virtue, was large also. The atmosphere of France beyond the borders of the Court was healthy. The home was still the hearthstone of as manly men as ever followed the banners of Bayard, Louis IX., or the white plume of Navarre. As late as 1850, France held first place in point of population among European states. After that the downward tendency is rapid. First in 1850, she was sixth in 1900. Even Italy, at the present rate of increase in the peninsular kingdom, will surely eclipse France. The increase per thousand in the leading countries of Europe is indicated by the following graphic figures for five decades. France for the decades

beginning 1850 increased 93, 123, 130, 73, and 46, respectively; England 156, 256, 340, 285, and 375; Germany, 235, 307, 442, 419, 692; Austria-Hungary 181, 304, 180, 348, 394; Italy, 108, 178, 166, 200, 200. In 1899 the excess of births in France, over deaths, was 31,321; in England, 422,156; Germany, 795,-107—it is now (1905) nearly a million; Austria-Hungary 530,806; Italy, 385,165. In 1900 the excess in France was nearly 20,330, while in all the others a normal increase is recorded. Is it any wonder then that French thinkers are calling attention to the fact that the republic is weak in one of its vital parts? Consul Haynes quotes a lawyer who talks of his country being eaten by a deadly canker—which is consuming its influence, its powers to expand, and its brilliancy, little by little, until, if things go on as they have been going, from bad to worse, France will count no longer in the councils of Europe. I can see a day not so very far away, if matters continue as they have done for years, when the Germans will have spread from the Baltic to the Pyrenees, and from the Rhine to the English Channel. Slowly, surely, irresistibly, the race that gave a name to Northern Italy (Lombardy), and a name to Northern France (Normandy), are penetrating into the interior of France. The tide takes on greater and greater proportions as it grows. Glacier-like, it is becoming more and more irresistible. Unless France reforms, or God interposes in her behalf, Paris is to pay tribute to Berlin.

That the family is fundamental nobody knows better than the French. There are few Frenchmen foolish enough to deny the need of a virile and virtuous race if perpetuation is to be possible. Foresters, for a long time, foolishly led legislators to believe that the forests of Europe might be saved by the planting of a tree for each tree cut down. To-day the educated, scientific forester knows that if a forest is not to perish, not one, but many trees must be planted for every tree cut down. The same is true of families. Two, even three or four, children in the family will not save it, if the purpose is merely to save. Calculations of that kind are not based upon virtue, and where there is no virtue there will be little or no virility. Even the four and a half children to a family, of the world's learned physiologists, will not save society, unless behind the four we have the good old wholesome virtues for which mathematics and Malthusian methods

of regulation of populations are no substitute. Of the 10,845,247 families in France in 1900, 1,808,839, or 16.68 per cent had no children. Nearly 2,000,000 families in France childless! Is it any wonder that men like Beaulieu, Neymark, Guyot, and before them Lavergne, are alarmed? Of those 10,845,247 families 2,638,752, or 24.33 per cent, had but one child each, 2,397,259, or 21.94 per cent, had two children, 1,593,387, or 14.69 per cent, three each, 984,162, or 9.07 per cent, four each, 584,582, 5.39 per cent, five, 331,640, 3.06 per cent, six, 287,771, or 2.67 per cent, seven, and the remainder, 234,855, 2.17 per cent, an unknown number.

There is something suggestive, even significant, in the French laws of 1666 that provided a pension of $386 (2,000 francs), the equivalent of considerably more than a $1,000 of to-day's money, to each family of 12 children, and $190 to each family of six children. Did the French kings and statesmen of that day discern the germ of the evil that is now destroying France? It would seem as if some far-seeing philosopher had gained the ear of the king. Was it Bossuet? Had it come a little latter than 1666 one might suspect Fénelon. Both were great men. Both were far-sighted. Both were wise and virtuous. In modern times the first vigorous word of warning came from Lavergne. It came when the census of 1856 had revealed a state of affairs for which even the most pessimistic were far from prepared. For some years, preceding 1846, the annual average increase had been 200,000; from '46 to '56 it had fallen to 60,000. The best men in France, even its philosophers, began to be alarmed.

In 1882, a German, Grad, compared the population movements in France and in Germany for the period 1820–1880. He found that France had increased to 36,000,000, from 30,000,000, while Germany—leaving out Alsace and Lorraine—had increased from 26,000,000 to 42,000,000. According to Herr Grad, Russia required only 50 years to double its population, Norway and Sweden 53 years, England and Prussia 55, Belgium 79, Italy 84, Spain 104, Austria 110, France 183. It was undoubtedly this evidence of weakness, figures like those of the German, that led Bertillon, one of the ablest of French scientists to cry out: "Our country is threatened with an irredeemable loss. The sterility of French marriage threatens

to relegate France to an obscure corner of the Anglo-Saxon world."

Of literary leaven, there has been, God knows, enough. The republic reeks with the rottenest of literature. Apart from the vile things of Zola, Maupassant, and Flaubert, the erotic works of Loti, there has been a flood of literature so vile and vicious that the whole vocabulary of French argot—or slang—and the lingual powers of the republic's gamins, could hardly characterize it. The republic is reaping what it sowed. To-day France is flooded with a literature that is expected to stem the tide. It is Canute and his courtiers, or Mrs. Partington and her broom again. French engineers, by planting alder on the banks of torrential streams in the Alps of Southern France, and by building dams of carefully selected and carefully constructed masonry in the same hills, have controlled waters that hitherto had washed away vast wealth and ravaged vineyards. They have reforested denuded lands on the mountain sides and along the shore, saving vast regions to the republic, ravaged formerly by the winds that swept them with sands. Will the economic and sociologic engineers, or wise men do as much to obviate the dangerous and destructive winds and waters that are sweeping French society from its feet, undermining French family life, the very foundations of the republic? "What is to become of France, the great nation?" is being asked by the best blood in the republic, for there is a best blood, that which runs red and true to the virility and virtues of the France of a Bayard or a Louis IX. Remedial legislation in the forms of bills has been submitted, discussed, and passed. But when, in human history, was any people, or a part of any people, legislated into virtue? Debate after debate has been held inside and outside the walls of Parliament, but all to no purpose. The cancer remains eating, is ever eating, its way into the vitals of the country. Societies have been formed for the purpose of concerted effort to stay the tide, everything that the imagination of man, the fancy of woman, the experience of the past suggested, except the good old-fashioned virtue which is the best guarantee of virility, has been tried; in other words, every remedy but the one that right reason demands has been employed. The population is practically standing still.

In 1896 an organization known as the "National Alliance

for Increasing the Population of France" was founded. Its purpose is to point out the dangers threatening France from the indifference of its children. It hopes to help by the introduction of fiscal or other measures to augment the number of births. Just what the "other" measures are to be does not appear; but nobody believes that any fiscal measures will save society. The Alliance calls attention to the facts: First, "That France is on the way to become a third-class power." As if the question of the position occupied by a people had, or should have, anything to do with its virtue or the practice thereof. It would be hard to indicate the class to which Switzerland belongs as a world power; but its place, by virtue of its people's sturdy and lusty virility, is well towards the top of any European classification. The Alliance says: Second, "That this tendancy, to become a third-class power, is due to a diminished birth-rate." Third, "It is the duty of every man to contribute to the perpetuity of his country as much as it is to defend it." This is a novel but a natural kind of patriotism. Fourth, "To bring up a child is to subject oneself to a form of taxation." Fifth, "To subject oneself sufficiently to such taxation each family should rear at least three children." Why three? Here is the hopeless mathematics of all this French philosophy about families, family life, population, and depopulation. The key to it all is virtue, virility, and every honest effort to get as many children as can be begotten, in lawful wedlock, by healthy, honest parents. Anything less than this will be weakening; any artificial interference based on three or thirty-three will end in disaster. The republic must go back to the sturdy virtues of the France that bred children for the love of God and the glory of Christ. The Alliance goes on to say: Sixth, "That families with more than three children should be free from taxation." It is this topsy-turvy way of measuring the whole question of life, family, and population by the dollar and cent, franc and centime standard, that is playing havoc with the home life of the world. Wherever it is introduced death ensues. Seventh, says the Alliance, "The laws of inheritance and the methods of dividing property should be modified, since the present laws, based as they are on compulsory division, contribute much to what is called paternal egotism." It seems to me much more like paternal egoism. It is perhaps a little of both. The

Alliance says: Eighth and lastly, "Infants should be protected in order to diminish the mortality of the new-born." How? When? Where? Under what kind of conditions? Normal and natural, or abnormal and unnatural? Under virtuous, virile conditions, or under vicious, effeminate, or articificial conditions? I am far from opposing the Alliance. Any effort that has for its purpose the resuscitation and perpetuation of a great people, like the French, must not be ridiculed. I admire the spirit of the Alliance. It has worked day in and day out for nearly ten years. In 1900 it caused the whole question to be carried into the French Senate, where it was discussed for days. As a result the Senate sent out a committee to study the subject, to give hearings, to collect evidence, etc. In 1902 this committee went back to the Senate laden down with material. The amazed and frightened senators sent out another, larger committee in 1902, with instructions to go into the "momentous" question quite exhaustively. This committee has been meeting from time to time, but has, as yet, no definite report to offer. Nobody doubts the ability or the desire of French senators to size up a situation such as the vice-condemned have built up and the absence of virility and virtue has augmented, but how many children do French senators and representatives of the people in the French Assembly average themselves? How many children will one find in the families that are forcing France to be false to the past?

Only the mocking laugh of a Voltaire could arouse the French people to a full realization of their danger. In assigning causes for the constant tendancy towards deterioration in French family life, all kinds of theories prevail. A popular one is the weakness of religious convictions, the failure, in millions of families, to practice the sturdy virtues of the past. Possibly this will appeal to all those who, after careful investigation, find the old-fashioned families of 10, 12, or 14 persons in those parts of the republic that have retained the practice of their religious duties. While it is apparently true that Normandy and Burgundy are the most prosperous parts of the republic, it is just as true that Brittany, Auvergne, Aveyron, and other steady, solid, virtuous, and virile parts, are the most fecund, *i. e.*, have the largest families. I said apparently most prosperous. I used the word "apparently" advisedly. What is

meant by prosperity? Are the people of vast wealth in France or in this republic the most prosperous people of France or of the United States? I doubt it. Prosperity is a word that will bear many interpretations. One fact that stands out in all the discussions about depopulation, degeneracy, etc., etc., in France is this: that the parts of France that are faithful to the traditions of the ancient religion, and to the traditions of the old French families, have large families. Atheists, freethinkers, and all those who are opposed to the Catholic Church, rail against that religion because, forsooth, they believe it to be unfavorably disposed to the repopulation of France, because it tends towards mysticism, advocates the celibacy of the priests, religious orders, etc., etc. How about Italy, Spain, Bavaria, and Baden? These are sad and silly assertions; they are anything but arguments. Material prosperity is made to do service for those who fail to find anything along the saner and safer lines followed by those who never ignore the mighty forces of religion and heredity as well as those of environment. Let us have the full equation, every factor. Let none be left out. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Economic absurdities are made to take the place of actual facts, because prejudice precludes clearness of vision. Tendencies, we are told, are laws; and the word law is applied to a heterogeneous mass of muddy, meaningless theories. Agricultural and industrial crises, we are told, have their influence upon population. Of course they have, but to what extent? Does a family diminish its strength in its struggle for existence, does it wisely diminish its expenses by curtailing the number of little ones that it allows to enter its fold? We are told that it does. If this is so, how about all the economic heresy of the past? How about Evolution? May not the crises be caused by a decrease in the number of children? Will not a father of six children work harder, longer, and better, etc., for his little flock than a man who has no little ones? And will not the work of such a man mean more to society than the work of the man who shirks the responsibilities of paternity? Will it not add more to its material prosperity? Will not such citizens be a nation's best guarantee against the vicissitudes of financial crises, and the still sterner vicissitudes of war? Paternal selfishness, the egoism referred to above, is put down

by some as a cause. It is said that certain fathers, who would have been able to get along nicely with one or two children, take artificial means to limit the number of arrivals in their family circle, thus debasing themselves physically, and prostituting the home. Another specious, but dangerous doctrine is advanced by those who oppose to the foregoing what they call the more profound and generous sentiment, "paternal love, which prefers one child, well clad, to six or eight in rags." Again I ask an explanation of this absurd and heretical economics. As a matter of fact, the families that are smaller are the ones, 999 times in a 1,000, that are best able to clothe little ones, were they allowed to come. One writer tells us that the present financial condition of France, necessitating, as it does, heavy taxes, outweighs, in a majority of cases, paternal love. By leading men to disobey the injunction to "increase and multiply," it leads them to prefer one or two children, and it has led France to a problematical, hypothetical poverty. This writer tells us that France has a public debt of $6,000,000,000; but Alfred Neymark, in a most elaborate, able, and convincing series of papers, shows France to be better off, financially, in spite of her enormous debt, than any other European State. Then, again, what answer shall be given to those economists who claim that eminence in debt in no way debars a people from eminence in prosperity, or those other scientists who say emigration offers evidence of a people's condition? The fact of the matter is society has yet to solve, scientifically, a great many questions which now, as formerly, are left to empiricists and charlatans. Figures offered to help us understand the French crises, and its problems of population, are as misleading as any ever put forth to bolster up a political or economic theory. "In 1874," says one writer, "after the liquidation of the war of 1870, the ordinary expenses of the government amounted to $493,000,000; twenty-six years later, all years of peace, they were $682,641,000, an addition of $189,641,000." The average annual budget increase for the last twenty-five years was $7,000,000. Besides, France, with her 36,000,000 people, is said to support the biggest budget in the world, but she has the biggest debt. Again, as Mr. Neymark points out, if not in so many words, at least by inference, France is better able to bear her budget, big as it is, than are many whose budgets, even relatively, are much smaller. France is

regarded as the richest country in Europe; certainly in continental Europe. If the tide of emigration tells the story, she certainly is.

The net interest on the public debt of France, in 1874, was $190,105,000. To-day, by the transformation of stocks, $20,844,000 were taken off, still the total to-day is $223,000,000. But is not the France of 1905 better able to bear the burden of $223,000,000 than the France of 1874 was to bear that of $190,105,000? I dislike comparisons; but the history of our own budget will occur to many, and will be the best answer to those who object to increased expenditures in France, or seek to solve the problem of depopulation of the country by reference thereto. I can hardly connect, as some writers do, "the lagging wheels of industry in France," "small profits," etc., etc., with the burden of taxation. What I mean is that they, the lagging wheels and small profits, are not entirely, nor in any very great degree, due to taxes. To quote Neymark again, the burden of the French debt is held at home. Almost all the interest is paid to the French people. Enormous sums also are paid to the French people by Russia and other countries. I have seen it stated somewhere that Russia holds at least $2,000,000,000 borrowed from France. Taxes! France, it is true, is taxed heavily, and I am not sure that it is not taxed, in many cases, very unwisely. But we must look elsewhere for the cause of lagging wheels and small profits. The history of Germany since 1871 will suggest some of the causes. There is a poll tax, it is true, a rent or income tax, dog tax, land tax, vehicle tax, door and window tax, octroi tax besides customs duties affecting foods and life's various necessities. In 1876 the average per capita tax in France was $15.25, in 1902 it was $18.50. If departmental and communal taxes are added, the total is fully $25. In Russia, the average is $7.14, in England $9.65, in Italy $10.04, in Germany $11.19, in Austria $12.35. Have we here the solution of the population problem; or of the lagging wheels and small profits? By no means. These taxes do not turn parents from the delights of parentage; nor discourage marriage and maternity. All these are infinitesimal compared with the awful want of the simpler virtues summed up in the lives of the saintly peasants that lived for and in the love of that God whose words—well worth heeding—were, "increase and multiply." France needs to return to the bed-rock of the

virtues inspired by the religion from which she is turning. By some, military service is supposed to be responsible for much of the indifference to marriage and parentage. Mr. Yves Guyot, one of the ablest statesmen in France, a man who was once Minister of Public Works, says: "The military service is one of the chief elements in the causes underlying the falling off in the population of France." In another place he says, referring to primogeniture, which prevails still in some parts of France:

> The eldest son inherits the land, such as it is. There will be no fear of having to share it with others, no danger of its being divided. The heir finds himself in a position equal to that of his parents. This is a dream of all good French parents, and they are numerous. Their intention is to protect their children against all the contingencies of life. The child is brought up to hate and to fear competition. He thinks a great deal more of his position, already acquired and that he is born into, than of any position he might win for himself. When, later, he marries, he takes to wife another acquired position, he must have a "dot," a fortune that will enable him to keep up his proper position and rank in the world. Such as these think more of conserving than of acquiring, of keeping what they have inherited than of striving after anything farther. They take fright easily, and stand in dread of anything that might compromise them. Protected by their parents, when young, they demand protection from the State when they are grown up. They become landowners, magistrates, officers. They will receive modest salaries, but their future is assured, and they will have a retreat or pension ready for their declining years. As a result, they will not allow the even tenor of their lives to be troubled by too many children, the weight of which would endanger the equilibrium of the budget, and whose future welfare would be too troublesome a subject to be bothered with.

Doctors in law, divinity, and medicine, never disagreed more as to ways and means of meeting evils in the realms over which they rule than do economists and sociologists as to the best methods of applying remedies to social and economic evils. Thousands, all over the world, are wondering whether a way will ever be found for solving the population problems, not only of France but of other countries. Since the doctrines

of Malthus and Ricardo disturbed the mental equilibrium which, willing to leave all to God, went on its way rejoicing, the population problem has been a black beast among economists and statesmen.. Thousands have suggested all kinds of remedies for the difficulties under which France suffers; since all see the possibility of the social plague passing beyond the borders or boundaries of France. Indeed, the divorce evil of the United States and other countries promises problems no less difficult than that by which the French are confronted. But all these schemes leave God out of the equation. Among the many methods suggested, that of fiscal reform alone has been followed consecutively for any long period of time. Of course, I am calling attention to those who seek to find a solution along what are called scientific, economic, or sociologic lines. To say that the solution should be sought where others have found it, along lines laid down by dogmatic religions, would leave oneself liable to the charge of being unscientific. The writer to whom reference has been oftenest made in this article, calls attention to Renan's remark, to the effect that contemporaneous French society seems to be formed upon a belief that man is a theoretical rather than a real being, destined to live alone without family or relations with other men. Indeed, Frenchmen may be said to have done a large part of the world's social, economic, and political experimenting. Many have chosen to live alone, that is if the life lived by the bachelors of the big French cities can be called living alone. Again, according to some, all this living alone goes back to taxation. "The state" we are told, "in trying to tax the apparent resources, the outward, or apparent signs of wealth, often taxes unjustly." Families seem, at times, to be taxed according to their size, and not according to their actual ability to pay. Persons, particularly the so-called *rentiers* of France, retired business men, a class little known in England, and not at all in the United States, who have large families, have need of larger houses than bachelors require, hence these persons have to pay heavier taxes than bachelors who may have much more money, for the taxes are based upon the amount of rent paid. This same tax bears heavily upon the married men, fathers of families, for the larger the house the more numerous the doors and windows, and the heavier the taxes. Again the paterfamilias has to pay out more in taxes when he comes to feed the mouths of his little ones, for his octroi tax is sure to in-

crease as the number of mouths to be fed increases. Bertillon believes that three children to each family are necessary if national equilibrium is to be maintained. An American writer thinks, with some European scientists, that 4½ to a family is the only fairly safe or successful average. Two of Bertillon's three are to replace the parents, the third is a sort of reserve to increase the population or to take the place of the dead, or of those who emigrate. According to that great Frenchman (Bertillon), the family that fails to raise three children, fails in its duty to society. Such a family should make up to the State by the payment of taxes, while the families that give more than three children to the commonwealth should not only be untaxed, but compensated. But neither Bertillon nor the advocates of rewards have ever been able to devise a practical basis upon which payments to big families should be based. Old-fashioned economists believe the big family, if solid, sound, sturdy, and healthy, will give and reap its own rewards. Bill after bill has been drawn and presented, having for its object the taxation of old maids, bachelors, and childless families. This is not a new idea, nor is it exclusively French. Some say that an inheritance law favoring large families would work wonders. At present France has an inheritance law that has all the effect of a tax. Every dollar left as a legacy or falling to an heir pays a certain percentage to the government. It is proposed so to regulate this that it will fall heaviest on families of one child, less heavily on those leaving two children, etc., etc., and thus have the effect of a premium on large families. Bad as are all these fiscal or financial ways of working up an interest in large families, this is one of the best, not so much because it affects the size of the families, as that it affects a fairer disposition of the wealth left by the dead. Such a law as that outlined above all but succeeded in passing the French Senate in 1900. It failed by 30 votes out of a total of 228. In 1901 an inheritance law *did* pass which was a slight modification of the one outlined above. It is a modification of the old inheritance law, and favors large families.

The new law puts a tax upon the individual parts of inheritances, whereas the old law imposed the tax upon the inheritance as a whole. Under the new law an only child pays more than is paid by three or more children. For example, a fortune of $50,000 left to one child is subjected to a tax of two per cent; while the same amount, if left to three children,

pays but one and three-fourths per cent. If there are five children, heirs, the tax amounts to one and one-half per cent. A certain Colonel Toutee has seriously proposed a law, under which the only child shall receive no more than half of an inheritance, the rest going to those who would inherit were there no child. Military men have long advocated increased limits in regard to exemptions from service to sons who have several brothers, thus, by enabling boys to remain at home to help at bread-winning, encouraging large families. The Interior Department, particularly the Internal Revenue Division, is reported to have helped the cause considerably by according increased pensions of $11.50 per annum for every child above three. The Northern Railway gives a pension increase for every child above two. The Ministry of Marine awards its gratuities at the end of the years on this basis, *viz.*, the number of children in a family.

Scientific efforts are indefatigable in reducing the rate of infant mortality. In a hundred years it fell from 28.2 to 22.1. Still the loss is 170,000 a year. Another means, say scientists, of affecting the desired results, *viz.*, large families, is to cut down the debauchery that has come to France because of alcoholic drinks. Incredible as it may seem, the record of France in this respect is terrible, a thing very much to be regretted. Of 4,744 persons treated for sickness in Parisian hospitals, during 1900, more than 2,500 were treated for alcoholism. Of every hundred persons treated in Paris for consumption or tuberculosis, 90 were down for alcoholism. Wave after wave of the wildest political and economic orgies has swept the fair fields of France. Waterloo is a peaceful scene compared with the death rate of the running, peaceful years. The tears shed for the ceded provinces seem silly, not sacred, to such as know the death rate due to the deceiving doctrines of those who are devastating, because depopulating, the republic. For the million and a half lost by the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, for which the nation will never cease to mourn, many millions are lost by a race suicide that is as fatal and terrible as the ravages of war. To-day France is ten or fifteen millions short of what, under normal, healthy, virtuous conditions, it should count in its population.

What is she to do? At the risk of being unscientific I will point out a simple remedy. It is a panacea for the race suicide of that republic and this. It is for both to go back to the

simple life, to the strong, sturdy, solid, simple virtues of the past. Back, like Magdalen, to the feet of Christ; back to the bosom of that Church whose chief claim to the modern world's gratitude is the fact that for nearly twenty centuries she has been the world's one, sure, strong, and safe bulwark against the desolating waves of the world's lust. To her the home has been a sacred place. To her the marriage tie was not only an indissoluble tie, it was a sacrament, put side by side with the other six, as sacred in the sight of the Church as any other. She made the physical union the source of a spiritual grace, the outward sign of which was often found in large families. What Felix Adler has been saying in New York about marriage, the Catholic Church has been saying, but saying it better, for twenty centuries. In the palaces of Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London, in the huts of the Himalayas, and in the homes of the virtuous all over the world, she has stood for the sanctity of marriage and the sacred obligations and injunctions that go with it, "to increase and multiply." In doing this she has done only her duty. Her Divine Founder demanded this. To the really thoughtful man, there is more in her simple solution than there is in all the panaceas of politicians masquerading as statesmen. France, Hercules-like, in her frenzied desire to tear from her shoulders the poisoned robe of unrighteous and false life, put there by her philosophers and politicians, is destined, some day, to turn, as all must turn, to him who is the fountain head of the family, the true foundation stone of the State, Christ. Till that day dawns all good men will pray that France be not tried beyond her powers to recuperate and endure.

What France wants is not law but virtue. She has too much law as it is. In spite of it her population does not increase; relatively it is constantly diminishing. It is hard perhaps for France to learn the lesson that goes with God's love for the little ones, and she will have to learn it before Alsace and Lorraine will be won back; or before the republic will win back what is better than fifty provinces like Lorraine and Alsace, the virtue that was her peoples, the chivalry that belonged to her sailors and soldiers, and the happiness that once filled all her hills and valleys. In suffering the little ones to come, and in caring for them, she will grow in virtue and in vigor; and these will beget again the France of which the

world is so fond, the France that the world was wont to wonder at, admire, imitate, and emulate. She must come up out of the mire of her own making. In her desire to eat of all the trees in the gardens of the gods, she has failed to find any but the painted fruit of the Hesperides. Another maid must come up for her out of Domremy. What Pasteur did for her vineyards and sheepfolds, great teachers must do for her ravaged homes. But, unlike the law of life in the vineyard, with its wealth and vigor built up upon imported scions from the vineyards of the United States, the moral regeneration must come from within, it must begin in the homes, in the schools, in the churches, in the literature, in the heart of France. The degrading *debacle*, written over so much of French life, wilder and wickeder than any ever dreamed of by Zola, must give way to a renaissance. A resurrection is not what is wanted, except in the gospel sense. In the waters of sorrow the sin must be washed away. A change must come over the France that has fed on such doctrines as this: "That social progress takes effect through the replacement of old institutions by new ones; and since every institution involves the recognition of the duty of conforming to it, progress must involve the repudiation of an established duty at every step." The duties that have to be cast off before progress is possible, according to these writers, are first, "Man's duty to God"—Duty to God a large part of the people, that speak for the France of to-day, has repudiated. "Man's duty to his neighbor," is the next duty that must be repudiated. Egoism or egotism is to take its place. These are to be succeeded by man's duty to himself. What then—when this no longer serves to satisfy? In answering the question, put all this over against the gentle Galilean, with his law and the prophets summed up in his Gospel of love for God and love for one's neighbor; put it all over against the life or lives that have been lived in accordance, or anywhere near in accordance, with the Gospel; put the France of to-day, after two hundred years of false philosophy, against the France following God and his Gospel; put this republic, these United States, with its race suicide, its wretched divorce record, its disregard for law, its indifference to duty on the part of so many politicians, over against the United States of a hundred years ago, when the simple life, the Gospel life, was the only life that appealed to our people.

CATHOLICISM AND THE JAPANESE.

BY R F. O'CONNOR.

T may not be amiss to recall now, when there is widespread discussion of the "Yellow Peril," that it was dread and fear of a Western Peril which led to the great persecution of the native Christians in Japan. It was thought, as a result of that persecution of the seventeenth century, that Christianity was utterly annihilated in Japan. But when, in 1854, more than two centuries afterwards, the country was re-opened to foreigners, as many as 22,000 Catholics, descendants of the native Christians converted by St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of Japan, and the Jesuit missioners in 1549, were found in the neighborhood of Nagasaki. These faithful sons and daughters of persecution—though rendered spiritually destitute for long years, without priests, altars, or sacraments—still clung tenaciously to Catholicism.

A close study of the Japanese character fully bears out the high opinion, expressed in his letters, which St. Francis Xavier formed of the race. Their natural intelligence, their desire for knowledge, their receptivity and facility of assimilating ideas and usages, their high sense of reverence, of duty, and of submission to authority, their deep faith in the unseen, and their spirit of sacrifice, favor the hope that, once converted, their conversion would ultimately lead to the Christianization of the yellow races. And of all forms and expressions of Christianity, Catholicism is the only one which would be likely to meet with permanent acceptance by a people so mentally constituted as the Japanese. The experience of a recent English writer, who enjoyed exceptional advantages of studying the country and the people, and whose book is an admirable impressionist description of Japan and the Japanese, endorses this view. The religion, such as it is, of the Japanese has far more points of contact with Catholic belief than it has with Protestantism. Prayer for the dead, which with us is a link that unites the

Church Militant with the Church Suffering, has, to a certain extent, its counterpart in Buddhist requiem services.

> The loving recollection of the dead is deeply rooted in the hearts of the Japanese, and has often smoothed the way for Catholic teaching.* The Buddhist priests mark the 9th of February as the "Feast of the River's Farthest Shore." The name alone seems to constitute a tie between the thought of the East and West. Life and death, and life's renewal after death—these are the undying and indivisible inheritance of the children of God wherever he has placed them.

The Japanese believe that those who die beloved, and for whom remembrance is constantly made, do not suffer in the shadowy peace of Meido, that home of departed spirits, which is not a prison, and from which they constantly come to visit the living, to protect and comfort the bereaved.

> Is it possible that this humble, impersonal faith can sustain the survivors in the dreadful emptiness of the stricken home? I think it helps them greatly, because it is a part of eternal truth—just that portion of it which they are fitted to apprehend now.

The pure Shinto form of religion forbids funeral pomp, but enjoins the use of white robes, white woods, quantities of flowers, everything simple and cheering; just as white, instead of mourning black, is customary at a Catholic child's obsequies in the West, and the joyous canticle of the three children in the fiery furnace is introduced into our own beautiful requiem service for those little ones who have passed away in their baptismal innocence.

The reproach of heartlessness has been leveled at the Japanese on account of the calm and cheerful countenances with which they accompany their dead to the grave; but their long and tender remembrance of the departed, Mrs. Fraser avers, surely exonerates them from the accusation. She attended the funeral of a Japanese prince and the long ceremonial concluded with the chief priest reading aloud, in a high, chanting voice, two valedictory orations which finished with the phrase "May thy soul have eternal rest and peace in

* *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan. Letters to Home.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. London: Hutchinson & Co.

heaven!" The Festival of the Dead, though spoken of in a scornful, superficial way in Tokio, is kept religiously in the provinces. They fondly imagine that little children and old people, all the souls that pass out of earth's family day by day, love not the short winter days or the long, dark winter nights; but that when summer broods over the land, when the night is welcome because it brings a breath of coolness to those whose work is not yet over, the dead come back in shadowy myriads to visit their old homes, to hover around those who still love and remember them, to receive the gift of love which never forgets, or disbelieves, or despairs. For three days in July—the 13th, 14th, and 15th—heart-broken mothers fancy they feel the little lost son or daughter close at hand. Though no one sees them, they are thought to take their old places in their old homes, decked and garnished for their coming.

> The Japanese remind one of sweet, wise children, whose play will always be an imitation, a childish rendering, of some great truth — overlooked, as often as not, by their elders in the rush and bustle of life.

Protestantism, compared with Catholicity, must strike the Japanese, imbued with mystical beliefs expressed in a ritual that appeals to the imagination and the heart, as cold, unemotional, and repellent. Speaking of the Anglican Mission School of St. Hilda, Mrs. Fraser observes:

> The Christian element, although enforced by Bible and catechism lessons, appears most strongly in a kind of rough contempt for all the devout traditions of the Japanese. Ancestor worship, which is such a tremendous factor in Japanese life, instead of being transformed into tender and prayerful remembrance of the dead and a desire to imitate their virtues, is stigmatized as idolatry, and the Protestant dogma regarding departed spirits is put forward in all its brutality, as the only recognized truth. No one who has not lived among them can imagine how shocking this is to the feelings of the Japanese; for with them parental and filial devotion rank as the chief virtues, and make the harmony of the family. Minor prejudices and refinements, the duties of hospitality and friendship, the thousand gentlenesses which give so much beauty to the family life of the Japanese—these, instead of being wisely utilized and

encouraged, are pushed aside, ridden over rough-shod, in the attempt to transform the shy, quiet Japanese maiden into the healthy, selfish, rough-and-tumble schoolgirl of our own clime.

Reverence for authority in Church or State or household, and an affectionate reverence for childhood, are among the most marked features in the public and social life of Japan. In the school and in the home high ideals are, in a variety of ways, impressed upon the receptive and impressionable mind of youth.

> This grave belief in abstract things (which in England to-day could only be mentioned with an apologetic smile for one's own weakness) is still the foundation of education in Japan, and gives the parent or the teacher a strength and authority in dealing with the young spirit which our poor schoolmasters can never exercise. Hatred and fear from the little fellows, to whom all morality is made horrible because their chief torturer is probably their preacher as well—that is what our dominie gets at home, that is what I have seen and shuddered at for so many years in Protestant England, that it is an unspeakable relief to be among people where the teacher is still venerated, where the position of master in a school is considered honorable enough for the eldest son of a great noble to accept it gladly, where education leads youth unblushingly back to the feet of those great schoolmistresses, the cardinal virtues, and still has for its object to make gentlemen, scholars, and patriots out of Japanese subjects. In this reverence for truly great men and things lies the real strength of the people.

"Treasure flowers" is the pretty name which the Japanese give to children during their infancy; and when the flowers blossom into children of larger growth they are none the less treasured. Quiet self-possession, without self-assertiveness, a complete absense of *gaucherie*, innate courtesy, self-effacement, and consideration for others, are qualities our author discerned in all classes. She extols

> A system of education which, without robbing childhood of a moment's bright happiness, can clothe little children of every condition with this garment of perfect courtesy.

> I have rarely seen its match, except once or twice among little Austrian and Italian royalties; but there inheritance and environment, as well as the high standard of behavior insisted on in all noble Catholic families, royal or otherwise, had had full scope, had moulded the little personality from the very outset of life. Here, explain it who can, it is in the blood, and can be counted on with absolute certainty. The love showered upon children simply wraps them in warmth and peace, and seems to encourage every sweet, good trait of character without ever fostering a bad one. Japanese children are never frightened into telling lies or hiding their faults.

Mrs Fraser ascribes the fact of Japan having bright children, faithful wives, and devoted mothers, to the sentiment of duty.

> In real womanliness, which I take to mean a high combination of sense and sweetness, valor and humility, the Japanese lady ranks with any woman in the world, and passes before most of them.

Mrs. Fraser was much interested in the work of the nuns at Tsukiji Orphanage. They are called the Black Nuns, to distinguish them from the Sisters of Charity with their white cornettes, who have a school at the other end of the town. The establishment at Tsukiji is divided into two sections: one a resident school for pupils, who pay from three to four dollars a month for board and tuition; while the other—which is, of course, kept quite separate—is the orphanage proper, where about 180 children of all ages are maintained and educated by the Sisters. The Convent stands near the Catholic Church in Tsukiji, which is the foreign settlement of Tokio and full of Europeans and Americans. It is close to the sea and the fresh breezes come to play in the courtyards of the convent with the willow and wisteria trails, and sometimes find their way to the chapel. At this convent a few European girls attend as day-scholars among the boarders. Two or three of the scholars are children who had been abandoned by European fathers when they found it convenient to leave Japan, and, although no one paid for them, the Sisters gave them the same education as the boarders were receiving, and kept them nicely dressed in European costume at considerable expense.

But it is the other side of the house which draws me most. There the big orphans help the little ones, and the sweet-faced Japanese lay Sisters teach the babies their prayers, and carry about the tiniest ones; and the whole place is desperately poor, but so sweet and clean that one forgets the poverty of it.

A great crowd of the children follows me about, for I want to go everywhere; and the lay Sister suddenly marshals them in the sunshine, and says in Japanese: "Sing for the lady—one, two, three!"

"*Les voilà parties!*" exclaims the good nun at my side, as all the little voices break out together, with a clapping of hands and nodding of dark heads, in a hymn whose strain must be heard by the junks in the canal yonder.

When we come down again, we go to the long barn-like room where the children are having their evening meal. I found them seated in endless rows of benches at little narrow tables in a kind of "weight for age" arrangement. Each child had at its place a cup of water and a little wooden saucer with a scrap of fish and some pickles and sauce. This was intended as a relish to the huge bowl of rice, which made the staple of the meal. The rice is brought in in large wooden tubs and served out by the elder girls, two of whom carry a tub between them up and down the long rows of benches, filling the bowls as the children hold them out. The rule is that as long as the bowl is held out it must be filled; and when the tub stops its walk, all the little mouths are absolutely satisfied.

The religious question seldom creates any difficulty among the children. The Sisters are very uncompromising about certain things. When the girls first come, they and their parents are told that they will be required to attend the religious services in the chapel, and to be present at the catechism lessons. Otherwise the subject of religion is not mentioned to them by the Sisters until they come, as they often do, to ask to be baptized. But some of the girls themselves are eager little apostles, and do all they can to persuade their pagan companions of the beauty and truth of Christianity. Sometimes the parents will not consent, for the old prejudices are still strong; and then there is long waiting and much prayer before O'Hana or O'Yone can receive the Christian equivalent of her name and wear a white veil in Church, a privilege reserved only for Christians.

As for the orphans, most of them are taken in as babies,

> and are baptized at once. Where the child is older, she must receive instruction and really deserve baptism before it can be administered, but there is no opposition of parents to retard conversion, and there is much less prejudice against Christianity among the extreme poor than among the richer classes.
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> But not only youth comes here, marshaled by the black-robed Sisters, but bowed old people, men and women, forlorn paupers, whom their charity will not turn from their doors, and who have invaded the two or three matted rooms which were meant as workshops and porter's lodge just inside the gate.

This glimpse of a Japanese convent interior will give the reader some idea of the work of the nuns and the difficulties under which it is done. But the priests labor under difficulties quite as great. They have only fifteen yen, or thirty shillings, a month to live on. Out of this they must pay house rent (if there is no dwelling house attached to the chapel), food, clothing, the expenses of getting from one part of the parish to another, and dispense charity! Mrs. Fraser could not discover that any of them had any private income

> If they had, it has all been given *pour les œuvres;* and thirty shillings a month is what they receive—and live, or die, upon! "Why—why?" I cried in indignation, when I first learnt all this. Because there is no more to give; the Church is in the straits of holy poverty. The class who, especially in France, used to contribute so generously to mission work has been obliged to devote those moneys to voluntary schools, since the name of God has been eradicated from all the public ones; and missionary work would be paralyzed if the priests could not live—like paupers—dear, kind, clean, holy paupers, but just that. I have heard it said that the sums spent by different sects of Protestants in Japan equals that which the Holy Father has at his disposal for mission work throughout the world. I do not know how true this may be; but, watching the two systems at work, close beside me, I have come to the conclusion that in these matters money is of secondary value, of next to no value, as compared with prayer, self-sacrifice, and the heaven-taught discipline of a holy life. It is impossible for the most hardened scoffer to

> make the acquaintance of one of our priests or Sisters of Charity here without feeling that he is in the presence of a power for good.

The work of Father Testevuide, one of the French missioners among the lepers and the poor, among whom and for whom he spent and sacrificed his life, is illustrative of the type of men to be found in the advanced guards of the Church's sacred army, engaged in the conquest of souls and extending the frontiers of her wide dominion.

The prevalence of leprosy is one of the sad sides of Japanese life. Through a kind of false shame the authorities refuse to acknowledge the necessity of either providing special hospitals for lepers or of preventing the spread of the disease. The Japanese do not believe in contagion, the caprices of the malady giving a certain amount of excuse for the error Among the better class it is looked upon as a terrible disgrace, and never called by its proper name, the sufferer being hidden away in the house and tended in secret. Among the lower classes very little notice is taken of the first approach of the disease, it being of a very insidious character, and, except for experts, difficult to diagnose; but when the unfortunate patient becomes an object of loathing and horror, when he is most in need of care and help, he is cast out to linger on in misery and die alone—an agonizing death. It is said that one of the Empresses, Kōmyō Kōgo, many centuries ago, touched with pity for this wretched class of her subjects, founded a hospital for them, where, although she was the most beautiful woman of her time, she was not afraid to go every day to wash their sores and attend to their wants. But no trace of her charity remains now, although, it must be recorded to her credit, the present Empress devotes all the time she can spare from public duties to the sick and suffering for whom she has boundless pity. Lepers are received with other sick people in a very few hospitals of the old simple sort. Mrs. Fraser was in one where she saw cases of leprosy, typhoid, and diphtheria in the same ward.

Seeing the great need of a Leper Hospital, Father Testevuide founded one in 1886. Like many great undertakings, it had a very small beginning. A poor woman, a hopeless leper, cast out by her family, was dying slowly and quite alone in a

deserted shed, when Father Testevuide discovered her, naked, blind, going out from the agony of life to the darkness of death. The priest nursed and tended the poor creature, did all he could to lighten her sufferings, and made them more endurable by the hope and promise of a future life beyond the reach of pain. He tried to get her admitted to some hospital, but found it impossible; there was no place for such patients. He then obtained the Bishop's leave to devote himself to the work of founding a hospital for lepers. A little money was sent to him for charity, and he applied it to this, hiring a small house near Gotemba, a village lying on the lower slopes of Fuji San. All sorts of difficulties had to be overcome. The cost of a patient's treatment was about six shillings a month, but this seemed to be beyond what his very limited income could afford. However, he started with six patients, but was pained to have to refuse constantly applications for admittance. Another difficulty arose. The people of Gotemba grew frightened, and asked him to depart from their coasts, and take his sick people with him. The landlord being heavily in debt, the village elders threatened to make him pay unless he turned out the priest and the lepers. But more money coming into Father Testevuide's hands, enabled him to buy the six acres on which the hospital stood. A sum of £150 covered the cost of the land, the building, and furnishing of the house, and provision for the requirements of the patients and employees for three years—and paid for one funeral. No questions are asked, and the obstinate pagan receives just as much care and tenderness as the born Christian or convert.

> But, of course, the whole atmosphere is warmly Christian. The poor souls for whom faith is pointing to brightness and peace when death shall cure them for good and all — they are eager to bring new comers in to share the hope which so greatly helps to lighten present suffering. I am sure there will never be a despairing deathbed in the Gotemba Hospital. The Fathers say that they have found ready help among Japanese Christians for the work of tending the patients. One good man, whose name has at his own request been kept a secret, has shut himself up for life with the lepers, on condition of food being found for his family which he supported by his work.

> As for Father Testevuide, much has been said about his heroism and goodness, and of course he is constantly compared with Father Damien, the saint of Molokai. The world catches at the name of one good man, and extols it to the skies. We Catholics are rather surprised at the noisy enthusiasm, for we expect these things from our missionary priests.

Mrs. Fraser predicted that when Father Testevuide should be called home, there would be found many others ready and eager to step into his place, and the prediction received its fulfilment in 1891 when this good priest died and Father Vigroux replaced him.

When the Archbishop wrote to Père Vigroux, Pro-Vicar-Apostolic, asking him to take up the Gotemba charge, he promptly accepted, although his hands were full of work. He had scarcely any money and there were thirty in-patients.

The new director's first grief was his inability to receive all the poor creatures imploring to be admitted. However, he took ten of the worst cases, trusting to the help of Providence to acquire funds to enable him to take more later on. In a short report of the work he gave a harrowing description of his leper parishioners. It was at all events a consolation to them to know that henceforth they would never be abandoned to their fate; that shelter and food and clothing, medicines for their sick bodies, and kindness to cheer their sad hearts, would never be wanting. Eleven of the number were Christians; and he says that all were resigned and patient. Some, we are told, seemed even thankful for the misfortune of a sickness of the body which brought the healing balm of faith and cleansing to a still sicklier soul. And these, little by little, helped to convert the others who, in their poverty and suffering, clung lovingly to the faith which would perhaps have appealed to them in vain in health and prosperity.

The nuns are not behindhand in succoring the poor outcast lepers, true in this as in other respects to the best traditions of Catholic charity, of which the history of the Church and the lives of the saints present such noble examples. A poor leper was once found, and left, dying by the roadside in a suburb of Yokohama. An Englishman in the course of a walk was startled by the cries of some one in great pain.

Drawing near the spot indicated by the sound he found, to his horror, that a crowd of Japanese boys were pelting with stones a poor creature who was rolling on the ground, naked, in agony, in the very last stages of leprosy. The pitiable condition of the man was such that it required the greatest courage to go near him. Mrs. Fraser, having read a letter which the indignant Englishman sent to the *Japan Mail*, wrote to the nuns of the convent in Yokohama and got them to look into the case. The next day brought a letter from the Superioress, Mère Sainte Mathilde, an old nun over seventy who had been half a century in religion, in which she wrote:

> Be comforted. He for whom to-morrow is as to-day, and who sees the desires of our hearts, accomplished yours for the unfortunate leper before you had formed it. The leper was baptized by one of our Sisters, and died soon after, in perfect peace, and with the most lively gratitude for the grace he had received. . . . The poor man was discovered by a charitable gentleman, who at once went home, procured a carpenter, and with him brought nails and wood to build a kind of shed over the poor creature, whom it was quite impossible to move. He gave him wine and food, and then hastened to call us to see if it were still possible to instruct and baptize this dying man, who was literally at the last gasp.

Although in Japan reverence for childhood has developed a system of kindness and care and protection; although there is no baby torture, no beating, no starvation, none of the indescribable horrors exposed and punished in some degree by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; although from one end of Japan to the other a child is treated as a sacred thing, be it one's own or a stranger's, each little one carrying its name and address on a ticket round its neck; a man will kill his child outright, scientifically, painlessly, if he sees that there is nothing but want and misery before it; but while he lives the child will not suffer.

This adds a new horror to the horrors of famine or acute distress. When something approaching a famine desolated the land in 1890, owing to the failure of the rice crop, and the prevailing destitution reached the starvation stage in the poorer quarters of the city, a coolie led two little girls,

frightfully emaciated, to the gate of the Tsukiji Convent. The poor father entreated the nuns to take the children and bring them up among the orphans. He said he could no longer earn a livelihood for them; their mother was dead; he had nothing left in the world. Alas! he was not the first who had come on the same errand. During the few previous weeks one child after another had been brought to the good nuns, or left helpless at their gates, the parents certain that it would be cared for by them. Every corner was filled with sick and hungry people. It did not seem right to crowd the children's dormitories any further, and people were sleeping on the floor in the passages already. The Sister gave the poor man food, and a tiny sum, all she could possibly spare, in money. "Leave me your address," she said, "and the moment I have room I will send for the poor little girls. Have courage; I will not keep them long waiting." So the man went, taking his children with him; and the nun, seeing the despair in his eyes, was troubled all night about it, and sent down the first thing in the morning to tell him that she would risk it, he might bring the little girls back. Both children were dead!

The social and religious conditions of Japan present a picture in which the lights and shades are sharply defined. Alongside the vices, inseparable from paganism, are natural virtues susceptible of being supernaturalized under the regenerating influence of grace; fine traits of character and tenderness which give promise of reaching a higher degree of moral and intellectual culture when brought completely under the influence of Christian civilization. Of that civilization the Japanese have heretofore had distorted views, owing to the racial and religious differences and trade rivalries of the Western Powers.

In the Uyeno Museum there are relics of the Japanese embassy to Rome, when the great Daimyo of Sendai, Data Masamune, sent one of his nobles with a huge train of followers to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, and to ask for prayers and assistance There is an oil painting of the ambassador in early seventeenth-century costume, praying with folded hands before a crucifix; in a case are various objects of devotion—rosaries, crucifixes, and so on; and close by are the horrible blocks of metal, generally stamped with a crucifix, which in the persecutions were laid down before the

feet of those suspected to be Christians—they had to walk over these or die.

> How many thousands refused, how many pure souls left their martyred bodies to their enemies, how many delicate women and little children kept their faith and lost their lives, we can hardly tell. Christianity was stamped out as a national religion; but I think the martyrs prayed for their beloved country, cruel as it had been to them. And a little germ was kept alive. Nearly thirty years ago,* some missioners, landing near Nagasaki, found whole villages, hidden away in the hills by the sea, where the old prayers were still said just as they had been learnt two centuries before, where baptism was administered and marriages and burials prayed over faithfully, although never a priest had set foot there since their first pastors had been killed. The poor people's joy was overwhelming; but even at such a recent date persecution found them out again. They were exiled and dispersed for a time; but only for a time. Universal toleration was proclaimed in 1873, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their discovery, after my arrival in Japan, the Catholic bishops and their priests went in state to celebrate a great religious festival among these faithful people. The people came flocking on foot over the hills, whole fleets of boats covered the sea, and the good souls wept for joy, crowding round the bishop to touch his hands, his robes, his feet.

The Rev. George W. Knox, a Presbyterian clergyman in Japan, styles the Catholic mission there "one of the miracles of missions and a story of great success." Since its resurrection, after the cessation of persecution, it has rapidly recovered lost ground, and grown in numbers and influence. The Catholics are now roughly estimated to be 75,000.† The Church is administered by one archbishop and three suffragans, namely, the Archbishop of Tokio and the Bishops of Nagasaki, Hakodate, and Osaka. There are 84 European and 20 native priests, 100 European and 28 native nuns, who have charge of three hospitals, 17 orphanages, with 2,000 orphans, and other similar charitable institutions. The Archbishop's coadjutor, Mgr. Mugabure, who has lately been giving his impres-

* The author wrote in 1902.

† In Korea there are 10,000, and Manchuria 30,000.

sions of Japan, says the Emperor and his ministers are most favorable to Catholicism, placing at the disposal of the bishops buildings adapted to public worship, and giving them every encouragement in their work. At the Memorial Mass for the late Pope Leo XIII., the Emperor was represented, and all the civic authorities attended in state at the Cathedral in Tokio. On the election of Pius X. he telegraphed his congratulations to the Holy Father. Many Catholics hold high rank in the Japanese military and naval services. The fine Cathedral at Tokio is attended by about 600 worshippers, while 300 native Christians frequent the Church in Yokohama, and 100 that at Korea. About 1,500 attend the convent at Tokio, 700 the convent at Yokohama, and 600 the convent at Robe. The Communities are composed of French nuns. Considering that as late as 1867, when the Emperor came to the throne, 4,000 native Christians were torn from their homes and distributed as criminals throughout the empire, the change is so marvelous that we cannot refrain from saying, *digitus Dei est hic.*

THE POETRY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

WHEN a certain slender volume entitled *Poems by Francis Thompson* was issued in November, 1893, critical London opened wide eyes of attention and astonishment. It was not, of course, the mere fact of a new luminary on the poetic horizon—too frequent an occurrence to cause much excitement, and too apt, alas! to prove but the giddy flight of a star shooting down to oblivion. But in these pages there was manifestly something unusual—something elemental and arresting. Their author was straightway greeted with the dubious distinction of *new poet*, and every variety of criticism was showered upon his work. The old, old cry of "native woodnotes wild" came from one reviewer; from another the complaint of too much polishing; his diction was decried as illiterate on one side, and as "too literate" on the other. On the whole, however, the verdict was one of deep appreciation; and if personal details of a more or less romantic nature began to mingle with current criticism, they merely added to the poet's vogue. But all this was more than a decade ago. Those who now care to look, may see Mr. Thompson's work as a whole, and through a perspective of time which naturally changes some details of the outlook. The fact which does *not* change is our realization of his genuine worth as a poet. For Mr. Thompson's verse is not the sort that suffers by repetition; on the contrary, a certain amount of familiarity is necessary to reveal its peculiar beauties.

> Deaf is he to world's tongue;
> He scorneth for his song
> The loud
> Shouts of the crowd.

So the "crowd" has mostly relapsed into indifference; but to

the remembering few, even a silence of eight years does not in any wise dull the memory of his song.

The credit of "discovering" Francis Thompson seems to rest, in the first place, with the editor of the Catholic periodical, *Merrie England;* although his deepest debt of gratitude is due to Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. To these "dear givers" was dedicated that first volume of 1893—the volume which brought immediate fame to the quondam medical student, who had loved the public libraries too well to keep to his "Materia Medica." It consisted of three parts, all very characteristic: "Love in Dian's Lap"; "Poems on Children"; and "Miscellaneous Poems," treating of nature and of the soul. It was one of these last—"The Hound of Heaven"—which silenced the most adverse batteries of criticism, and still stands as one of his very greatest productions. The *Sister Songs*, published in 1895, were really written about the same time as the earlier volume, so we cannot expect them to show any development of art; while full of beauty, this "offering to two sisters" is rather less interesting than its predecessor. Not so the *New Poems*, which appeared in 1897. The keynote of this little volume might be called *accentuation*, for every characteristic of Mr. Thompson's earlier work we here find deepened. It is at once more philosophical and more fanciful; its tenderness is more tender, its pathos more intense—and at times, alas! its obscurity is even one cloud the grayer.

In considering this production as a whole, we shall merely be following a world-old tradition if we give first place to the love poems. And in scarcely any other division shall we find Mr. Thompson's work so unique or so exquisite. They are the record, for the most part, of one of those high and beautiful friendships which literature has time and again immortalized for us.

> At the rich odors from her heart that rise,
> My soul remembers its lost paradise,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I grow essential all, uncloaking me
> From this encumbering virility,
> And feel the primal sex of heaven and poetry,

the poet declares, in one of that series which Coventry Pat-

more has said "St. John of the Cross might have addressed to St. Theresa." It would be hard indeed to find anything more delicate and beautiful of its kind than the "Dream Tryst"; "Her Portrait"; or "Manus Animam Pinxit." They are not by any means the usual sort of "amatory verse," these which see in the body but a veil and vesture of the spirit within, and whose most piercing cry is:

O be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!

But there is that in them for which Mr. Thompson has taken all true womanhood into his debt—as did, long ago, that brave Cavalier poet who laid his noble tribute at the feet of Lucasta. A certain passionate pain vibrates through the love poems of the last volume, and the pathos of that series called *Ultima* is only exceeded by its dignity. "No man ever attained supreme knowledge unless his heart had been torn up by the roots"; this has been used by Mr. Thompson as a text for his "Holocaust." And the joy and pain of love pass hand in hand through the succeeding lyrics, until the final outburst of the *Ultimum* is reached:

Now in these last spent drops, slow, slower shed,
Love dies, love dies, love dies—ah, love is dead!
. . . . . .
The days draw on too dark for song or love:
O peace, my songs, nor stir ye any wing!
For lo, the thunder hushing all the grove,
And did love live, not even love could sing.
And lady, thus I dare to say,
Not all with you is passed away!
. . . . . .
Beyond your star, still, still the stars are bright;
Beyond your highness, still I follow height;
Sole I go forth, yet still to my sad view,
Beyond your trueness, lady, truth stands true.

In that "little dramatic sequence," comprehended under the title of "A Narrow Vessel," Mr. Thompson has written a series of much charm and ingenuousness. There is something

magical in the great emotional sweep of "Love Declared"—the description of that moment when

> The winds
> Caught up their breathing, and the world's great pulse
> Strayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life
> Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.

Almost as a shock comes the Epilogue, where we learn that this very, very human story is but an allegory of something more divine, and

> She, that but giving part, not whole,
> Took even the part back, is the soul.

Very few poets have written more feelingly of (we do not say *for*) children than Francis Thompson. There is a passage of great beauty in the early part of *Sister Songs* which suggests that one of these little ones—

> A flower
> Fallen from the budded coronal of spring,
> And through the city streets blown withering—

had laid her ministering touch upon the poet's heart in those dark earlier days; but such speculations are scarcely to the point. The fact of his real love for child life is patent in all three volumes. Positively haunting are those lines to "Monica Thought Dying," with the image of Death holding state among the little broken playthings, thrice intolerable with

> This dreadful childish babble on his tongue.

In quite different vein is that charming "Ex Ore Infantium"—

> Little Jesus, wast thou shy
> Once, and just so small as I?
> And what did it feel like to be
> Out of heaven, and just like me?

But no detached passage can give the tender gaiety of the whole. It recalls some of Crashaw's divinely human touches, as when he marveled

> That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peepe
> Through clouds of infant flesh; that he, the old
> Eternal Word should be a child, and weepe.

Of course, the standpoint of verses, like "Daisy," "The Poppy," *et cetera*, is far from being a childlike one; they are the wistful musings of one who, having known the full measure of manhood, has still a heart meet for "the nurseries of heaven."

In his "Mistress of Vision," Mr. Thompson has proclaimed a number of achievements, without which the poet may not hope to attain his mystic "land of Luthany." The final test of his vocation is a state of inner vision by which he perceives that all created things,

> Near or far,
> Hiddenly
> To each other linked are,
> And thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling a star.

This mingling of the dainty and the profound is quite distinctive in his own nature poems. On one page is a fragment like that "To a Snow-Flake," of incredible delicacy; on another, an ode that thunders into sublimity. It is impossible to quote from the wild, Bacchic gladness of the "Corymbus for Autumn," or from his beautiful "Ode to the Setting Sun," with its half-tragic blending of death and birth. For Mr. Thompson can rejoice in beauty with all the sensuous loveliness of Keats; but ever through this glad earth-cry he catches dim pealings of "a higher and a solemn voice." Nature becomes sacramental, and the visible a portent and prophecy of the invisible. Yet he is as far as possible from the delusive mists of pantheism Perhaps no one of the poems illustrates this attitude—as Christian as it is poetic—more characteristically than the lovely Paschal ode "From the Night of Forebeing," with its inspiring

> Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed:
> In every deed
> Washed with new fire to their irradiant birth,
> Reintegrated are the heavens and earth!
> From sky to sod,
> The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

Of purely devotional poetry Mr. Thompson has written

comparatively little—"Ex Ore Infantium," the soaring lines of the "Assumpta Maria," and a few others. Yet through all his work the soulful element is so strong that he has been called "the essential poet of essential Christianity."* One poem of his, "Any Saint," is tender and personal; but religion is more than an emotion to Francis Thompson; it is a philosophy. The mission of pain and evil has been revealed to him—not lightly, but through great spiritual conflict; and his firm hold of faith is a hundredfold more significant because of his wide-eyed outlook upon life.

> If hate were none, he somewhere asks, would love burn
> lowlier bright?
> God's fair were guessed scarce but for opposite sin;
> Yea, and his mercy, I do think it well,
> Is flashed back from the brazen gates of hell.

Throughout the mystical or soulful poems, which form so large a proportion of his work, there runs a very poignant message. It is the old, primal story of God and the soul—and we find it thrilling in never-to-be-forgotten intensity through that magnificent ode, "The Hound of Heaven."

> I fled him, down the nights and down the days;
> I fled him, down the arches of the years;
> I fled him, down the labyrinthine ways
> Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
> I hid from him, and under running laughter.
> Up vistaed hopes I sped;
> And shot, precipitated
> Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
> From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
> But with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbed pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat—and a voice beat—
> More instant than the feet—
> "All things betray thee, who betrayest me!"

Thus begins the flight from this "tremendous lover." The soul speeds on and on, knocking vainly for shelter at the

* *Academy*, May, 1897.

door of earthly love; then seeking comradeship with the elements, in the very "heart of nature's secrecies":

> But not by that, by that was eased my human smart.
> In vain my tears were wet on heaven's gray cheek.
> For ah! we know not what each other says,
> These things and I; in sound I speak—
> *Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.

One by one fails every human hope,

> Even the linkèd fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
> I swing the earth a trinket at my wrist;

there is one last bitter cry, and then—submission! Love has conquered, and "like a bursting sea" sounds the voice of the pursuer:

> All which I took from thee I did but take,
> Not for thy harms,
> But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.
> All which thy child's mistake
> Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home;
> Rise, clasp my hand, and come.

The "Dread of Height" is another of Mr. Thompson's most characteristic poems. It is the cry of a soul that has stood very high upon the mountain peaks, and in the glory of fire and cloud feels eternal banishment from the little, joyful things of mortality; for

> 'Tis to have drunk too well
> The drink that is divine,
> Maketh the kind earth waste,
> And breath intolerable.

Moreover, human feet are weak, and the highest election none too sure; neither does any know the depths of hell like him who has gazed down from heaven's viewpoint. So with this cry of spiritual isolation is mingled the pleading voice of human impotence:

> Some hold, some stay,
> O difficult joy, I pray,

Some arms of thine,
Not only, only arms of mine!
Lest like a weary girl I fall
From clasping love so high,
And lacking thus thine arms, then may
Most hapless I
Turn utterly to love of basest rate;
For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.

Melancholy is the besetting sin of the sensitive mind, and Mr. Thompson's verse is not free from it. There are passages—notably those "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster"—in which he is led to question the service of art itself. But on the whole his philosophy is a cheerful one, placing pain but as a stepping-stone to the joy beyond. In him, seemingly more than in any poet of the present time, the ascetic ideal finds a champion and an exponent.

Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way can'st live,

he bids us, in words that might be an echo of those which once rang across the Sea of Galilee. The world has never been willing to accept them without a struggle; perhaps, indeed, it is only through struggle and conflict and defeat that their truth is made manifest.

"The greater Crashaw" is one of the titles laid by appreciative reviewers at our poet's feet; and it is as deceptive as such generalizations usually are. To be sure, that *human aspiration for supernal beauty*, which Edgar Poe once defined as the essence of the poetic principle, is supremely potent in the works of both; but this might be said of numberless others. The real resemblance would seem to lie in their mystical and spiritual attitude toward life, and in that devotional tenderness —a "divine familiarity," Mr. Thompson once called it, commenting on the older poet—which is almost the birthright of our Catholic songsters. But Crashaw's was essentially a lyric genius; and Mr. Thompson is as dramatic as Browning. Temperamental differences are quite as striking; for while the voice of Richard Crashaw comes to us in tones of angelic sweetness, soaring up to the clouds as to its proper sphere, the

author of the "Hound of Heaven" has pierced to the depths of human experience, and speaks to us in "words accursed of comfortable men." The one might well be called the poet of Bethlehem; the other of Gethsemani.

The drawbacks of Mr. Thompson's verse are usually obvious enough. In the first place, his eccentric choice of words sometimes plunges the reader in semi-helplessness; and the sentence structure, too, is often a cause of much obscurity. Faults like these seem superficial enough—and therefore the more unnecessary; but they have their roots in some fundamental idiosyncrasy of thought, and are rarely overcome. In a searching piece of criticism on the first poems,* Coventry Patmore granted to Francis Thompson all the "masculine" elements of "profound thought and far-fetched splendor of imagery, and nimble-witted discernment of those analogies which are the 'roots' of the poet's language," but regretted his lack of the "feminine faculties of taste, of emotion that must have music for its rendering, of shy moderation which never says so much as it means," *et cetera*. Reserve strength is, of course, an incomparable possession, and we could wish at moments that our poet's verse had more of this stern restraint; perhaps, too, there are vagaries which seem to transgress a fine sense of the "eternal fitness." But one hesitates to bring the personal equation too close to an author's individuality, or to criticise the passion-flower because it is not a rose. No one who has read Mr. Thompson's illuminating little prose reviews —in the *Academy* and elsewhere—could for a moment question his real critical ability. And the fact that he has written lines of intense melody, suggests that in others he may purposely have sought the effect of dissonance.

However, he is not—and never will be—a "popular poet." In more than one passage he has imprisoned emotions still palpitating with life, and found words for those flashes of consciousness which almost to our own souls remain inarticulate. But they are not surface emotions; and in mode of expression Mr. Thompson is quite heedless of the wide appeal. No one is more conscious of this than the poet himself, and a few lines of "The Cloud's Swan Song" allude to it with delicate pathos:

* *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1894.

Like gray clouds one by one my songs upsoar
Over my soul's cold peaks; and one by one
They lose their little rain, and are no more;
And whether well or ill, to tell me there is none.

For 'tis an alien tongue, of alien things,
From all men's care how miserably apart!
Even my friends say: "Of what is this he sings?"
And barren is my song, and barren is my heart.

But for the most part, he is too much in earnest to keep his audience at all in mind. And being far from obvious, these verses demand somewhat of the reader's co-operation—with the inevitable result of minimizing the circle of these readers. Any one who is willing to delve a little, however, will find real gold in Mr. Thompson's volumes—gold of a purity and brilliance rare enough in the mines of latter-day poetry, His work is a precious heritage; memorable for its artistic power and its deep, human sympathy, but most of all for its Catholicity and its spiritual elevation. So it is that we turn back wistfully to those last verses of his, the Envoy of the *New Poems:*

Go, songs, for ended is your brief, sweet play;
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow;
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,
And some unsung, and that may be to-morrow.

This morrow has been long adawning, so that we have almost ceased to hope for its light; but in the day which has been granted us, at least, we can rejoice and be glad.

SERVIA AND RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

BY BEN HURST.

T the present crisis, when the storm, which she has so long and skilfully eluded, has broken over her head, Russia is not likely to forget the demonstrations—sympathetic or otherwise—offered her by the different nations of Europe. She will probably rate at their true worth the protestations of her effervescent Latin ally, but there are other important factors in her future career, whose official declarations it behooves her to gauge with more precaution.

Nothing is supposed to escape the keen eye of a Russian diplomat; and those who are thickly spread over the Balkan peninsula can doubtless testify to the amount of sincerity contained in the recent addresses and telegrams to the Czar. But, as we have too often seen, affinity of race, creed, and language is no guarantee for identity of interests; and Russia will have a rude awakening, should she reckon on the unqualified support of the peoples delivered from the Sultan's yoke, when she undertakes her legendary march on Constantinople. It is the intimate conviction of the more serious politicians in the Balkan States that since the Congress of Berlin, in which she did not play the prominent part she believed herself entitled to, Russia has steadily worked to weaken and disorganize these States, with a view to their ultimate absorption. Passing over the usual shibboleths of "Slav fraternity," and the current press articles on "union of hearts," and "Russia's maternal care for the younger Slav nationalities," let us glance at a few salient facts which go far to justify this appreciation.

In 1877 Russia forced Roumania to go to war with Turkey for the possession of the province of Dobrudja, but, after it had been won by Roumanian blood and Roumanian money, Russia annexes Bessarabia to her own dominions! Here, however, thanks to the firm and patriotic rule of Charles of Hohenzollern, her aggressions and intrigues have come to a stop.

In Bulgaria, through which lies her shortest land route to Constantinople, her efforts have been more successful. Ferdinand, after a short struggle, allowed himself to be corrupted at

the cost of the independence of his adopted nation, or rather of the nation which adopted him; for this unworthy scion of the Bourbons knows no fatherland and no god but his personal ambition. Patriotic Bulgaria, however, was not to be quite deceived, and that the massacre of Stambuloff did not annihilate his party is evident in the Sobranija of to day. Ferdinand's truckling to Russia has rendered him so unpopular that his maintenance on the throne is the question which most preoccupies the government of the hour.

The Greeks have not forgotten that, when their fleet was surrounded by the combined fleets of Europe in the harbor of Khania, it was their Russian brethren alone who found courage to fire on the Christians who had taken up arms against infidel misrule. The quasi-cession of Crete was due to the united pressure of the Powers; and had Greece been victorious, she would have had to yield the indemnity which, according to Greek statesmen, Russia was prepared to demand.

But it is the country in which Russian manœuvring has been most steadfastly opposed, that lies helpless to-day, crushed by disaster on disaster. Servia is an object lesson for the little sister kingdoms in the Balkans who dream of resisting Russian "influence," *i. e.*, Russian dictation. With the extinction of the Obrenovitch dynasty, the national aspirations of the Serbs have received a death blow, and already the statesmen on the Neva are degrading and belittling their newly-crowned tool. The record of King Milan's reign—since he incensed Alexander III. by the elevation of his principality to a kindgom—is the record of a series of plots and counter-plots anent the development and progress of Servia. Prior to this, by cleverly fomenting discord between the people and its rulers, Russia had managed to keep the country in a constant state of agitation. In 1842 Prince Milosh was forced to abdicate in favor of his son Michael, who was banished in the same year and replaced by Alexander Karageorgevitch, father of the present king. After a reign of sixteen years, Russia connived at the dethronement of this weak prince and the restoration of Prince Michael, who nevertheless, excited her displeasure by his marriage with a Hungarian lady—the present Countess Arenberg—and by his encouragement of the German colonists. By the promotion of various home industries, and the advantages offered to foreign capitalists for the development of Servia's mineral resources, the country soon made rapid strides in every direction.

But the reign of this enlightened and patriotic prince was brief. He was assassinated in 1868, and although his ministers managed to exclude the rival dynasty—suspected of instigating the murder—it was a period of trouble and despondency that followed his young cousin's accession.

As time went on, however, national aspirations became centred in the boy. Prince Milan's rare mental capacity, his extraordinary grasp of intellect, excited the admiration of all who came in contact with him. Unfortunately, these brilliant gifts were marred by an ungovernable temper and a too arbitrary will. Nevertheless, the benefits he conferred on the country to which he was devoted heart and soul make his memory forever dear to the nation. For the misfortune of both, he fell in love with and married a young Russian noblewoman, whose naïveté and high spirit provided a fair field for Russian diplomacy. The slights, real and imaginary, which she suffered from her young husband were adroitly magnified, and her patriotic sentiments worked upon, till every personal grievance became in her eyes an insult that would be resented by her native country. The incident of the Russian emissary, who affected to bring instructions from the Czar and guaranteed the recognition of Queen Nathalia as regent if her husband were brought to abdicate, will probably never be cleared up It is certain that the Queen was incited to work against her husband's authority and prestige, with a view to securing the immediate accession of her son. But the secret agent failed to give the promised proofs of his authenticity, and, after days of painful groping, Queen Nathalia suddenly broke off all negotiations and dismissed him as an adventurer. Rumors were circulated that he was an agent paid by King Milan to test and incriminate the Queen, but these did not hold ground.

The Russian government, which had on diverse occasions openly encouraged Queen Nathalia to resistance and defiance, ceased to bestow any further attention on her once the divorce was pronounced. It now set to work to undermine King Milan's throne by encouraging the wild demands of the Radical party, whose leaders received subsidies from the Russian government for the advancement of the "liberties of the people." The King was finally forced to abdicate *to avoid the eruption of civil war*, and with his departure, and the seizure of power by the demagogues, Russia was for the moment

satisfied. Internal disorder was rife in the country until Milan outwitted his antagonists by the coup d'état of the 1st of April, 1893. Acting under his instructions young King Alexander suddenly declared himself no longer a minor and imprisoned the Regents who had misgoverned the country. This step was hailed with joy by the people, and thus began the career that was to end so tragically. The pseudo-reconciliation between Alexander's parents by the annulment of the divorce had no effect on their mutual relationship, but it enabled each in turn to visit him unhindered and to offer him counsel and support. Queen Nathalia was by this time disillusioned with regard to Russian friendship, and, though many continued to consider her as the faithful upholder of a Russian alliance, her intimates knew that the Queen was no longer to be played upon. Experience, and her maternal instincts, combined to make her fight shy of Russian diplomats, and her ripened good sense was made evident by her acquiescence in King Milan's definite return to Servia as Commander-in-Chief of his son's forces.

Russia's antagonism to her old enemy now broke forth in the most outrageous fashion. The Russian minister in Belgrade, Mr. Jadovsky, was directed not only to belittle but openly to defy the king's father. In spite of the overtures of reconciliation made by the Servian Court, Russia finally withdrew her representative. Shortly afterwards the famous *attentat* on King Milan took place. It was followed by the proclamation of martial law and the imprisonment of those Radical politicians who were known to be ardent Russophiles. A sorry attempt has lately been made in a German paper by an ex-minister of the period to throw the shadow of patricide on the late King Alexander, but this unsupported calumny needs no refutation. It would nevertheless be a hopeless task to try to trace the far away hand that, through a succession of obscure agents, aimed a pistol at the man who devoted his whole energy to the re-organization of the Servian army. The Russian press affected to consider the *attentat* as a clever fraud inspired by Milan himself, but the people thought otherwise and clung to him the more, feeling that his cause and theirs was identical.

Consolidated and strong, the kingdom stood at this time on a pinnacle which it had never before reached, and the brilliant alliance which Milan had been enabled to arrange for his

son was on the point of being realized when opposition and total ruin came from the most unexpected quarter.

Mr. Manzuroff, who, from Secretary of Legation, became Charge D'Affaires of Russia after the departure of the arrogant Mr. Jadovsky, was noted as a strangely reticent man. His tactics were conciliatory towards the Court and deferential to his colleagues. After the bluff and bluster of Mr. Jadovsky this soothing, modest diplomat won golden opinions from everybody. For private family reasons he mixed little in society and was considered a person of no importance by his European colleagues. Some time after the recall of Mr. Jadovsky this gentleman of secluded habits began to take regular drives in the evening dusk, and these drives were invariably in one direction, and ended in a call on Madame Mashin, Queen Nathalia's former lady in-waiting. The inhabitants of the street in which this lady lived grew familiar with the rumble of the Russian's carriage, and some thought themselves clever in remarking that if official Russia paid court by proxy to the absent Queen it was with a view to ensuring her speedy return and the consequent withdrawal of King Milan. Others, more astute, suggested that Mr. Manzuroff sought to influence the young King through Madame Mashin, who, with many young girls of the best families, shared the reputation of having inspired Alexander with a "grande passion."

It has been the fashion lately to describe this lady as a clever, fascinating demon, who plotted for her elevation to the throne while yet in her teens. Former schoolmates have come forward and recalled a dream which she related to them, in which she beheld herself crowned. Nobody, however, remembered this when Queen Nathalia took the poor engineer's widow to be her companion in exile. The arrangement was considered advantageous for both parties. The Queen would have the agreeable society of a pleasant, well-bred woman, and Madame Mashin would be relieved from the painful penury in which her husband had left her. It was but fitting, said many, that the House of Obrenovitch should remember what her grandfather, old Lunevitch, had done for the country and the dynasty in the rising of 1815, when he gave all he possessed for the purchase of cannon.

The lady herself had fallen into the routine of her new position with characteristic adaptability. She was the *beau ideal* of a lady-in-waiting: always cheerful, self-restrained, and

deferential towards her royal mistress; graciously amiable to everybody else. I met her frequently at this time, during Queen Nathalia's visits to her son, and on me, as on all those who passed a quarter of an hour in her society, she left the impression of a charming woman, but with little depth and just enough culture to make her a sympathetic listener and companion to the gifted queen. Her personal attractiveness was great, but although her features were regular it was not actual beauty that distinguished the late Queen Draga. She was of low stature, with a fine, delicately-poised head, large, lustrous eyes, and a small mouth. In her voice, I think, lay her chief charm. It was rich, caressing, and enveloped one in its musical modulations, so that it was difficult to harbor any preventions against her while under its influence. Beyond this there is little to say. She had the usual superficial instruction of her countrywomen; spoke French and German, dressed tastefully, and was capable of any amount of small chat. When she left Queen Nathalia—ostensibly for health reasons, in reality because the latter was displeased at her encouragement of the young king's open admiration—Madame Mashin continued to profit by all the advantages attached to her recent position. Her at-home days were among the most successful in Belgrade, and the pompous and densely conceited representative of Germany at that epoch, Baron Wecker Gotter, led the fashion in dancing attendance on her. The rumors of her clandestine *liaison* with the king were never absolutely confirmed, and on the solitary occasion that he entered her doors, before the engagement was announced, it was to meet Mr. Manzuroff.

Reports had been diligently circulated some time previously of Alexander's violent attachment to his cousin, Miss Constantinovitch (since married to Prince Mirko, of Montenegro), and the pros and cons for an alliance with a simple Servian of good birth, as contrasted with a foreign alliance, were freely discussed by all classes of society. Up to this it had been supposed scarcely possible for the monarch to marry within his own country. The idea was new and the scoffers were legion; but that it had been mooted was a great step for the promoters when it cropped up, later on, in dead earnest.

Meanwhile the Servian envoy in St. Petersburg was, in his own opinion, gaining ground with Count Lamsdorf, who let it appear that Russia was no longer so diametrically opposed to a recognition of King Milan's position as Commander of the

Servian army. Then, one morning, the bomb burst. In the absence of his father—who had gone to Carlsbad ostensibly for a cure, in reality to put the finishing touches to the contemplated alliance with a German princess—King Alexander proclaimed his formal engagement to Madame Mashin under the auspices of the Russian Emperor, who graciously consented to act as "Koum" or "Sponsor" to the newly affianced pair.

To understand the grief and despair which this announcement called forth among his subjects, one must remember that the people's hearts were closely bound up in their young sovereign, whose birth, during the Serbo-Turkish war of 1876, had been hailed as a special gift of God; that they had suffered sorely from the dissensions of his parents; that all their hopes for the future were concentrated in his person; that they looked forward to a brilliant marriage for him as the surest means of rehabilitating the throne, consolidating the kingdom, and restoring the finances by opening the gates of foreign credit and exciting interest in the vast undeveloped resources of Servia. Statesmen of all shades of opinion hastened to the palace and conjured the king to change, or at least postpone, his decision, but he remained inflexible. Poor boy! He was very young and very much in love. His bride showed herself more amenable to reason and was, at one moment, on the point of leaving the country. Any attempt to characterize her as a far-seeing, capable woman could not hold ground with those who beheld her vacillations at this time. Even the assurances that there was a mighty empire at her back could not vanquish her timid fears when the critical moment arrived of appearing in public in her new *rôle*. Members of her own family do not deny that she had fits of anguish and remorse during the weeks preceding the wedding ceremony, and that "only the dread of offending the Russian Emperor" deterred her from breaking all off. Queen Draga was nothing but a tool in clever hands, which bent her to the working of political schemes that her shallow brain could not even fathom.

To those who reproach an army, since regicide, with having made no united protest at this time against an unworthy alliance, we must recall: first, the Czar's telegram of approval and congratulation; second, the King's threat of abdication if he were thwarted—this meant the return of King Milan and open rupture with Russia; third, the suddenness of the affair, which left no time for combination; fourth, the sentiment of

loyalty then still existing towards the last scion of the Obrenovitches.

We can scarcely wonder that a tiny, fourth-rate, struggling kingdom of recent date should hesitate to oppose the great Autocrat to whom the first-rate powers of Europe had shown of late years such a marked deference. Many were the moves devised and debated among the honest patriots of Servia, but the possibility of evading the catastrophe was nought, in the face of that decisive message from the North. King Milan gave no sign. Check-mated at last, and wounded to the very soul, he retired to Vienna, where he was soon to die. The nation, bewildered and prostrate, saw that all opposition would be futile; but the peasants murmured to one another: "Why has the great Czar condemned the boy? His is but a youthful folly and he should be saved instead of being thrust into the fire. Somebody should go to the Czar and tell him that she is middle-aged, a widow, barren with her first husband, and not of a rank fit for our king!" In other circles hot tears were shed. The misguided young monarch's faithful adherents echoed his mother's words: "Son, for me it is not your marriage, but your burial!"

The fictitious show of rejoicing at the wedding deceived nobody; a people mourned, as well it might. Here, too, the devoted loyalists, who rallied round the king, reconciling themselves for his sake to the inevitable, had to witness the dolorous spectacle of his systematic degradation. Instead of sending a special representative for the important function of "Koum," which he had accepted, Nicholas II. appointed Secretary Manzuroff the manager of the whole affair, a man of neither rank nor title. The obligatory present to the bride, a gold bracelet set with emeralds, was not worthy of the Imperial giver. Neither did the Queen like to show it to her female friends. The sovereigns of an independent kingdom were treated as unimportant vassals.

Once the fatal union was accomplished, Russia's old policy of lowering the reigning house of Servia was resumed and pursued to the bitter end. By instigating and solemnizing his monstrous marriage, Russia prepared King Alexander's removal from the throne; by refusing to receive him as a guest she gave the signal for the conspiracy which accomplished his death.

TOBIAS GREEN, TONSORIALIST.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

ES, sah"; Green said, strolling up and down his shop and swinging a pair of scissors on his fat thumb, "the affairs of Europe is at present in a state of most tremenjous concatenation. Take Russia, with her Nihilists' assassinatin' and precarious schemes; take England, with her Conservators and Homerulers conspirin' conglomerately against the Government; take Germany, with her international depredations—"

"Take my razor, instead, will you, Green, and give me a shave? for I'm in a deuce of a hurry," said a good-looking young fellow among the waiting customers. Green's very black and shining face showed a faint expression of offense at this abrupt check to his eloquence.

"I would do so, sah, with the greatest condescension," bowing and waving the gentleman into a chair, "but," in mysterious aside, "this is Jim's place, an ambitious tonsorialist, sah, nearly as good as myself. Mustn't hurt his feelings. Now, Jim, lively and give Mr. Dabney a real Siberian sensation."

He may have meant Sybarite; he clearly meant not-himself-to serve Mr. Dabney. Dabney, indeed, a youngster but a short year or so on the Exchange, and whose importance there lay hidden as yet among the possibilities. No; since the day when, amid the network of short city streets situated labyrinthine within sound of the Exchanges, the modest sign of: "Tobias Green, Tonsorialist," first caught the attention of a quick-eyed member of the Cotton Exchange, Green himself had acquired a certain dignity. Older, stouter, and much more prosperous, he was no longer ready to wait with eager politeness on all who entered, but reserved his own deft and velvety ministrations for a favored few. To these he had confided the touching story of his early life, if confidence that may be called which all around, white-aproned 'prentices and lathered and tousled customers alike, were welcome to hear. In fact, it

was chiefly to the manly sympathy aroused by this story that his rapid success was due; to that and the circumstance that he knew how to shave.

He cast a proprietor's glance around now at the luxurious fittings, at the electric fans overhead, at the dusky youths busily manipulating faces upturned to the ceiling. A placid smile overspread the pompous good-nature of his countenance, and his broad, inflated nostrils sniffed with relish the enjoyable odors of cologne, bay rum, and other sweets with which the air was charged.

"Yes, sah"; he continued, looking over the curtain of the door into the darkening street, "the conditions of Europe at present is resuscitatingly alarming; and when the auspicious war-cloud hanging over the country bursts, something must expunge, something must expunge!"

The door flew open in his face, and a tiny newsboy's yell split his ears: "Hyar's yer *Gazette*, *Tel'gram*, *Bull'tin*, *Post*, 'n *Era*."

"Evacuate these premises promiscuously," said Green sternly; but the imp was gone, seeing with lightning quickness that no one wanted his wares.

"Seems as if something *had* burst outside, Green," said a languid customer, finding temperate amusement between a *Puck* and the barber's polysyllables. "Perhaps it's your war-cloud come over on a vacation."

A sudden downpour of rain did, indeed, beat noisily upon roofs and pavement; but Green paid no attention to the scoffer; being now busy welcoming a gentleman who entered with dripping umbrella. To take this and hand it to one of the boys, with the customer's hat and coat; to induct him into the most comfortable chair; to wrap a snowy bib about his elderly person; to hover around him like a stout and ebon Angel of Justice, while he put a finishing touch to a razor already miraculously sharp, absorbed him now completely to the exclusion of European affairs.

"Quite a perennial excitement on the Street to-day, I am credulously informed, Mr. Van Houton, sah," he began, when the iron-gray stubble field of operations was well covered with a white fluff. "P. G. and L. took a deciduous flight up, I believe." Mr. Van Houten's eyebrows arched slightly in oraculous vagueness. "I wonder, sah," deferentially, "that the hy-

perborean strain is not too much for you gentlemen. You look a little overstimulated this afternoon. Now, there's my Jeremiah, my only posterity, sah, as you know—" The droop of Mr. Van Houten's lashes may have meant assent—"he has soaring aspirements in the brokerage line, but I discourage them euphoniously; for I know how that sort of excitability brings on vacillation of the heart." The razor playing around the corner of Mr. Van Houten's mouth may have encouraged his natural gravity; but Mr. Dabney, arranging his tie and admiring himself in a glass, took the opportunity of smiling. "Ah," said the barber, heaving a mighty sigh which perceptibly swelled his apron-front, "the gregarious trials of my early days has totally misfitted me for anything like financiering excitement."

"Suppose you tell us about it," suggested the man with *Puck*, who had no umbrella and was waiting for the heaviest shower to be over. "I've never heard it, Green."

"Nor I," said Dabney, lightly; "it must be interesting."

Green would have suavely evaded wasting his eloquence on these triflers, but Mr. Van Houten, now able to speak, said solemnly: "I know the pitiful story, of course, Green; but don't mind repeating it before me. It may do these young men good to hear something of the horrors from which their fathers saved you."

"To obligate *you*, sah, is my most consequential desire. A little bay rum or some tonic to help that bulbous desication?" Dabney and the other man exchanged a second smile. Incipient baldness, so frequent with young America, had made them both familiar with the phrase—"bulbous desication."

"It was an afternoon just like this, gentlemen," began Green, amid a flattering silence, "with torrential floods pouring from ebonious clouds that I relegate from my memory. In a miserable shanty my father and mother and I lived on a plantation in Carolina. I was only a child, but had been so hard worked since daybreak with a field gang, that I lay exhausted before the log-fire, where our penurious evening collations of musty corn-meal and spoiled bacon was cooking. The rain dripped through vacancies in the roof and poured multifariously down the chimney, and the smoke made me cough as well as my father, who was sitting on the other side too worn out to fill his pipe, and could do nothing but rub his poor

lame knees that were tormented after a day in the wet ditches."

The grayness without and the dreary, steady splashing of the rain helped his hearers to imagine the forlorn scene he described.

"Then my mother came in dripping wet from the storm and threw herself down and groaned out: 'Oh, my Lord! my Lord!' over and over. My father stopped rubbing his knees and asked her what was the matter. She told him she was sick with fever and not able to work; and because she was slow with her task the overseer had been driving and cursing her all day, and had threatened her with worse to-morrow."

It was noticeable how the barber dropped his long words and used simple language as emotion seemingly stirred him. A gentleman sternly reproved one of the boys who let a brush fall; and Green resumed in faltering tones: "Well, when to-morrow came she could hardly stand, but went into the field—and before night was sent up for punishment. She showed us the marks and my father, beside himself, stole away with us that night and hid out in the marsh. They tracked us with bloodhounds—" a thrill of horror went through the audience —"and they brought us in more dead than alive. I will not intimidate your feelings, gentlemen," said the barber, after a momentary pause, during which the thunder muttered sullenly overhead, "with telling you all that happened to us then. But at the end the overseer said that as we were cattle likely to stray we had better be marked. So, gentlemen, I know how it feels to be branded with a hot iron." He pulled up his sleeve and on his forearm could be seen an anchor and the letters "R. H. B."

The silence was broken by indignant exclamations, and young Dabney looked unusually grave. "My mother died from their cruelty. Then the war came and, the master being off with the army, the overseer, who hated my father, had arranged to sell me away from him as he had done my brothers; but we ran away again and hid and starved and ran and begged, and at last were helped through the lines and got to New York. But it was too much for my father, and he died and went to my mother; and I was left, an enfeebled, infortunious, tenacious castaway in the big city."

Here Green's voice broke, and a tear from sympathy, or

an incautious dash of bay rum, appeared in Mr. Van Houten's eye. "Well, I held horses and blacked boots and ran errands and went to night school, and by officionating summers as waiter in Saratoga, gentlemen, I acquisitioned—" this with proud humility—"a superfluity of classified learning. When I first set up my ostentatious, humble sign here in the street, Mr. Van Houten and other gentlemen were officious enough to take an interest in my wearisome history, and since then my fortunes have rapidly declined to prosperity."

He waved in air the brush with which he had finished whisking off the portly Van Houten figure, and added with impressive magnanimity: "I will not consecutively affirmate or deny that there have been plantations where all was peaceful and quietudinous, but ours was a hell upon the terrestrial sphere; and, gentlemen, I trust you will never formulate the acquaintance of any one like our old owner or his children."

The rain was over and several of the now thoughtful customers passed out, Mr. Van Houten first pressing a coin of value into the palm of the grateful barber.

"A friend was to have met me here, Green," observed Dabney, taking his hat, "but I can't spare any more time just now, and he being a Southerner it is, perhaps, well he was not on hand for your story. If any one asks for me—gentleman's name is Burgess—say I couldn't wait; will see him in the morning."

"What name, sah?"

"Burgess, Mr. Robert Hamilton Burgess."

The great advantage of a complexion of the shadowed livery of the burnished sun is that it never betrays its owner by any sudden change of color. "Very well, sah," answered the barber, with his bow of ceremony, a very fine one, about which Dabney was less disposed than usual to be flippant.

"I had no idea the poor fellow had suffered like that," said he outside the door to the reader of *Puck*, whom he sheltered under his umbrella from a finishing sprinkle. "Never could understand before why Van Houten and the other old capitalists about here made such a little tin god of him. With their patronage I'm told he's rich, lives high, and sends his black swan, Jeremiah, to college. A sort of martyr, you see; and a martyr that knows how to shave and keep a first-class place too. Your car? Well, good-day."

When Dabney entered the shop the next afternoon, he was accompanied by a gentleman several years his senior, of distinguished appearance, though but of medium height and build, and wearing his clothes with an easy disregard for the latest style. A kindly expression was further enhanced, when he spoke, by a singularly winning smile.

"Mr. Burgess," said Dabney, introducing him to two or three friends present. "I see you are ready for me, Jim. If you're not engaged, Green, you should show Mr. Burgess what can be done in New York to make shaving a dream of delight."

If Green had any reason to feel embarrassment at this meeting with Mr. Burgess, he had been sufficiently prepared for it not to show any. He came forward with his usual bow, and the smile which displayed such dazzling teeth; and at the same moment Mr. Burgess started, looked again, held out a friendly hand, and said delightedly: Why, Toby, is it possible! This is a surprise to see you here; and a pleasant one to see you doing so well. But why have I not heard from you in all this time?"

The barber's face was as unresponsive as a piece of ebony. He came no nearer, but made another bow and said: "I am most promiscuously glad to meet you, sah, but I think you have mistaken the personage. My title is Green, and my visible orbits have never had the honor of remarking you previously."

"Your name is not Toby, and you have never seen me before?" said Mr. Burgess with a sort of stupefaction, still staring at the barber. And you were not born in South Carolina on our place? and your father was not Jerry, my father's own man? and—and—" Mr. Burgess paused and concluded: "The most surprising thing is that while your voice is Toby's own, you look even more like Jerry now."

"My name, sah, is T. Alexander Green," said the barber constrainedly, still showing the gleam of white teeth; "and all the gentlemen herein aforesaid," waving his hand around, "have acquaintance with my clerical history."

"Well, Green," said Mr. Burgess quietly, turning away in disappointment, "you must excuse the mistake, but I took you for a very fine fellow, a trusty, attached friend and companion of my youthful days, my own boy, Toby, about whom I am anxious to learn something."

"No excuses, sah," said Green huskily, "are pertinacious to the case. Mistakes are incongruous to all." He cleared his throat once or twice before consigning the Southern gentleman to an assistant's care. Old Van Houten just leaving, and connecting the tragedy of Green's childhood with slave owners generally, cast several glances of disapproval from under his shaggy brows towards the reclining figure; but the others thought with something like amusement that Mr. Burgess looked most unlike the brutal tyrants of that dismal story. And the keen-eyed Dabney did not doubt that "Toby" had been connected with episodes joyous and troubled in Mr Burgess' life when he remarked the retrospective, thoughtful mood into which this chance likeness had thrown him. Also he smiled to himself, seeing how the shock of being mistaken for a plain, every-day "Toby," well fed and well-treated, had checked the flow of Green's eloquence and deprived them temporarily of his *obiter dicta* on the affairs of nations. The comparative quiet in the shop, which was the result of this, enabled them to hear presently in a shrill chant, rising above the hum of the street, a chorus of small Arabs:

"Jeremiah,
Blow the fire,
Puff, puff, puff!"

And simultaneously the door opened and a negro youth, attired in the exaggeration of fashion, entered, followed by a taunting yell of: "Ah-h! Get on to the dude nigger!" The little scene wherein he had been obliged to contradict a customer had perhaps unnerved the barber, for his hand slipped and made quite a gash in the chin of Mr. Amsterdam, an important patron.

"D—n it!" cried that gentleman promptly, "what's the matter with you, Green?"

The barber muttered something about "his boy's unpromulgated appearance."

"Well," testily, "you've seen Jeremiah before, haven't you?" with an irate glance at the spot of blood on the towel. "Be careful, now, confound it!"

The name attracted Mr. Burgess' attention, and he regarded Jeremiah, a lanky youth, not entirely unlike his father as he might be under the disadvantage of a tall white hat, a brilliant

cravat, and much jewelry. He met Mr. Burgess' gaze with uneasy defiance, and superciliously ignoring the colored assistants strutted into the back shop. His father reluctantly responded to some request which he whispered, and then rather hurried him away.

"I hope you are not pampering that Jerry of yours, Green," said Mr. Amsterdam with tartness inspired by a glimpse of his scratch in a mirror.

"I ventures to opinionate not, sah," replied the barber blandly. "He's a fairsomely good boy and high up in the curricle of his college. But the youth of this generation," with a very grand bow to all present, "have not the manners—the grandioseness—the *savvy fare* of the ancient regiment."

Mr. Burgess smiled, and his eyes meeting the barber's by some inadvertence of the latter's, they wore again their puzzled look.

"Will you dine with me at the 'Brunswick,' Mr. Burgess?" asked Dabney on their way up town. He had taken a strong fancy to this soft-voiced, gentle-mannered stranger, a very recent member of his Exchange, whose reposeful, sympathetic bearing gave a sense of refreshment to his own eager, nervous temperament. Over their coffee and liqueur Burgess reverted with a half smile to Green.

"It is the most extraordinary likeness," he said. "I am afraid that it annoyed the man, however."

"He has something in the nature of a 'strawberry mark,'" said Dabney, "a 'brand' I believe he calls it; and tells a most dramatic story of ill-usage during slavery times."

"There have doubtless been such cases," said Mr. Burgess thoughtfully, "for there is always the chance of irresponsible power being abused. But most of that life was peaceful and patriarchal, certainly in our region; and the negroes on our place were a proverb as a lot of lazy, spoiled darkies. I well remember Jerry, my father's valet's plausible excuses for appropriating his master's clothes almost before they were worn; and the way he idled and laid down the law to the others, on the score of 'having gone courtin' with massa,' was an achievement. As for my boy, Toby—well, well, the times that fellow and I have had together, fishing, swimming, bird-nesting, coon-hunting, *Eheu fugaces!* When I ran away to the army at fifteen I would have left him behind, not to get him into

trouble, but the rascal cried and went on his knees; and so at last we ran off together. When my dear mother wrote she said it was some comfort to know that at least Toby was with me. I was wounded twice in Virginia, and he nursed me both times; and he nearly died of fever, and I nursed him; and at the end of it all we found ourselves somehow barefooted and hungry back at the old place. But with the dwelling burned and fields laid waste and the slaves dispersed there was not much to do there. I found some work in a town, picking up a little needed education between times. A valet was too pretentious for fallen fortunes; so, when the fellow grew restless over his friends' report of gold to be gathered in New York, I helped him to get there. I had taught him to read and write myself when we were both children sitting on the hearth by the light of plantation pine-knots, and I had letters from him pretty regularly. When phosphate was found on the old place, and fortune smiled once more, Toby wrote with hearty congratulation and request for help to a little schooling. I was proud of his ambition and gave it willingly and later a small capital to start him in whatever business he was fit for. The letters ceased then, and I know no more and have sometimes feared that my poor fellow died. But when, being without ties, I made up my mind to come up here and settle, I declare to you, Mr. Dabney," with his sweet smile, "that a favorite fancy with me was that some day, somewhere, I might come across Toby. Hence the surprise I gave the worthy Green, for the likeness is striking. But I am boring you."

"I am much interested, I assure you. Anything pastoral is a novelty to a flinty, sordid man of business. Green's account of slavery, on the other hand, is a bit lurid; but, certainly most harrowing."

"You can hardly understand," his guest continued apologetically, the nature of a tie, non-existent now, where two children of different races grew up together, with griefs, interests, and sports in common; never forgetting their relations of superior and inferior, but only remembering to exercise a protecting if despotic guardianship on one side, and a devoted and grateful attachment on the other. I recall," with a laugh, "making a wandering sailor in our parts tattoo me secretly to prove to Toby that it did not hurt; and then having the

same mark pricked on him. He yelled frightfully, and I was glad I had taken the precaution of having it done out of the hearing of his mother and mine." He pushed his cuff upward to show his host an anchor imprinted above the wrist and the letters "R. H. B."

"Odd fancies boys have!" commented Dabney mechanically, while a flood of light burst on his mind; but he was a young man of much discretion, and while he raised his glass and seemed to be examining its pale green contents, his resolution was made. Why should he distress this honest and kindly gentleman by the disclosure of the ingratitude and monstrous imposture of his old-time servant and companion? Curiously enough, even with the anger he felt against the latter, he was able to divine the origin of his deception. More than likely some of his first patrons, old men of abolitionist traditions, inquiring tentatively into his past, had given a clue as to the *rôle* which they would find most movingly picturesque. "It had certainly paid," Dabney thought, remembering with grim amusement his own emotion during the story told with accompaniment of wind and rain.

"Singular coincidence, too," pursued his companion, finishing some unheard remarks, "the son's being called Jerry. Image of my Toby, and name of Toby's father." But Dabney held his peace.

From that day, when the young broker was not yelling himself hoarse over the rise and fall of stocks, or otherwise courting Fortune, he took a certain pleasure in meeting his Southern friend at the "Tonsorialist's." He noted how, in the presence of the former, the magnificent mountain torrent of Green's eloquence dwindled to a mere trickling rill. He noted the half-wistful, half-amused expression called into Mr. Burgess' eyes by certain words and tones, and also when Jeremiah, like a gorgeous comet, flashed upon them now and then. He noted how ingeniously the barber evaded waiting personally on Mr. Burgess. He took delight in requesting Green to relate his pitiful story to the Southern gentleman; and diverted himself with the barber's fertile variety of excuses. He made beads of perspiration stand on Green's ebon brow by proposing that he should show his "brand" to the stranger, and held his breath at the audaciously resourceful aside to himself: "I feel contumaciously convinced, Mr. Dabney, sah, that you would desire

me to demonstrate some delicate considerations for the feelings of a Southern friend. We know that there were tyrannies and badgerations in their ulterior midst; but perhaps he was of a differential kind." And Dabney revelled in the thought of some little poetical justice done when the barber, perceptibly thinner after some weeks of this, announced that he was going to Saratoga for a while—"his primary vacations in numeral industrial years."

It was the afternoon before that day which Green had fixed upon for his trip, and the shop was crowded and every chair occupied. The barber and his chief aide waited upon such patrons as Van Houten and Amsterdam; the assistants were busily occupied, and there was a hum and buzz of talk in the air. Dabney had just come in, and was trying the effect of a downward instead of an upward curve to his moustache, when suddenly there came a sort of roar from outside, followed by a deafening crash. The door, quickly opened, let in a cloud of powdered mortar and brick dust.

"It's the new building down!" cried one of the boys, and Dabney, the barber, and others, rushed out. It was indeed the newly finished office building nearly opposite, which had replaced an older and much safer edifice. A crowd had already gathered and policemen hastened to the spot.

"No one had moved in yet," said Dabney, replying to Van Houten's look of inquiry; "some of the offices would have been occupied to-morrow."

"But the passers-by!" said Van Houten. "Ah, there is a woman they are lifting out. Hear the poor creature groan!"

The injured woman being carried away, others, terribly hurt, were extricated from the fallen masses of brick and stone.

"Ha! Who's that?" gasped Green, the whites of his eyes widening; he was standing at their elbows as he had run out, aproned and brush in hand. At the same moment, with an inarticulate cry, he pushed past them roughly, treading on the astonished Van Houten's feet, and ran up to the policemen standing and kneeling about a prostrate figure.

"It's—it's a gentleman I know," said the barber hoarsely; "bring him into my shop."

"Might as well," said one of them," until the ambulance comes; but I think he's dead."

The barber, an ashy tinge over his dark skin, went on be-

fore, throwing open the glass doors and clearing a way into the back shop; and Dabney walked beside the melancholy procession full of horrified concern. They laid Mr. Burgess' unconscious form on a lounge, and a physician hastily summoned was there almost as soon. He examined the wounds, listened to the breathing, felt the pulse.

"Does any one know him?" he inquired.

"Acquaintance of mine, not long in the city, a man of means, no relatives here, but many friends," answered Dabney.

"He must not be moved," said the doctor. "It seems a matter of a few hours at most. There are some fearful hurts."

Green's eyes had been fixed on the surgeon's face; and at these words, with a wailing cry he fell upon his knees beside the lounge. The excitable, emotional nature, removed by but two or three generations from absolute unrestraint, burst through all bounds. He rocked backward and forward, his tears streaming on the sufferer's hands.

"Mas' Robert!" he moaned with passionate appeal to the white face and closed eyes; "my good, kind Mas' Robert! Oh, look at me just once—just once! Speak only one word to me—your poor Toby that denied you and will kill himself if you die! Oh, Mas' Robert—my own dear little Mas' Robert—forgive me! Don't you remember the fields and the quarters—the coon dog and Mammy's sweet potatoes—the branch where we went in swimming, and all the happy times together? Oh, wake up so we can talk about them! Oh, don't die, my splendid, darling Mas' Robert!"

"Here, this won't do at all," said the doctor with a stern grip on his shoulder. "Do you want to kill your master—or whatever you call him? If you really want to help, get the folding doors shut between the shops. Make your boys clear the front room and close it. Then put up your shutters and keep the place quiet. Mr. Dabney, will you see this done?"

The astonished spectators of this scene numbered among them Van Houten, Amsterdam, and many old patrons, as well as Jeremiah, arrived in time to be completely dazed by his father's incomprehensible burst of humble contrition. They now retired into the front, and Green, standing before them, tears rolling down his cheeks and with broken voice, spoke:

"Gentlemen, as I presumption you know by this time, Mr. Robert Burgess is my old master's son, and the best that ever lived on earth. When I told you he wasn't, or his father, it was all a big lie. And the rest about bad treatment and branding and running away was all a lie, too; and I guess it was the devil made me tell it." Mr. Van Houten flushed uneasily. "There never were people had a happier life than we all on the old Burgess place. And me and Mas' Robert went through the war together, and he saved my life in a fever and taught me to read and write and gave me the money for the elevated education which you have ascertained in my languages—" a gleam of dismal satisfaction was visible even now. "And, gentlemen, if he dies, it will be a Lord's judgment on me!" And with a groan he went through the rear door. The little crowd, impressed in various ways, quietly dispersed, and most of them never saw Green again.

It was in the dusk of the evening that the surgeon remarked some slight signs of returning consciousness in his patient. A few moments after he opened his eyes and they rested on Green's face.

"That you, Toby?" he whispered faintly.

"That's me, Mas' Robert," promptly, with a gentle touch on his hand. "Nursin' you. Keep quiet now."

"There is just one chance in a hundred for him," said the doctor next day. Then a month later: "Well, Green, he certainly owes his recovery to you. I thought once he was a dead man."

"That, sah," said Green, showing his white teeth once more," is an everyday, extraordinary event between Mas' Robert and me. We always nurse each other back, sah, from the confinements of the tomb." And when the patient was sent to the Springs Green went with him.

"I'm told he has sold out," said Dabney, passing the new sign which replaced that of: "Tobias Green, Tonsorialist," "He had Mr. Burgess' full forgiveness; but lacked courage to face his patrons with his tragic prestige destroyed. I confess," smiling, "that I for one miss the good-natured, plausible, pompous, black rascal, with his polysyllables and his bow."

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE frost which came in the January of that year is not likely to be soon forgotten in that country, accustomed to winters little less mild than its summers. It began with snow—a great fall of snow which heaped itself in drifts and masses; then came the frost, and the snow remained on the ground for six weeks. The days were bright and piercingly cold, with a North wind that cried and whistled all day long, especially in high, exposed places like Miss 'Stasia's garret. Every evening there was a gorgeous sky of orange and scarlet, the city smoke rising against it in murky wreaths. Every night the stars glittered with fierce intensity.

To be sure these aspects of the sky she loved were more or less concealed from Miss 'Stasia by the thick frost flowers on her window-glass. There was not sufficient heat in the room to thaw them. By this time pretty well all her portable belongings had found their way to that bourne, which their late owner could only think of with a shudder—which nothing would have induced her to name.

From parting with what was left to her she shrank with a great horror. The chairs, the sofa, the cellarette, the miniatures—they were her provision against her last illness and burial. Were they to go because the weather was cold? Why the weather might change any day, would be certain to change at once if she were to commit the criminal folly of getting in a bag of coal. She would put on additional clothes; she would keep her bed if that proved insufficient. She would do anything rather than sell any one of her few belongings to purchase coal.

It was not in Mrs. Cronin to coerce Miss 'Stasia even for her good. The glory and glamor which had hung about Miss 'Stasia as his Lordship's sister, in a white satin gown, had not departed so far as Eliza was concerned.

In her perplexity she spoke a word to Mrs. De Renzy, who, as an audience, necessarily included the Misses Vandaleur, since the three ladies had clubbed together to have a sitting-room fire by which they could have a reasonable hope of being warmed.

"I don't like the look of her, I really don't," she said. "The fingers of her are gone dead, an' she's lookin' that pinched that it's the pneumony she'll be havin' next. She's not as young as she once was, poor Miss 'Stasia, an' she's delicate. There's no more hate in her than in a little bird."

"She can't be allowed to commit suicide," said Mrs. De Renzy in a deep voice. She was one who naturally took the lead in any assemblage of old ladies in which she might chance to find herself. "Let me think."

She put her hand to a massive brow and was silent for a moment. Then she looked up with illumination in her face.

"Leave it to me, Mrs. Cronin, leave it to me," she said, getting up solemnly out of her chair.

Mrs. Cronin lingered irresolutely.

"She's very shy and proud, the creature," she said, with a soft tenderness. "You'll take care, Mrs. De Renzy, not to hurt her feelings?"

The Misses Vandaleur looked rather alarmed, but Mrs. De Renzy took the speech in excellent part.

"I quite appreciate your concern, you good soul," she said; "but—I don't come from a family of diplomats for nothing. If you'll come back in half-an-hour's time, you'll find your Miss 'Stasia happy and comfortable amongst us."

She sent Mrs. Cronin away comforted, but somewhat mystified, for she didn't know what a diplomat was.

"She's a great old lady," she said to John in the kitchen. "I should have spoken to her about Miss 'Stasia before. She wants crumpets for the tea, too, three-pen'orth. Will you go for them, John? An' by that time Mary Anne 'll be in to help me to toast them."

Mrs. De Renzy made quite a toilet before calling on Miss 'Stasia. She conferred a certain dignity upon the establish-

ment by keeping her own maid, an attached elderly dependant, for whom the world would have had no place if Mrs. De Renzy had parted with her. She slept in an alcove off her mistress' room and was always ready to wait on her in things small and great. This constant service helped to keep up Mrs. De Renzy's air of stateliness, for she could not so much as pick up her own handkerchief if she dropped it. Now, as she stood to have the Indian shawl draped round her shoulders by the faithful Kate, to have it fastened with a cameo brooch, at the back of which was the late Mr. De Renzy's hair and photograph, she had something of the air of an Eastern queen.

Miss 'Stasia was sitting miserably huddled up in all the wrappings she could find. Her work-basket was open and there was some fine, delicate needlework on the table. There was a guild of ladies in connection with her church who looked after the altar-linen and sewed for poor children. She had taken out the work, but found it quite impossible to do it. Her fingers had only ceased to ache because they were dead. Her feet were like stones. Her cheeks and the tip of her pretty nose were blue. Big tears had come into her eyes and remained frozen there. She had a huddled look, like the many little birds in that hard winter who gathered themselves up within their feathers before they toppled off the bough and died of cold.

There was a knock at the door. Miss 'Stasia looked up. If it was Mrs. Cronin with a request that she would come down and "take a hate o' the fire," now the kitchen was clean and the hearth tidied up, and no one but herself in possession, she would certainly go. The cold was becoming unendurable.

But in answer to her gentle "Come in," to her amazement it was Mrs De Renzy who entered. It was a long, long time since Mrs. De Renzy had paid her a visit. For a moment, after the ascent of the garret stairs, Mrs. De Renzy sat wheezing and panting for breath. She was horrified at the temperature of Miss 'Stasia's room, but she did not say so.

"I've come to ask a favor, Miss Chevenix," she said, as soon as she got her breath back again. "It has occurred to us, to the Misses Burke Vandaleur and myself, that perhaps you wouldn't mind joining forces with us in the matter of

coal for our sitting-room fire. We can keep one good fire going on what would be three miserable fires, if we can only endure each other's company during the daytime. I quite see your difficulty about fires. It *is* a height to carry coals to, and we know how considerate you are. It would settle that question nicely if you would consent to join us. We needn't incommode each other any more than is necessary. There is a seat for you by the fire and a corner of the table for your work, and presently we shall light the lamp. Do join us, my dear."

She leant a little nearer ingratiatingly and spoke in a whisper:

"Those poor Vandaleur girls are very poor. It is a kindness to them to put our resources together in this way. And they will not suspect that a kindness is intended, which might hurt their pride, if you will join us."

Miss 'Stasia could not resist so delicate an appeal.

"Then I shall fall in with your arrangement with great pleasure, Mrs. De Renzy," she said. She could hardly keep her teeth from chattering as she spoke. "I suppose we shall begin to-morrow morning?"

"No; this minute. The very next scuttle of coal shall be yours. At the present moment the fire's mine. Come down and sit by it and give me the pleasure of your company at tea."

Miss 'Stasia began to say something about tea not agreeing with her digestion, but was quickly over-ruled.

"I use the best China tea," Mrs. De Renzy said. "My grandson sent me a chest some months ago, and it's not exhausted yet. It wouldn't give an ostrich an indigestion."

She smiled as though she had said something conclusive; then she picked up Miss 'Stasia's strip of fine embroidery, motioned her majestically to take her work box, and preceded her out of the room, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that she was trying to speak, to make further excuses for not coming to tea.

"What a delightful, airy position you enjoy," she said, pausing on the third step. "When the fine weather comes we shall positively invade you. Till then I shall hardly be equal to the climb."

"If we are to share your sitting-room," said Miss 'Stasia,

coming out of her tongue-tied state, "may we not also give the teas in turn?"

"Why so you shall, if you will," Mrs. De Renzy answered in high good humor. She was quite pleased with herself for capturing Miss 'Stasia, especially since she had discovered what the atmosphere of the garret room was like. "That is to say, you shall provide the crumpets if you will; but it must be my tea, my grandson Lloyd's tea. There isn't an indigestion in a chest of it."

"And the butter," said Miss 'Stasia anxiously, "and the other things. I like a little cream with my tea, and some tea-cake, and a water-cress sandwich."

"You won't find any such high living with me," said Mrs De Renzy on her own door mat; "but if you want to make gluttons of us—"

Poor Miss 'Stasia was covered with confusion over her *faux pas*, and the frozen tears nearly fell as she crept into the warm room, the air of which came out to meet her like a caress. It had all been made very easy for her pride. The smell of the fragrant tea was delicious; and here was Mary Anne coming in, with a face burnt a bright red from toasting, carrying a simmering, covered dish of crumpets. The tea-table was set out daintily, with old china and thin silver spoons, and an embroidered cloth, a little the worse for the wear.

To be sure the thawing process was painful to Miss 'Stasia as she sat by the fire with a screen between her face and its heat—she had really a charmingly delicate complexion—her fingers and toes smarted terribly, as the life began to come back into them. Still it was delightful to feel the warmth; and Mrs. De Renzy and the Misses Burke Vandaleur were so kind and so well-bred. They seemed to know that she was enduring agonies of shyness; and the eldest Miss Vandaleur was telling a story of how they had met somewhere a male friend of their youth, who had been delighted to see them and had offered himself as a caller, to which every one listened, leaving Miss 'Stasia quiet in her corner.

"I declare he wouldn't be put off," went on Miss Nora Vandaleur, who was the elder and plainer-looking. Miss Lily had been pretty and hardly looked her fifty-five years. "He'd been a lot about the world, and I think people who travel get the bloom rubbed off their refinement, although he is a dear

fellow still. He couldn't be made to see that it was impossible for ladies living alone to receive male visitors."

"Although we put it to him as plainly as girls could," said Miss Lily, with a sigh to the memory of that too-persistent old friend.

"And he never came after all," went on Miss Nora. "I think he was offended. If I could only have told him straight out. But I couldn't bear to tell such a thing to a gentleman. He ought to have known."

"To be sure he ought," said Mrs. De Renzy, with a twinkle in her eye.

Mrs. Cronin came in with the teapot and looked her delight at seeing Miss 'Stasia in the warmest corner, eating her crumpet daintily, and vainly endeavoring not to get her fingers buttery in the process. She telegraphed her admiration to Mrs. De Renzy, who sat with an impressive mien that refused congratulations on the score of finesse.

For once Miss 'Stasia went to bed warm. What if the garret were like an ice house!—she had had a delightful afternoon and evening. Her embroidery had been much admired and she had accomplished a whole head of wheat—the design was one of grapes and corn; she had sung "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," and had been applauded for the sweetness of her voice. There had been a game of Spoil Five, for the smallest possible stakes, and she had won and been complimented on her play by Mrs. De Renzy, who played cards like a man, since you could never tell from her demeanor whether she was winning or losing.

She slept quite happily, but she awoke to a terrified sense of the extravagance to which she had committed herself. Supposing those fires, those teas, those card parties were to continue—Mrs. De Renzy had even talked of inviting other old ladies in the street—why then the remaining articles of furniture would have to go. She would rather die than not do her part with the others. It meant, it seemed to her, a short life and a merry one, at the end of it the poorhouse—the poorhouse for Lord Moneymore's daughter! She was conscience-stricken. What had she committed herself to?

Besides, she was really too shabby to go amongst them. Mrs. De Renzy had her collar of Limerick lace, and her amethyst necklace. The Misses Vandaleur had worn one a quilted

red silk petticoat under a bunched up sacque of black silk, worn and turned, but a good silk it was plain to see, while the other had had a fichu of yellowed China crepe over her gray soft woollen gown. Poor Miss 'Stasia, her rusty blacks had suffered all processes of renovation, and revealed themselves as ancient garments fit only for the rag-bag. She had given her mother's Limerick flounce to trim an altar cloth, and had never regretted that the indignity of ordinary sale was not for it. How could she have been so happy yesterday!

She sent word to Mrs. De Renzy, in answer to a message that the fire was lit and would she come and eat her breakfast by it, that she was not well.

She was indeed not well, for she was fretting herself into a fever through all the chill of the piercing atmosphere.

"Miss Chevenix's compliments, and she would call to see Mrs. De Renzy presently."

She saw Mary Anne depart with the message. Then she left her breakfast untasted, while she considered what she should ask John to turn into money for her. Her stock of money was very low. Hardly anything was left when the week's money due to Mrs. Cronin had been put on one side, tightly screwed up in paper. The little extravagance of the teas and the fires was a nightmare only explicable by her lonely and secluded life, a life in which terrors and misgivings grow big.

She opened her writing-desk at last, found an ingenious secret drawer and took something from it, which she held in the palm of her hand looking at it. It was a miniature set round with pearls, fine little seed pearls close together, with a twist of red gold between them and the portrait.

She had always wanted the miniature to be buried with her. Now—the time might come when it would have to go like the rest to keep her alive. If she were going to be gay and company-keeping, to be led into all kinds of pleasant follies, the time might be brought perceptibly nearer. If it were not for Eliza, now, she would seek another lodging, away from the allurements which she feared. But Eliza was her only shelter in a cold world, the only friend she had, the only link with the exquisite and painful past.

She had finished her breakfast and carried the tray down to the top of the kitchen staircase, so that Mary Anne would

be saved the long climb up and the weight of the tray down all those stairs on her thin, childish arms. It was something Miss 'Stasia would do despite Mrs. Cronin's remonstrances. She had returned and set her room straight, dusting and tidying with a meticulous carefulness. She had got out her embroidery and was thinking irresolutely of the good fire downstairs and the pleasant company.

Where she was, in her retired garret, she had not heard the rat tat at the door which heralded a visitor. There was a step on her stair ascending, more than a step, two pairs of feet. Who could it be?

The door was opened, and Mrs. Cronin herself announced, in a voice in which triumph and conscious guilt might have been heard by a discerning ear, "Lady Anne Chute."

Something came in with the big, dark, brilliant presence in its furs and velvets, something sweet like the air that used to blow over the mountains and boglands long ago. The gracious and charming presence came up to poor Miss 'Stasia with a soft rustle of silk. She was taken into the generous, warm embrace. Lady Anne's lips were on her thin cheek.

"My dear cousin," said Lady Anne, "I have only just discovered you, and I have come to take you home with me. I want you to live with me. How soon can you be ready?"

CHAPTER V.

THE BENEFACTRESS.

After the first swift glance round her, Lady Anne had not seemed to take any notice of the garret, nor of its excessive cold. If she had an impulse to take off her sable cloak and wrap it about the poor little forlorn spinster, she repressed it. She was going to wrap the cloak of love about the shivering life for the rest of the years that were left to it. But inside her sables she shivered with a sympathetic chill.

"When will you be ready to come?" she went on. "I can give you a day or two. But not to stay here. I am at the Shelbourne. I am going to carry you off there with me. What arrangements can you have to make? Your pretty things here? They are very pretty. You must take them

with you if they will make you feel more home-like at Mount Shandon."

She laughed and chattered with a flashing of white teeth and a manner which had an enfolding tenderness. In her innermost heart Lady Anne was shocked at the manifest poverty in which she found her old cousin. She was angry with herself, unreasonably, because she had not known of her existence before. How she must have suffered! The idea of no fire in this Siberian frost! And the old blood runs thinly. Giving a quick side glance at Miss 'Stasia she had a horrible idea that she looked as if she had not had enough to eat.

"You are to come with me, now, at once," she said, in her impetuous, overmastering way. "I have a cab at the door. We are going shopping. Do you know that Mount Shandon is in the wilds? You won't see the shops again for ever so long. You will want many things. That is my concern. Of course you will have your—allowance as my companion and cousin. Everything here can be sent down after you. I am going to talk to the woman of the house—a sensible, good creature she seems. You need take no more than what you stand up in. The rest can follow, and, of course, there will be your outfit. Will you get ready, my dear cousin, while I talk to the woman of the house?"

She made her own way downstairs and interviewed Mrs. Cronin in the narrow slip of back room in which the landlady received would-be lodgers, and transacted business of the genteeler sort. Mrs. Cronin had fallen head over ears in love with Lady Anne at first sight. She poured out now a deal about Miss 'Stasia and Lord Moneymore, and the great days that used to be at the Abbey, revealing incidentally how perilously near Miss 'Stasia had gone to starving.

"And she would, only for you, you excellent creature," Lady Anne said, in a generous heat. "I shall never forget it for you. Money won't repay what you've done," as she counted out ten golden sovereigns on the oilcloth table cover. "I shan't lose sight of you, I promise you. Tell me now, what is there that I can do for you?"

Mrs. Cronin, quite overcome, sobbed out the tale of the evil days that had fallen on the "waiting."

"And John so clever, my Lady," she said. "I always tell

him 'tis a butler not a waiter he should be, only that he won't leave me and the children."

Lady Anne's eyes looked at her speculatively.

"You don't make much of the letting of lodgings, do you now?" she asked.

"Indeed it isn't what it was, or maybe I don't manage rightly. 'Tisn't easy to keep the ladies up to their regular payments when they've so little. Sure we know they'll pay when they can. There's generally a good bit owing. You couldn't be bothering ladies like them."

"I don't know if you're anything of a cook?" Lady Anne began.

"Sure amn't I a beautiful cook? The old Lord Moneymore, Miss 'Stasia's father, was that particular about his food that it was as much as the butler's life was worth to hand him a dish wasn't done to his liking. I was trained the way I ought to go. Many's the compliment I've had over my cooking."

"The butler and cook at Mount Shandon are getting old. They'll be glad to be allowed to retire into private life. Supposing you and your husband were to take their places?"

"Oh, my Lady! But the children?" gasped Mrs. Cronin with the look of one who sees a heaven opening before him from which he may possibly be debarred. "We couldn't be parted from the children."

"I've thought of that. There's a very good house in the stable-yard. You and your husband might have that and keep the children with you."

"It 'ud be the saving of them. The town life doesn't agree with them, and there's no room for them down in the kitchen, and that's the only place they have to live. Mary Anne's not the same since she's had to wait on the lodgers. The stairs is too much for her, and the weights, my Lady. Yet I couldn't do everything myself, an' little Nora, that's as fat as butter, 'll be as thin as Mary Anne once she begins climbing them weary stairs."

"Talk to your husband about it, and let me know what he says to-morrow." Lady Anne said, kindly. "You can take your time about finishing up here. Three months will not be too long. Kernahan and Mrs. Kernahan will stay on as long as I need them."

There were no arrears in Miss 'Stasia's case to be paid, except a few shillings which Lady Anne thought it wiser to allow her to pay herself.

"I am going to smarten you up," she said as they drove across the town to Grafton Street, "and you are to let me do what I like, as though you were my own dear elder sister. Of course you are my cousin, the only cousin I possess on papa's side. You don't know how I am going to love you because you belong to papa's side."

The attendants in the smart Grafton Street shops craned their heads forward, and nudged each other to look, as Lady Anne and Miss 'Stasia came in together, the one exuberant with youth and vitality, beautifully and richly dressed, the other, timid, nervous, trembling in the shabby attire so unfit for the inclemency of the season.

Lady Anne marched straight on as though she knew all about the shop, which she did not. They went to the costume department, where she found a lady in a trailing black silk who looked like a princess and possessed quick intelligence and some sympathy. Three or four dresses of different kinds were found which would fit Miss 'Stasia with slight altering. Was there anything else? Anything which Lady Anne would prefer to see where they were—which was in a secluded, carpeted, and mirrored room above the shop?

Yes, there were several things. Certain of them could be sent on approval to the hotel, but there were certain others Lady Anne wanted immediately.

An assistant brought an armful of fur cloaks and flung them on the green carpet as though they were of no value at all. Lady Anne pounced on the most beautiful of them all, a dark sealskin softly lined with peach bloom silk. She put it about Miss 'Stasia's shoulders and fastened the silver clasps.

Then there were hats—Miss Stasia had confessed that she couldn't bear bonnets. Her Ladyship ordered hats with a prodigality. One was found to suit Miss 'Stasia exactly, and it went on with the fine cloak. For the rest, Lady Anne gave her orders quickly in an undertone to the intelligent princess. She did not mean to tire out her newly-found cousin.

They went back and lunched at the Shelbourne, such a lunch as had become only a memory to Miss 'Stasia. She

could hardly eat anything for excitement. Her little hands trembled, two red little roses came and went in the thin cheeks, the faded eyes brightened and dimmed.

"Do you know, my dear?" she said to Lady Anne afterwards, "I feel as if I must have died in my sleep and wakened up in heaven. It is so deliciously warm and comforting, I'm afraid it was a little cold at Mrs. Cronin's."

"In that other life?" Lady Anne said, with her rich smile. "It was piercingly cold, my dear cousin. You are going to be warm henceforth."

Miss 'Stasia sat before a glowing fire in the bed-room, wrapped about in a soft, fleecy shawl which Lady Anne had paused a moment as they left the shop to purchase and take with her.

Presently there came a deft young woman from Messrs. Brown & Thomas's, accompanied by a great many boxes of all sizes and shapes, and Miss 'Stasia had to be fitted on and to select all manner of things. The young woman's manners were excellent. If she thought it an odd thing to have to fit out an elderly lady with everything she could possibly require, down even to the trunks to contain the outfit, there was no indication of it in her manner. To be sure she was accustomed to dire poverty among aristocrats; and the explanation she found for herself, and imparted to the other young ladies when she returned to the shop, was that Miss 'Stasia had been discovered by a rich relative in one of the houses for distressed ladies which were usually filled by those who had suffered during the land agitation. Some one suggested that the old lady had come into money, but that was an embroidery which did not find acceptance. It was quite easy to see that Lady Anne Chute was a benefactress and the Honorable Miss Chevenix the benefitted. The shop knew by this time that the pretty, faded, ringleted old lady in the shabby garments was the Honorable Miss, and its interest went up accordingly.

Intimacy and affection grew so rapidly between the two—Lady Anne was one to love where she benefitted, and Miss 'Stasia had given up her poor starved, frozen heart to this glorious young kinswoman at first sight—that in the evening after dinner, while they sat in the drawing-room at the hotel, Miss 'Stasia transmogrified in a gray poplin dress with a collar

of rich lace, she told Lady Anne all about Mrs. De Montmorency De Renzy and the Misses Burke Vandaleur. Unless Miss 'Stasia were to repay that tea party in kind she would feel guilty about it forever afterwards. Not that she hinted such a thing to Lady Anne; but the latter, for a big, young, unhurt, energetic creature, had delicate intuitions.

"Supposing we ask your friends to tea and keep them to dinner?" she said. "Would they come on a short invitation, do you think? It will have to be in the nature of a farewell dinner, for we shan't be in Dublin for a long time again. Papa would never keep a Dublin house and I should have no earthly use for such a thing. Do you think they will come?"

"If you ask them, Anne."

Miss 'Stasia said the monosyllabic name softly, as though the sound of it were very pleasant to her ear. She had never called anybody by their name before on so short an acquaintance, but Lady Anne had made questions of time and space as though they were not—to think she had not known her yesterday!—had swept all timidities, all old-fashioned reserves, away as a spring freshet might sweep little twigs and straws.

It took all Mrs. Cronin's tradition of good manners, from having lived with the best people, to keep her silent when Lady Anne came to No. 9 Wharton Street with the transformed Miss 'Stasia the next day. Miss 'Stasia was very sensible of the transformation and very shy about it, and she was grateful to Mrs. Cronin for her gaze of aloofness when she opened the door. Mrs. Cronin made up later when she had Miss 'Stasia to herself for a minute and whispered to her rapturously that she reminded her of the first day she ever saw her at the Abbey, in the white satin, coming down the stairs.

She was shyer still of facing her fellow-lodgers, and she went in meekly in the wake of Lady Anne, as though she would conceal herself behind her. She was aware of Mrs. De Renzy's one glance which took in all the difference in her looks from yesterday and was quickly withdrawn. She could hear Mrs. De Renzy say in her authoritative voice as soon as they should be gone: "Alaska sealskin, lined with lavender brocade. It never cost a penny under forty pounds." And so on through her various garments.

Not that she felt any sense of shame about receiving so much from Lady Anne. When one had a dear younger sis-

ter—that was how Lady Anne had put the distant relationship—very rich and generous and loving, and one was poor and chilled and lonely, why wouldn't one accept the love and the gifts as one would give them if the cases were reversed?

As the little woman sat there, her eyes downcast, while Lady Anne made captive the hearts of the other poor lonely elderly women, who must go on living in Wharton Street, though she saw the spring begin in the exquisite country, her heart was full of a humble wonder and thanksgiving. How kind they were too! They seemed quite sorry to lose her, and yet quite glad that such wonderful, unexpected, blessed things should have befallen her.

Oh, there was Lady Anne—it was just like her—she was hoping that they would all visit Mount Shandon in the summer, and Mrs. De Renzy was saying for herself and the others how very pleased they would be to come.

"For a long visit," said her Ladyship, radiating light and warmth. "Mount Shandon is such a big house, and it will be a kindness. I believe it's rather dull when there's no hunting, at least so my English cousins say. They must be always killing something if it's only Time. And I think Time is the last thing in the world to be killed, because he kills himself before we want him to."

The ladies were quite captivated. They accepted with gracious readiness that distant invitation for the summer, and the nearer one for the following afternoon at the Shelbourne. How long it was since any of them had been at the Shelbourne, and with what glorious things and days the name was associated!

Lady Anne herself took an interest in the Shelbourne dinner on the following day, and indeed consulted with the manager as to the dishes to be served to her party. They had a special table set near the fire, and it was a surprise to find in January such items on the menu as salmon trout and new potatoes and milk-fed lamb and green peas. The giver of the feast delighted in the dainties which she had caused to be spread for the poor ladies, and the good wine which warmed their thin blood.

Then when the wonderful evening was over, and they were cloaked and hooded and pattened to venture out in the piercing wind and wait at an arctic street corner for a tram, there

was a comfortable carriage at the door to take Lady Anne's guests home.

The stay in town extended to a week. Lady Anne seemed to have many people to see, not only lawyers and men of business generally, but also various public men and others interested in movements for helping the people by putting them in the way of helping themselves.

But at last Miss 'Stasia, still in a dream-like state, found herself in a first-class carriage at the King's Bridge, wrapped in a rug of the warmest and fleeciest, with a heap of books and magazines beside her, and a luncheon-basket looking at her from the opposite seat, out of which peeped the gold foil of the neck of a champagne bottle. A bunch of violets lay on her lap.

Opposite to her Lady Anne sat smiling at her like a big, beneficent young goddess. Lady Anne's rug was flung carelessly to one side. She had Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution* on her knee. When the time came to open the luncheon-basket she would eat her food heartily, but very much as though one kind of food was the same as another. All the dainty bits would be for Miss 'Stasia, and the champagne would be for her. Beyond the requirements of a healthy appetite Lady Anne was ascetic in her tastes. She was never cold; she never needed the stimulation of wine; she didn't care about novels. But she liked other people to have those softer things of life which she disdained for herself.

"It is nice to be getting home," she said with her kind smile. "You are sure your foot-warmer is really hot? I must get it changed at Maryborough. It is very cold."

Her own foot-warmer was under the seat, pushed there by her own foot.

"Oh, my dear," said Miss 'Stasia, "you heavenly-kind creature, I can't tell you what it is like to be going—home! I used to think I would rather die in the Hospice for the Dying than in another hospital, or the poorhouse."

Her head began to tremble and her tears began to flow.

"Hush, hush!" said Lady Anne. "You are going home, to live, to be happy, to make me happy."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SERIOUS COUSIN.

"I am expecting my Cousin Dunlaverock to stay," Lady Anne mentioned casually to Colonel Leonard some time after she had come back bringing the new addition to her household.

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone; I am going to have what visitors I like, Uncle Hugh, now that my Cousin Anastasia does duty for propriety. I am very glad I found her, the dear, but if I hadn't, I believe I should still have had what visitors I liked. You needn't frown. You represent propriety to me, Uncle Hugh, and I am very glad to propitiate you."

"Ah, thank you, my dear," Colonel Leonard said grimly. He was still a little sore about his ward's readiness to whistle him and his co-trustee down the wind.

He reported the interview afterwards to his wife.

"She says quite frankly that, if she hadn't found Miss Chevenix, she'd have done without a chaperon," he said. "We may be grateful that she did find Miss Chevenix. What do you make of Dunlaverock's coming over so soon again?"

"I might know what to make of it on his side. What I make of it on Anne's is not what you make, my poor Hugh. Anne is very good friends with her one serious cousin. But she has no intention of abdicating in favor of a husband just yet."

"I was hoping I saw a glimmer of sense in her," the Colonel replied sorrowfully.

The present Lord Dunlaverock was a nephew of the late peer. He had succeeded to the title and very little else, and it was with no great willingness that he gave up the life in a Highland regiment, in which he was profoundly interested, to assume the management of the property that went with the title.

He was a taciturn, humorless, proud young man, with great ideas of what devolved on him as head of the house. If he were serious, he was also amiable, and that explained how he was at once laughed at, looked up to, and loved by his frivolous army of cousins. It was whispered about in the family that he had begun by being in love with Amy Hilton, Lady

Sylvia Hilton's only daughter, and she with him. But Amy Hilton had married, after her first season, a plain-looking, middle-aged country gentleman, with nothing to recommend him to youth and beauty like hers unless it might be that he was a member of the banking firm of Lonsdale, Hanbury & Mellor, and was therefore enormously rich.

Mrs. Mellor was by all accounts a model wife to her middle-aged husband. They lived in a seclusion far too great to please Lady Sylvia Hilton at their country-seat, Astridge Park, and Lady Sylvia was wont to shrug her shoulders and lift her hands and eyes at Amy, who was domesticated and *dévote.*

"Imagine a child of mine!" she would say; "and the only one who really kept up the tradition of the family beauty!"

Whatever had happened between Lord Dunlaverock and his cousin in the past had not embittered him. If he were unobserved his irregular features sometimes wore an oddly tragic look. He was too old for his years, which were only somewhere about twenty-six; he had a good many lines in his face and a powdering of gray hair about his temples. He had a manner slow and gentle. He was possessed with a sense of responsibility, and the only person he seemed to dislike in the world was Lady Sylvia Hilton, the fashionable butterfly who was as gay and frivolous as ever, although she was a grandmother.

The lady was quite open about his antipathy.

"He blames me because Amy married James Mellor instead of him," she would say. "Silly fellow! What was the use of him and Amy marrying, and they both as poor as church-mice? I am sure Amy is very much obliged to me for finding her James Mellor, although, I grant you, she doesn't make any fuss over it. And so would he be if he knew on what side his bread was buttered. Why shouldn't he marry Anne Chute? Of course the property is in Ireland, which is always a drawback. Still—and Anne is a fine girl, although no one would take her for lovely Cynthia's daughter."

It was Lord Dunlaverock's way to be thorough about whatever he did. Since he had to give up his sword for the plougshare, the plough should be driven straight and cut a straight furrow. He went thoroughly into the affairs of his property, such as it was. There was a good deal of it moor and mountain, not much of it productive.

There was something of a flutter of indignation in the family when it heard at first that Alastair proposed to let Dunlaverock and the shooting for a certain number of years. Not that the indignation ever reached him. With one so insensible to delicate signs and hints of displeasure, so certain that his own affairs concerned him alone, it was no use going on being angry. In a very little while the family relinquished its indignation and laughed instead. You could always count on the family's laughter, sooner or later, generally sooner. The family agreed to find Alastair a subject for affectionate laughter before the indignation had had time to reach its object.

He let Dunlaverock and the shooting to, of all people, James Mellor. The Mellors proposed to inhabit Dunlaverock for several months of the year. The heir and only son needed a more bracing climate than that of Sussex, in which Astridge Park was situated. The heir's delicate lungs did not seem as if they could get enough air to breathe in the luxuriant, leafy county once summer had brought the heavy leafage. At Dunlaverock, with its wide stretches of moor, its heathery hills, the heir throve exceedingly.

Lord Dunlaverock took up his residence in a factor's two-story house of gray stone which happened to be empty. The letting of Dunlaverock relaxed to some extent the tense gravity of his face. Not only was he spared the upkeep of the great house, which he could not have borne to let go without the things it needed, but it left him with money in hand to carry out certain draining and fencing and building and other operations on which he had set his heart.

He went very little to Dunlaverock when the Mellors were in residence, and the house was filled with the family and other gay persons. Mrs. Mellor might be domestic—her passion for her one son was almost piteous in its intensity—she might be *dévote*, but she was tolerant After all, apart from its frivolity, there was no harm in the family. Its worst enemy could say no worse of it than that it danced through life, as though life were a garden of roses. There were no unfaithful wives, no profligates of it. Even against Lady Sylvia Hilton as a wife scandal had never said a word. They were wild, frivolous, pleasure-loving. Perhaps they lived too much on the surface of things to have any very evil inclinations.

At Dunlaverock they danced, they played bridge, the

younger members flirted; they motored all over the country to a hiring fair, a market, a rustic festival that might bring them amusement. The rustics thought them all rather mad; but they were very friendly, and they had fascination and beauty; also, they were very free with their not very full purses. Even their motor cars, flying through the alarmed villages, were followed by smiles instead of scowls once the villagers had discovered that they were the motorists. They used to make a gallant show at the Kirk on Sundays, where the services were drearily long and the doctrine of the gloomiest. They used to sit it out patiently, in spite of the motor cars, the boats on the lake, and all the other out-door allurements. It wasn't in the family to offend the susceptibilities of humble people, no matter what it cost them.

Lord Dunlaverock used to walk in on them sometimes of an evening, when the bridge tables were in full swing, and look at them in wonder. He knew they would still be playing when the lark swung out of the heather, shaking the dew from his wings. He had very little in common with the family. He would smoke a pipe with James Mellor in his den, which looked like a very small, very shabby counting-house. To Mrs. Mellor he had very little to say. She was generally to be found at the piano, when she was not attending to the comfort and enjoyment of her guests.

In time a certain companionship sprang up between Dunlaverock and the man who, according to report, was his successful rival. They walked and rode together, and had long, serious talks. Mrs. Mellor's eyes used to be sad and grave when she saw them go. She used to wonder over the companionship. Sometimes she laughed to herself with an irresistible mirth, which yet brought her as near tears as laughter. She was wont to say of herself that, although all the weight of sorrow in the world pressed her down, she must laugh. She was an exquisite brunette, oddly unlike her golden-haired, pink and white mother, the only lines of whose face were lines of laughter. She had an irresistible gaiety, although in repose her face was a little sad. The expression it wore when she watched her husband and her old lover go off together had in it the tender enjoyment of the mother over her child.

Dunlaverock was a very pleasant meeting-place for the family, now that the Mellors were in it for at least six months

of the year. And to be sure it was a different thing letting it to James Mellor from letting it to the first soap-boiler who wanted a fine old house in the Highlands, possessing at once a sufficiency of modern comforts and conveniences with interesting historical associations. If Dunlaverock had decided to live in a corner of it, as the family had thought at first it was his duty to do, he most certainly could not have made it a place of assemblage for the family and its friends as it was now. In the end the family agreed that, as everything was for the best in this best of all possible worlds, it was really quite an excellent thing for Alastair to have decided on letting.

"And to be sure," said Lady Sylvia Hilton with cynical honesty, "seeing that darling papa starved the place so that there might be enough to dress us and give us our chance of being soon married, I don't see what else Alastair could have done."

It was this serious cousin who had supported Lady Anne at the coming-of age festivities, who, as head of the family, had been always at her side, who had been ready while the others amused themselves—and how exquisitely they did amuse themselves in the gayest and saddest and most unexpected of countries!—to tramp with Anne over the boglands and the mountains, to call in at farms and talk to the farmers, to be interested in crops and cattle, to turn an unfailingly sympathetic ear to Anne's plans for schools and technical schools and the making of new industries, the fostering of old. How the cousins would have shrieked with joy if they had known the subjects of conversation between Dunlaverock and Anne Chute!

The cousins looked upon it—after a fortnight or so—that if affairs were not settled between the two, they were in a fair way to be. Certainly they seemed not to tire of each other's company. There were wet days, days of drenching rain, during that fortnight, when the party at Mount Shandon was reduced to beginning bridge after breakfast. Only Dunlaverock and Lady Anne were undeterred by the wind and the weather.

Her Ladyship would wrap herself from head to foot in a Scotch plaid which had belonged to her mother. She had the secret of wearing a plaid as a protection from the worst the

weather could do. She would come down short-skirted, brogued, wearing a deer-stalker cap, the plaid wrapped about her from head to foot. She would take a stout blackthorn stick in her hand. Dunlaverock would be in his homespuns, impenetrable as a board against the weather.

They would tramp for miles. The rain would lie in silver drops on Lady Anne's black curls and her thick eyelashes, it would deepen the violet of her eyes. They would come to a farmhouse. If they had got very wet, Lady Anne would retire with the farmer's wife and come back without the plaid, which would be hung to dry at the kitchen fire, but wearing some rustic garment of flowered print, misfitting but charming enough as she wore it. Dunlaverock meanwhile would get into a coat of the farmer's while his own garments were put to dry. Anne used to make very merry at his expense on these occasions, while Dunlaverock would smile quietly, as though he had an enjoyment of the joke, or at least of her enjoyment.

Those days at Mount Shandon were not two months old, and yet here he was coming back again. He had offered himself as a visitor with true Dunlaverock directness.

"Ah," said Lady Anne, unsuspecting; "it is the reclamation of the bog that interests him. Perhaps next year we shall have wheat growing in that corner of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROFESSOR STERRETT ON "THE FREEDOM OF AUTHORITY."*

I.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

IT would be a mere truism to remark that one of the most striking movements in the religious world for the last twenty or thirty years, is the rapid process of disintegration that has been going on in dogmatic belief among Protestant denominations, threatening the total extinction of all historic confessions among them. Rankling memories of the long conflict of three hundred years that Protestantism has waged against us, might naturally beget a frame of mind that finds satisfaction in the disappearance of a formidable adversary. We have heard, too, Catholics say that the loss of their ancestral faith on the part of such great numbers of Protestants is a benefit to us, because the work of conversion can be prosecuted with more fruit among those who have lost, than among those who retain, their ancient convictions. This opinion seems to be the result of a too superficial outlook; and the triumph of rationalism, or agnosticism, over Protestant Christianity ought not to be a cause of satisfaction to any Christian. No doubt, to win an earnest, religious soul, that has no fixed belief beyond a love of Christ, may be an easier task than would be the conversion of the same soul if it cherished the picture of the Master as refracted through Lutheranism or Presbyterianism. But if the unity of Christendom is once more to return —and to doubt such a consummation is to have little confidence in the conquering power of Christ's Church—one can scarcely believe that, short of some new Pentecostal out-pouring on the clergy in every land, reunion will be reached by means of individual conversions.

* *The Freedom of Authority: Essays in Apologetics.* By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., the Head Professor of Philosophy in The George Washington University. New York: Macmillan.

The number of converts made annually in America, though great enough to be ample reward for the labors of the zealous priests who toil in this portion of the harvest-field, is discouragingly small, when compared to the vast extent of non-Catholic Christianity. Besides we must take into account, as an offset to the total of conversions, the deplorable leakage that is taking place amid the crowds of badly instructed, or utterly uninstructed, foreign Catholics pouring in on us from southern Europe. If one looks to Europe itself, there is little, indeed, to encourage high hopes of a Catholic restoration by the conquest of infidelity through missionary effort alone.

Nor can Protestantism re-enter, as the Greeks returned in 869, by the submission of the head and hierarchy; for it has not one head, but many. It seems probable that the return to the Church of the nations whose influence in the world is daily becoming more predominant, will take place through the play of internal forces in Protestantism itself. The approach to Rome will be made slowly and unintentionally, by the revival of the Catholic principles, which alone can cope with the tremendous attacks of infidelity and rationalism under which Protestantism now groans. The successes of rationalism have, thus far, indirectly contributed to reunion by minimizing or eliminating almost all the dogmatic tenets in the greater Protestant churches, which have been the grand obstacles to reconciliation. But if the dissolving process should go so far as to destroy the one Catholic principle which the reformers, however inconsistently with other parts of their systems, retained, the Protestant world would have its face resolutely and hopelessly turned from the Church. That principle, it need not be remarked, is authority.

The notable endeavors that have been made, within the past few years, by Protestant leaders of thought, and heads of organizations, to find, amid the wreck of creeds, some solid basis for the reconstruction of their Christianity, is a hopeful sign. The logic of the actual situation, as well as the native genius of Protestantism, suggests two opposite ways for this undertaking. One is to cut down dogma to a minimum, or to zero; to eliminate all authority, thus reducing Christianity to the merest individualism, without creed, without external worship, and without any social embodiment. This method has been advocated lately by two eminent leaders,

one in France, the other in Germany, Harnack and Sabatier. On the plea of restoring Christianity to its Gospel simplicity and purity they would eliminate dogma, worship, organization, everything external; leaving only a "religion of the spirit"; an inner impulse, if we listen to Sabatier, to realize in our lives the ethical ideal of Jesus, or, according to Harnack, a recognition of the only truth that Jesus taught, the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. The breadth of these theories, the alluring but deceptive promises they hold out of placing faith in Jesus beyond the range of rationalistic attack, and of dispensing with the elemental principles which have hitherto served to give Protestantism its cohesiveness, but are now succumbing to dry rot, secured for Harnack's and Sabatier's views a very warm welcome on their first appearance. Sober second thought, however, has reversed this judgment; for but little reflection is required to make clear that Christianity, according to the above specifications, is a religion which never existed, and never could exist, in this world, outside the brain of a theorist or a visionary.

The alternative is to essay the rehabilitation of some form of visible, social organization, endowed with authority sufficient to preserve unity of creed and worship—in short, to exalt the Catholic principle which the reformers did not reject, but associated with another and antagonistic one that has from the beginning tended to oust it, and has now well-nigh triumphed —private judgment. If history has any lesson to teach on the subject, it is that those who are attempting reconstruction in this sense have undertaken a Sisyphus-like task. Yet we may look with sympathy upon every effort of this kind, as contrasted with the surrender to rationalism made by the party of Sabatier, Harnack, and the followers of the Ritschlian school. Every practical step towards this end, every apologetic for authority, is an acknowledgment of the distinctively Catholic principle.

For this reason there is a special interest attached to the series of essays recently published in book form, by Professor Sterrett, whose previous publications entitle him to a place among leading Protestant thinkers. There are many essential points in the doctrinal views expressed in the volume, to which Catholics must strongly demur. The purpose of the present paper, however, is not to fight old battles over again,

or thrice to slay the slain; but rather to undertake the pleasanter and more profitable task of drawing attention to a great "soul of truth in things erroneous."

In the first place it is refreshing to find that, in vigorous contrast with the evasive, shifty, equivocal expressions, that may mean everything or nothing, in which so many Protestant trimmers deal, when touching on the Incarnation, Dr. Sterrett makes plain confession of the divinity of Christ, as true God of true God, consubstantial with the Father. He accepts the Nicene Creed; and has little patience with those "abstract supernaturalists" "who pervert the Church's doctrine of the God-man into an assertion that the man Jesus, in his state of humiliation (Kenosis), was only a veiled deity, and deny that he 'increased in wisdom and stature' to his full-orbed divinity at the Ascension." "Much," he says, "of the lately prevalent orthodoxy has run through the gamut of excluded heresies, especially those of Doketism and Monophysitism."

Another feature worthy of passing notice is that on the question of the adjustment between science and religious ideas, in favorable contrast with the feverish impatience of many Protestants, and of not a few Catholics, the Professor insists that in this matter the Church is justified in proceeding with prudently conservative leisure. He expresses himself on the subject in a strain identical with that of Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his contribution to the symposium entitled *Ideals of Science and Faith.* "There is no call," writes Professor Sterrett, "for any age-long religion to abdicate its specific work at the bidding of the scientific culture of any age. She can stand boldly and firmly on the vantage ground of centuries of beneficent results. Only so far as her interpretation of the religious life has become interwoven with views of a less adequate scientific description of the physical world, does she need to readjust herself to the new views, and then, not hastily, nor until the new scientific view is firmly established. The religious life can be nurtured in a religion that is not up to date with modern scientific views. Besides the change of the setting cannot be made rapidly, except at the peril of the religious life. For that life is largely in the realm of feeling. And the attachment of feeling, domestic, social, or religious, cannot be rudely dealt with in the merely intellectual way." This is precisely

the ground upon which sound Catholic conservatism opposes the rash procedures of some of our biblical critics.

The pearl of great price, the thesis which underlies and unifies the various essays that make up this volume, is that, from the beginning, Christianity ever has been, and till the end must continue to be, a living society, organized and preserved by the abiding presence of authority. It must possess a dogmatic creed, an external form of worship, and an organization, by participating in which the individual, far from losing his due freedom, finds that freedom protected, regulated; and from which he draws invaluable nutriment for his religious life. The Church is the mystical body of Christ, incorporating in her life the creed of the ages, collecting and preserving for the use of every generation the spiritual experience of all the souls who in the past have lived Christ's life. She watches over the norms of doctrine, by which the vagaries of individualism are to be corrected. She is the authority which, far from hanging as an oppressive yoke on the soul, is a guiding line helping it to keep in the straight path and hold fast to all that is good. "Vital, progressive, missionary, and educating Christianity," says Professor Sterrett, "always has had, and always must have, a body. It must be an organized body, with polity, creed, and cult—external, objective, secular, if you will, in form—a kingdom of heaven *on earth*—not in heaven. It is not something invisible and merely heavenly. To fault ecclesiastical Christianity is to fault Christianity for living rather than for dying among men; for existing to preserve, maintain, and transmit the Gospel." This is the very antithesis of Harnack and Sabatier, the Professor's verdict upon whom is, that to evolve a conception of the essence of Christianity, or of the religion of the spirit, from their subjective consciousness, and call it true Christianity, is enough to bow them out of the consideration of all students of history; they have forsaken the realm of the positive, the actual, for the cloudlands of mere subjectivity; they are in the realm of illusions and delusions; in a dream-world, where one dream is as little real as another, one view of religion as little verifiable and as irrational as another. Reading the many passages in which Professor Sterrett repeats this conviction, one recalls with a smile the innumerable volumes of controversial literature in which the Catholic Church was supposed to be routed by a quotation from *John iv. 24.*

Another stock charge against Catholicism has been that it has overladen and adulterated the religion of the New Testament and of primitive Christian times with a mass of foreign accretions. The Scarlet Woman has committed fornication with Roman paganism, imperial jurisprudence, Greek philosophy, Byzantine tyranny, and barbarian superstition; and out of this fell commerce, in the Dark Ages was born the monster that the modern world knows as Roman Catholicism. "Back to Christ—back to the simplicity of the churches of Corinth and Macedonia," has long been the cry of those who refuse to acknowledge the Catholic Church of to-day as the legitimate representative of the apostolic communion. Where can you find, our opponents have insisted ever, in early records, any guarantee for the oppressive, juridical, and executive organization, the elaborate ritual, the complex dogmatic content of Roman Catholicism? To this objection our contemporary apologists and theologians have found in the theory of development a more satisfactory answer than was formerly provided. It is something to find a man representing the religious position held by Dr. Sterrett heartily acknowledging the soundness of the principle on which our answer is based, even though he might limit the scope of its application. In his criticism of the individualists he observes: "One may grant, as the Church always has done, that there was a freshness in this pristine form of Christianity, that has scarcely ever been present in its later and fuller forms. Scanty creed and polity and cult were theirs, but such as they were, it has always been considered that they gave the historical germs for the later and fuller developments of historical Christianity. . . . If Greek philosophy and Roman law and pagan cult, as environments, served only to deteriorate primitive Christianity, we must give up the conception of a divine Pedagogue in all pre-Christian history."

His thought is carried out in a subsequent passage, declaring that the cry of "Back to the primitive Gospel" is a vicious error of abstraction, which takes a part for the whole, the seed for the tree; a return to the primitive is psychologically impossible—"We cannot return to primitive Christianity. We cannot Judaize ourselves, put ourselves into the states of consciousness of the early disciples. For better or worse our consciousness is that of the modern world, into which Greek and Roman and Germanic elements have entered." In the spirit of

the wise conservatism, which we have already noted, he adds: "No more, indeed, can we absolutely modernize ourselves, repudiate those historical fibres that are not modern, and yet are very flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit. The spirit of the age, the modern spirit, is abstract and untrue when wrested from its organic continuity with the spirit of the ages."

One is accustomed to find Anglicans maintaining these Catholic doctrines, and their repetition of them by another Anglican would not be a matter worthy of notice. But the significance of their appearance in the volume before us is that its author is not an Anglican; has little sympathy with Anglicanism, as such, and none at all with those who would fain repudiate the designation of Protestant for their Protestant religion. He has no intention of surreptitiously entering the gates of Rome without the pass-word. "I have," he tells us, "been suckled at the mother-breast of Protestantism. I have a dislike for ecclesiasticism. . . . I have no sympathy with the so-called Catholic party in our church. I take it to be a psychological impossibility that I should ever become a Roman Catholic, or an Anglo-Catholic." That this set aversion to Roman Catholicism arises from no vulgar bigotry is evident from the many generous tributes the author pays to the Church, on the head both of her constitution and of her historic services. Whence then does it arise? To this question there is no direct answer vouchsafed in the book. But one may gather that he conceives Catholicism to be so much an external system, that there is no room whatever for individual liberty; a system in which the visible organization is developed to the suffocation of the invisible Kingdom of Christ. He, we may venture to believe, from some of his remarks, as well as from the general tenor of his ideas, considers that Catholicism makes external conformity to a system of theology, blind submission to a heteronomous authority, the essence of religion and of union with God; the Visible Church is, practically, an end to which the individual is sacrificed, not a means of personal sanctification; the religious life consists chiefly in an intellectual assent to certain theological formulæ, rather than in a conformity of the human to the Divine Will.

Yet, it need hardly be said that this is an erroneous picture, or rather a caricature, resulting from a wrong point of

view, taken by the external observer, who has misapprehended the due proportion of the constituent parts. The outsider, even when he honestly endeavors to gain a true conception of Catholicity, often succeeds only in photographing the dead stones and mortar, while the nature of the life that goes on within escapes him. He sees the external body, which is not without blemish and imperfection; but he remains a stranger to the vivifying soul within. Probably hundreds of earnest Protestants like Professor Sterrett would rub their eyes in wonder were they to find before them the real living Church, as she stands forth in the pages of our apologists—say, for example, of Father Tyrrell. One passage of the eminent Jesuit we might here offer, on the chance that these lines may, perhaps, fall into the hands of some who labor under delusions that are unfortunately too common. It is somewhat long, but to mutilate it were sheer vandalism. After dwelling on the truth that the religious life consists in the union of our will with the Supreme Will, and that every constituent of religion is valuable only so far as it helps to promote this consummation, Father Tyrrell, treating of the Church as a means of grace, says: "In its actual and historical form this communion of saints, this society of God-loving men, is called the Invisible Church, and finds its head and unitive principle in Christ, the simple fulness of whose perfection is analyzed and broken up for our study and help in the various measures of Christliness shared by other men, in whom its inexhaustible potentiality is brought to even greater explicitness by its application to an infinite variety of circumstances and conditions. It is to this society, to this many-membered corporate Christ of all times and ages, that we must go to school, in order to perfect ourselves in the art of divine love and to bring our will into more extensive and delicate sympathy with God's. For 'no man hath seen God at any time,' nakedly and face to face; and vain is the effort of that false neo-platonic mysticism that would seek him by intellectual abstractions, in the very emptiest of our class notions, rather than in the living fulness of his spiritual creations. Only as mirrored in the progressively human soul is he brought within the grasp of human apprehension. 'No man cometh to the Father but by Me' is true in its measure of the mystical and corporate Christ, no less than of the personal Christ, in that sanctified

humanity clustered round the cross of Calvary that his goodness is incarnate and revealed to us. Union with God means necessarily and identically union with the whole body of his saints with the choicest flower, the richest fruit of humanity; with those who, like Christ, have gone forth in all ages and peoples as sheep in the midst of wolves, self-sacrificed victims to the cause of God; whose blood, mingled with that of the Eucharistic chalice, wins forgiveness and grace for their destroyers; with those who have sown in tears that others might reap in joy; who have failed a thousand times that others might succeed at last; who have labored hard and long that others might enter quickly into the fruit of their labors, whose deaths are precious in the sight of God, and, in union with that of the Crucified, are daily accepted by him as a pure, holy, and spotless sacrifice of praise."

Such is the Invisible Church, the mystical Christ on earth; what is the relation of the visible society towards it? "Between us and it the Visible Church mediates as a divinely appointed instrument of communication. Every spiritual movement or enthusiasm that unites the hearts of multitudes, and fires their love, tends spontaneously, and by the law of its nature, to fashion some kind of social organization or institution for the furtherance of its own development; and from the first the cause of God's Kingship over souls has been furthered by the instrumentality of a Visible Church, union with which, and submission to which, is enjoined solely as a means, a measure, an expression of voluntary union and spiritual sympathy with the Invisible Church—with Christ and with the best and greatest and most Christ-like souls that have ever lived." Submission to the authority so conceived is no slavish abjuration of personal freedom at the bidding of a hieratic oligarchy, as men frequently fancy. "It is ultimately and only to their purely spiritual authority, to their compelling goodness, that we submit ourselves gladly and freely, when we yield obedience to the lawful rulers of the hierarchic institution, not grudgingly nor of necessity, but as cheerful givers." It is hardly possible that any one realizing this to be the true Roman Catholic conception of the Church could speak of Catholicism as a mechanical, unethical form of Christianity.

Unfortunately for themselves, and for the general interests of Christianity, Protestants still consider that Catholicism is

primarily a rigid theological system, plus a tyrannical, highly centralized oligarchy, and only secondarily, if at all, a spiritual life. Intellectual assent to the theological formulæ, and unquestioning submission to the autocracy, is the whole duty of the body of the faithful. The *Ecclesia docens* is supposed to be in reality *the Church;* the great body of believers are assigned a *rôle* of absolute subjection and subserviency which realizes the metaphor of the sheep and the shepherd, with a literalness never intended by Christ.

II.

Only the existence of some such misapprehension as that which we have just touched on can account for the fact that Professor Sterrett, or anybody else who appreciates so keenly the necessity and the *rôle* of authority in Christianity, could turn aside, almost contemptuously, from the only Church in which that principle is realized, to amuse himself with the delusion that there is *de jure* no "universal, external, corporate form of Christianity," and that the Catholic Church is an aggregation of all Christian churches, sects, denominations, that have any corporate form; that "the Holy Catholic Church is like the universal State, that federation of nations and Parliament of man, to which individual states are subordinate, and which is the world's tribunal to pronounce and execute judgment upon them." To this one might reply, did not the answer savor of unworthy flippancy, that the universal State and the Parliament of man exist only, as yet, in the poet's dream; the war drum throbs quite loudly at present, and it will be many a long day before the battle flags are finally furled; and thus the Professor's simile is apposite. If the purpose of this paper were polemical, we might easily formulate from the Professor's tenets a number of problems that would not be easily solved without violence to some of his principles and assertions. He would, for instance, find it difficult to prove that to see in the aggregation of all the various Christian corporations, set against each other on important points of doctrine, that authority which is indispensable to Christianity, is to rest satisfied with an abstract idea, instead of a vital reality. But controversy is not our theme.

A more profitable endeavor would be to diagnose, for the

purpose of finding a remedy, the causes of that imperfection of vision, which prevents numbers of Protestants, heart-weary as they are of individualism and the simulacrum of authority presented by their own churches, from seeing the truth. Doubtless many of the causes are subjective, but there are objective clouds, too, that intercept the view. The old stock charges of former times—purgatory, the worship of the Blessed Virgin, the tyranny of the confessional—are, indeed, no longer reiterated by intelligent Protestants. The chief stumbling block to-day, as even a moderate acquaintance with contemporary literature makes clear, is the administrative machinery of the Church. A notable proof of this fact is to be found in an article in last month's *North American*, written in an irenic spirit, and with large sympathy towards the Church. The writer, Reverend Dr. Briggs, by the way, declares the common Protestant opinion that the Catholic Church is an unreformed church—an opinion shared by Professor Sterrett—to be erroneous. He devotes himself to a consideration of the reforming programme attributed to the present Pope; and discusses the matters in which that zeal will find most scope. And it is here that, incidentally, he evinces how predominately the Curia elicits the repugnance of non-Catholics. In concentrating their *non-placet* chiefly on this institution, Protestants are but returning to the initial position of those who inaugurated Protestantism. For, as Dr. Briggs remarks, the Reformation sprang less from disagreement on dogmatic subjects, than from the opposition of the Northern nations to the methods and claims of the Roman court relative to temporal affairs and juridical administration.

The Doctor's statements on this point might, with some important qualifications, and in less offensive phraseology, be paralleled from Catholic historians in high esteem. He states that "The princes and peoples who made the Reformation made it, not in the interest of dogma, but in the interest of freedom from the tyranny of Rome, and of the rights of the nations; and hence the immediate result was national religions, State Churches, all over the Protestant world, repudiating the supremacy of Rome. The more serious evils were—just what is evident in Russia to-day—autocracy, bureaucracy, and the intrusion of the Curia in secular affairs." Evidently, here, Dr. Briggs overlooks one of the most potent causes in the

promotion of the Reformation—the ambitions of covetous selfish, sensual princes. He claims that the same evil exists in a less acute form to-day.

Here, then, in the Curia is embodied, to Protestant eyes, the "Roman tyranny" which brings on the Church the undeserved reproach of being a system of mechanical, unethical authority. The Congregations, we are told, keep all power in their own hands, the Curia has deprived the bishops of the world of their ancient rights; and "when we consider that a majority of the members of the Congregations are not only Italian and Roman, trained in the traditions of the Roman Curia, which is, to a great extent, self-perpetuating, and that few of them have much knowledge of the world outside of Italy, it is easy to see that all questions throughout the Catholic world are determined from a Roman point of view, and in Roman interests." "In civil affairs," continues Dr. Briggs, "Italians and Romans, in modern times, have not shown any remarkable ability, yet these Congregations think that they have the ability to govern the Church throughout the world, and to govern it with absolute authority, demanding unquestioning obedience." These Congregations, so runs the arraignment, are antiquated in their methods, and, from whatever point it is estimated, their *personnel* scarcely seems adequate to the important tasks confided to them, and "the reform that is needed above all is to put these officials in their proper place as servants of the Pope, and deprive them altogether of their usurped power over the bishops of the Church; the officials of the Curia should be, like those of the best modern States, responsible servants, and not, like the Russian bureaucrats, irresponsible autocrats." As an offset to the note of exaggeration that is obvious in this account, we must, though it is irrelevant to our subject, credit Dr. Briggs with a warm appreciation of the present Pontiff's religious zeal, and with brushing aside as empty the charge so often made since 1870—formulated in extreme terms by Sabatier—that, by the definition of infallibility, the Pope has become an absolute autocrat over the intellect and conduct of all Catholics, because he may, at any moment, from his own consciousness alone, promulgate any doctrine or decree that he pleases. On the contrary, Dr. Briggs admits, "the autocracy of the Pope, while recognized in principle, is really much limited in

fact; for while in one sense the Pope cannot be said to be a constitutional monarch, in another sense he is; because, though he may, under certain unusual circumstances, make infallible decisions in faith and morals, he may not make any decisions which contravene any made by Popes and Councils in the past." The writer might have added that no doctrine can be made dogmatic that was not contained in the deposit confided to the Apostles in the beginning.

These excerpts suffice to indicate the tenor of what is a representative Protestant estimate of the Church's authority in its concrete form. Yet if even the entire indictment were, for argument's sake, admitted, what would it prove against the essential character of the Church? Nothing. Whatever facts exist to give it a certain measure of plausibility have no intrinsic root in Catholicism. For the most part, they may be traced to a former state of affairs, when the spiritual papacy and the ecclesiastical administration were bound to a temporal Italian princedom. The bureaucratic spirit, and the evils attendant on bureaucracy everywhere, may easily have permeated the spiritual *régime*. It was almost inevitable that, under former conditions, a tendency should arise to concentrate all the power of the spiritual kingdom in the hands of the race which was rightly entitled to the exclusive possession of the offices subordinate to the temporal papacy. But since it has pleased Providence that the spiritual supremacy should be severed from a kingdom of this world, time may be counted upon to wipe out any injurious legacies derived from the former situation. The vigor with which the present Pontiff is laying the ax to the root of the tree is assurance that no hereditary abuses, personal ambitions, or class interests, will deter him from his purpose to reform all things in Christ. Of course a mighty, world-wide society like the Catholic Church cannot be governed without an extensive, organized administration, in which there will be many places of large power and high honor. And, as long as human nature remains what it is, power and honors will engender personal ambition. Their appeal will be the strongest in those breasts in which the apostolic fires burn low. Italy, after all, is not to be condemned with too much severity for having taken pattern somewhat too closely from the too thrifty mother of the sons of Zebedee, who, on the strength of relationship, claimed for her children the best places in the gift of

the Master. As long as the Church is human her Founder will still find occasional reason for the complaint, *Nescitis cujus Spiritus estis.*

Many unequivocal signs indicate that we are entering upon an era when the spiritual nature of the Church will shine forth more conspicuously than it has done for ages; and her truly Catholic character will be more strikingly emphasized in the composition of her governing bodies. At the same time, agnosticism and infidelity are impressing on the non-Catholic Christian world the truth that every other authority than the Catholic Church is a deceptive imitation that fails in the hour of stress. In this conjuncture one of the most effective services that can be rendered to truth is to assist in removing the false impression prevalent concerning the *rôle* and nature of authority.

In conclusion let us return for a parting word with Professor Sterrett. He has quoted, with approbation, a passage from an eminent Unitarian which ends thus: "Protestantism, unless it can recall its separations, and atone its schisms, and, renouncing dogmatic wilfulness, round itself into one, is doomed to pass away, and be absorbed in the larger fold of an Æcumenical Church." The professor's comment on this assertion is: "If Protestantism cannot do this, what if Rome, which has often shown master-strokes of wisdom, should arouse to her opportunity, and rise to her duty? What, if dropping her now provincial name and character, she might seek to reintegrate all Protestantism? It looks like a seeming impossibility. But if the day ever comes that Protestantism ceases to be a religion of authority, and that Romanism itself can take up all the noble fruits and principles of Protestantism, then the time will come when every Christian must answer the question to such Catholicism, why, or why not?" Is there any cool-headed, unbiassed thinker, of any religion, or of no religion, who believes that Protestantism, divided and subdivided against itself into innumerable fragments, among which the law of repulsion is in full play, can ever unite and form a homogeneous whole, on a distinctively Protestant basis? Scarcely; at least, none have placed themselves on record as holding that conviction. The way to the realization of the vision splendid of a reunited Christendom, one fold under one Shepherd, lies in another direction.

THE TEACHING OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN F. BRADY, M.D.

THE great civic question of the day in our land is the question of education—of real, solid, efficient education; of education, therefore, which looks not merely to the stuffing of youthful heads with a mass of data wrongly called knowledge, but of education which aims at the formation of the highest and noblest manhood and womanhood. To this question the minds of trained thinkers are turned, and upon this the brain energy of educators is at work seeking a proper and efficient solution.

In proof of this, we have but to recall that notable meeting of teachers a short time since, at a popular summer resort in New Jersey, where thousands of those whose vocation it is to instruct the youth of the land, gathered for the purpose of discussing present-day methods, and of finding by mutual co-operation lines of improvement in the system now in vogue in our national educational institutions. The meeting was well attended by many citizens prominent in the nation's affairs, and this fact alone would make it well worthy of study as evincing positive evidence of the interest taken in things educational.

Even while these lines are being penned, the Catholic Educational Association is holding its annual session in New York, and there, too, delegates from the various parts of the land—representing every degree of Catholic educational effort, from the highest, the Catholic University at Washington, which has done so much for the unification and completion of Catholic instruction, down to the lowest—are, in conference assembled, searching for ways yet unknown to make more efficient a system which at present more than compares with any educational system in the broad land. These are facts which do not fail to make a deep impression on the most casual observer, for they show full clearly that there is a better realization among the people of the urgent need of education for

the prosperity and well-being of the country. The days are past, never to return, when heads of families were satisfied if their children received any kind of education, provided they spent the usual number of hours of the day in the school-room. Nowadays it is not the number of hours spent in the school that counts, but how that time is spent. It is, indeed, a most healthy sign of the times that so much thought is given to the education of our youth.

We Catholics are by no means laggards in this movement for the improvement of educational methods. It is little short of marvelous what Catholics have done to provide for their offspring that which to them is the only true and effective education. For the Catholic considers that education unworthy of the name, the only aim of which is to impart secular knowledge —unworthy of the name because such training can develop only a part of the composite human being, and that the lower part, while the superior part is left untutored. It is not for us to speak of the great sacrifices made by the Catholic body to provide Catholic education for their children; we need but point to the results, and they speak for themselves Yet these results are so pronounced that they evoke the admiration of all, even of those who would have things otherwise.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York pronounced a most pertinent truth when he said, at the opening session of the Catholic Educational Conference: "If there is no outside criticism of the parochial school now, it is not because there is more piety in the world, but because the schools by their efficiency now command the respect of all." If one were to search for the key to this wonderful success under such untoward circumstances one would find it, I think, in this: that the Church has ever insisted on the value of religious education, even for the very young; that religious instruction has always taken its proper place in the curriculum of our parochial schools; it has been a powerful factor, too, in the imparting and reception of secular knowledge and disciplinary formation, to such an extent, indeed, that the Superintendent of Schools, in his official report, proclaimed them in these respects "second to none." How wise the Church has been then in her unflinching insistence that the children committed to her care should be trained first and foremost in the knowledge of religious truths; that they should be thoroughly

grounded in their duties to God, to their neighbor, and to themselves, seeing so clearly that all this made for the strongest development of youthful character, and tended to the formation of better citizenship, even from the viewpoint of natural and civic morality! It has been uphill work; but success has crowned her efforts. This is an incontrovertable fact. Yet we are only at the beginning, and success in the future will depend in very large measure, as it has up to the present, upon the success attained in imparting religious instruction. Hence we are brought face to face with the supremely important question, What can be done to insure permanent success in the necessary teaching of the truths of our holy religion to the children? The question deserves careful consideration.

And here it will not be without profit to lay before the reader some of the salutary thoughts given us by our Holy Father Pius X. in his recent encyclical on "The Teaching of Christian Doctrine." Coming from the head of the Church, and dealing principally with the most precious part of his flock, the priceless souls of the little ones, the letter is of the utmost importance. In the opening of the encyclical we are reminded that ravening wolves have not spared the flock, that the enemy of God has succeeded, with his subtle cunning, in robbing Christ of souls purchased by his redemption. The Holy Father ascribes this evil "chiefly to ignorance of divine things"; to the undeniable fact that in our days there are so many people professing the name of "Christian" who are in the densest ignorance about what concerns their salvation.

This charge refers not so much to those who walk in the humble ways of life, and who by virtue of their condition are deprived of the opportunity to improve themselves, but is made chiefly in reference to those who have had the advantage of intellectual training, and, sadder yet, even against those who are foremost in the field of secular sciences. Surely we might expect good fruit from such trees, yet of them it is said that "in religious matters they pass their lives in thoughtlessness and unconcern"; heedless of the very darkness in which they live—"giving no thought to God or the teachings of Christianity." What wonder then that such men, after a life of carelessness or of worldly vanity, come to the hour of death either little or entirely unprepared, thus putting a tax on the

patient charity of the priest or rejecting absolutely his spiritual ministrations. "Fittingly has it been said by our predecessor, Benedict XIV.," says the Holy Father, "'We declare that the greater part of those who are damned have brought the calamity on themselves by ignorance of the mysteries of faith, which they should have known and believed in order to be united with the elect.'"

The natural result of this is not only intense worldliness, but an increase "in the corruption of morals and depravity of life." If we would be convinced of the truth of this we have only to turn to the daily papers and learn there of the cry that is going out over the whole land, raised up by ministers and jurists, and students of social and political economy, and by professors and presidents of colleges and universities, for the re-creation of the olden-time spirit of public honesty. There we may learn of the spirit of madness that has seized upon the hearts of so many who, forgetful of the natural law, forgetful that the prosperity of the nation is to be preferred to individual gain, have given way to the lust of greed to such an extent that they hesitate not to harass and even trample on their fellow-citizen in his effort for self-preservation and sap the strength of the nation. Why this state of affairs in a century so enlightened and so progressive? Because, as the Holy Father tells us, men know not Christian truth, which "shows us the nature of God and his infinite perfections, which bids us revere Almighty God by faith, by hope, and by charity, and thus subjects the whole man to his supreme Author and Ruler"; they know not Christian truth, which "unfolds for us the true nobility of human nature, and from this very dignity, and from the knowledge of it, Christ wishes us to learn that we should love one another and live as behooves the sons of light." We have only to look about us and see that men are turned to "brutish beasts" because they know not God and know not themselves, and this for no other reason than that they have never had solid religious training; because the principles of religious truth were not given them, or were given inadequately, in the formative days of youth. A godless school has but one inevitable result—a godless way of living. On the other hand, continues Pius X., "it follows that not only does Christian teaching illumine the mind and enable it to retain the truth, but it inflames the will and enkindles that

ardor which makes us aspire to God and unite ourselves with him by the exercise of every virtue." What is needed then is a remedy against this fatal "ignorance of things divine." This remedy is none other than religious instruction. The duty of applying this remedy, as we learn from the encyclical, is incumbent, by virtue of their office, upon the bishops and priests of the Church. Here the Vicar of Christ sets before us the great value attached by God himself to this mission of imparting religious instruction. "Nothing is more pleasing to Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of immortal souls." "No weightier duty appointed to priests." The work of the catechist is vastly more important "than the work of the sacred orator"; more important even than "the work of those who laboriously write books in defence of the truths of religion." What is needed then above all else is the sowing of the seed of religious instruction, the teaching of Christian doctrine.

Here then are the views, as expressed in his latest Encyclical, of our Holy Father, a man of vast experience as priest, bishop, primate, Pope. What can be done to improve the system of religious training? In answering we must make a distinction between religious instruction given in parochial schools and that given to other children. As to the parochial school nothing need be said. The system of daily instruction given there meets the most stringent requirements. Would that the other lambs of the flock, those who for one reason or other do not avail themselves of the great privileges afforded them in the parochial schools, were the recipients of the same zealous attention. Their case calls for more serious thought and more energetic co-operation on the part of parent and priest. It will not do to say that they refuse to partake of the banquet prepared for them at so great cost, and therefore must take the consequences. No; the obligation is not lessened but increased by this factor, since their danger is greater.

Turning our attention, then, to the question of religious instruction to be given to Catholic children who attend non-sectarian schools, or who are so conditioned that they are compelled, at an early age, to abandon the schoolroom for the shop or the office, we are at once brought face to face with a most serious need, and that is the need of organization. We mean organization not so much of the part as of the whole. It is quite unnecessary for one to prove that organization brings

into activity the best energies, in the best way and at the most opportune time, and is therefore the most efficient factor in the achievement of the highest and most lasting results. The testimony of the hour bears ample confirmation of all this. We may see, for example, the results that are obtained year after year in the field of politics by careful organization. Hence the months and months spent in attending to the minutest detail in the plan of organization before the opening of a political campaign. What lesson is drawn by our statesmen from the very disastrous and one-sided war that has been the burden of men's thoughts for the past year? Clearly this, that success waits upon perfect organization. Whether one turn to the business world or to the social world, the same conviction is borne in upon the mind; *viz.*, the royal road that leads to success is skilful organization.

So Christ in giving us his Church gave it in the form of an organized society. He chose the Twelve and bestowed upon them the commission to teach and to rule. Later he perfected his organization by constituting Peter the supreme head of his society. And what is it under God that has given her, and what is it that gives her to-day, her marvelous unity, solidity, and permanance, enabling her to withstand, as she has withstood, the tempests and the natural decay of time, and to do so successfully the great work she has done, if it is not the perfection of the Christ-given organization? So, if we would seek for better results in our Sunday school work, we must not hesitate to profit by what we see around us, we would do well to adopt methods that have led to success in every field. What we need, then, is organization. To be plain, the Sunday-school work would be rendered more efficient if placed under the direction of one head or, if preferred, a board of directors, to whom would be given full power to organize, to grade, to plan, to execute, etc. Some might think this chimerical, but it is not. It is only applying to this branch of work what has already been applied to the parochial school branch. Some years ago a board of school directors was constituted, and under them a superintendent of schools appointed, whose duty it is to visit every school and to examine into every detail of the work. The results have been most gratifying and the system has proved to be most acceptable. It is true that there are some difficulties to be met with in this field that are not met with else-

where; but these difficulties are by no means insurmountable. To some minds the most serious problem to be grappled with is lack of attendance. Yet instances might be cited in which this problem was solved, and the means used in the solution were simple enough. They were, first a tonic dose of gentleness, then a whole-hearted endeavor to persuade the children that their presence would not only fulfil a duty, but yield them personal pleasure as well, and a rooting out of that impression lingering in so many youthful minds that, because they do not attend the parochial school, they are to be merely tolerated in the Sunday-school. Further efforts were made on the part of catechists to give in their instructions more than the dry bones of the articles of faith; and, as the Supreme Pontiff has urged in his encyclical, liberal use was made of the Sacred Scriptures, of ecclesiastical history, of the lives of the saints, stories, parables, etc., so that life and raiment were given to the truth explained, and the total result was—attractiveness.

The second point which suggests itself for the improvement of the Sunday-school enables us to follow more closely the wishes of the Holy Father as expressed in his encyclical on Christian doctrine, and refers to the catechist. Of course the priest is "par excellence" the catechist; yet in every large city the number of children to be catechised is so great that it is necessary to call in the aid of lay teachers. To this class of Church workers we cannot give too high praise. By their work they give lessons in zeal, patience, and self-sacrifice that are both edifying and fruitful. The work of teaching catechism is not always attractive and is not likely to win popular praise. But generous souls like these look to God for their reward, and the Vicar of Christ speaks to them in his recent letter in the following terms: "We deem it superfluous to dwell at greater length in praising such instruction, or showing its value in the eyes of God. No doubt the pity we manifest in relieving the wants of the poor is most acceptable to God; but who will question that the care and labor by which we procure not transient benefits for the body, but eternal for the soul by teaching and warning them, are far more acceptable. Nothing certainly can be more desirable, nothing more pleasing to Jesus Christ the Redeemer of immortal souls."

The Supreme Pontiff lays stress on the fact that "no

weightier duty is appointed to priests," and hence it is evident that all who are called to help the priest in the fulfilment of this duty should understand well its importance. When this is once grasped, the necessity of preparing oneself for its proper accomplishment will be manifest; the necessity, on the part of the catechist, of study and inquiry; and hence too the obligation on the part of the head of the Sunday-school of training the teachers. This is the suggestion that we would make in order to meet the requirements of the time in the way of improving our Sunday-schools; teach the teachers. Now this is not said by way of reflection upon those who devote so much of their time at no slight sacrifice to instructing the children, and we are ready to believe that no one will comprehend the helpfulness and even the necessity of this suggestion more readily than the teaching corps itself. The priest, before he is sent to the Sunday-school work, is trained in the seminary for four or six years. There he spends his time in acquiring a fuller knowledge of the truths of Christianity, so that "his lips may speak knowledge" for the people; and, what is of equal importance, he is likewise taught, and that very assiduously, how this knowledge is to be given to those who seek instruction at his hands. Who will say then that some plan of instruction is not necessary for those who are to be the priest's helpers in this great work of teaching Christian truth to the little ones, or for that matter to those grown-up members of the flock who know little and wish to know more of divine truths?

It happens not unfrequently that those who present themselves for this work have never had other opportunity afforded them, of studying and grasping the doctrines they are supposed to explain to their pupils, than the ordinary course in the catechism as taught in their school days in the Sunday-school, and explained to them by a teacher not well-equipped for the task. This course most probably consisted in a memory recitation of question and answer as found in the penny catechism. How necessary that teachers, if they are to be teachers in the real sense of the word, should first receive this knowledge from one fitted by vocation and training to impart it.

It is clear then that there should be a training class for the teachers. Without this it is useless to hope for perfection

in results in the Sunday-school work. No amount of energy, no amount of good will, no amount of generous self-sacrifice will fully compensate for the lack of a trained teacher. But given the teacher possessing energy, patience, and good will, the spirit of sacrifice added to a sound and thorough training on the doctrines taught in the Sunday-schools, and what a power for effective work is at the disposal of the head of the school! Nor will the teachers demur when such a proposition is made to them. Those who give themselves to this work are "made of sterner stuff," and will be found more than willing to take advantage of every chance offered them to fit themselves for their noble work. In fact they are "waiting for the descent of the angel and the moving of the waters." How is this to be done? In one of two ways—either by the formation of classes within parish or district limits, or better still by means of a normal training school for catechists. It is with pleasure that we call attention to the existence of such a normal school—in the Archdiocese of New York. This school, which is an outgrowth of the "Confraternity of Christian Doctrine," has been established for the past five years, and during that time has done most gratifying work in the preparation of teachers for their labor in the schools of Christian doctrine.

A complete course of three years, junior, senior, and post-graduate, has been carefully arranged and has been approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop. The junior year is devoted to the study of the pedagogy of the Sunday-school—how to hold the attention of the children; how to make the explanation of each chapter of the catechism interesting; where to search for useful matter; how best to impress important truths on youthful intellects; these and kindred subjects form the matter of the first year's study. The senior year is devoted to the acquisition of a more thorough knowledge of those truths of religion usually presented in the higher Christian doctrine classes. Lectures on the Sacred Scriptures; on the life of our Lord; on the Sacraments; on the Church; on the Commandments, etc., are given during this period. At the end of each year the student is required to pass a written and oral examination in the matter treated during the course, and at the close of the second year is presented with a teacher's diploma. The third or post-graduate year is devoted to the study of Church

history, and interweaves very fittingly with the work of the preceding year, especially with the lectures on the Church. This supplemental course is most valuable, for it gives the teacher a clearer and firmer understanding of doctrinal points and acts as a strong stimulus to further research, the final result of which is the acquisition of a storehouse of argument to be used as occasion requires in the Sunday-school.

As experience is the best test of the applicability of methods and the effectiveness of systems, let us say one word based on experience about the results already accomplished by this school as yet hardly known. It has trained over one hundred teachers, most of whom so appreciate the work done for them that they return year after year to follow the courses anew. Many of these teachers, filled with an exemplary spirit, are doing catechetical work among the Italians, Bohemians, Poles, etc., and a few of whom are conducting sub-training classes in various parts of the city. Surely these single-hearted laborers in the vineyard and the school that trained them are carrying out in a fruitful way that work for Christ of which Pius X. says there is "none nobler, none more pleasing to the Redeemer of immortal souls." Here then are some practical results of the two suggestions offered in this paper—organization and training of teachers. We feel that there is scarcely need to argue further. Our Holy Father has ordered the establishment in all parishes of the "Confraternity of Christian Doctrine," calling attention at the same time to the rich indulgences that accrue to its members. This indeed is most timely, and should have the effect of drawing into the Sunday-school work a goodly number of young folk who have both time and ability which could be used profitably in making known and loved the "Redeemer of immortal souls." This solicitude of the Supreme Pontiff should likewise proclaim to the world that the Church of Christ is still faithful to the commission given her by her Divine Founder when he sent the Apostles to "teach all nations," that she is ever doing her share to uplift human society by laboring for a nobler manhood and womanhood.

Current Events.

Russia.

Several events have recently taken place which may render this year memorable in the world's history The most striking of these are what we hope may be, and yet scarcely dare to expect will be, the death throes of a corrupt and tyrannous despotism. The state of Russia, to the reader of the newspapers, is a scene of massacre, mutiny, and riot on the part of its people, and of vacillation, ineptitude, and insincerity on the part of the rulers. It is, of course, easy to make a collection of the mishaps and misdeeds which take place in any country, even the most fortunate and the best-governed, and thereby to give a totally wrong idea of the state of that country. But no such consideration as this will render it possible to believe that the state of Russia is even tolerable. The mere fact that these disorders exist in the face of the enemy, and of the common danger resulting from that enemy's success, makes it clear that despair has taken possession of the people, and that they do not care enough for their country even to put on an appearance of patriotic feeling. The open mutiny of the Kniaz Potemkin may be but the manifestation of the widespread disaffection of the army, both of the officers and of the men. In fact some of the former have refused to be the agents of the bureaucracy in shooting down defenceless men and women and children. The annihilation of the Baltic Fleet has accentuated the demand for the assembling of representatives of the nation in order to make peace, and has even led to its being openly intimated that what a National Assembly did in the days of old it may repeat at the present time—replace, *i. e.*, an incompetent head of the State by one capable of efficient work for the good of the nation. For the system of government adopted by the immediate predecessor of the present Tsar, and continued by him in full force, is at the root of all the disasters which have taken place. In the words of a Russian belonging to the class of landed proprietors, the present system "demoralizes the educated classes and leaves the masses in ignorance. The privation of all liberty of thought and action

drives the majority of the governing classes into the pursuit of pleasure, and, as the officials of the government are poorly paid, most of them have recourse to peculation and jobbery." In fact to the latter the defeat of Admiral Rozhdestvensky is, in a measure, traceable. And yet the Tsar stands upon his dignity, and while his whole Empire is on the verge of revolution and anarchy, demoralized throughout its entire political, moral, and social organization, he refuses to recognize facts patent to the whole world. He has indeed accepted President Roosevelt's appeal; has even named envoys; yet the world cannot bring itself to believe in his honor and sincerity. The flattering tradition nearly two hundred years old, that Russia's destiny is to conquer and to rule, is not easily abandoned; the corrupting influence of the possession of unlimited power happily causes its own ruin by incapacitating the supreme ruler for the right exercise of that power, and as a consequence leads to its being taken away.

"Gentlemen, my promise to summon the elect of the nation shall be fulfilled without delay. I thank you for coming to me and for speaking fearlessly and frankly. From this day forth I hope that the relations between me and my people will enter upon a new phase. I count upon you, gentlemen, to help me to attain my ardent desire." In these words the Tsar replied to the address presented by a deputation of the *Zemstvos* and *Dumas*, in which he had been told that the nation had been thrown into an accursed war by the criminal negligence and by the abuses of his advisers—advisers for whom the Tsar was responsible, inasmuch as he himself had chosen them. The address proceeded to enumerate the evils with which the Empire is afflicted—the vices of the odious *régime* of the *Prizkaz*, the oppression everywhere rife, the suppression of individual liberty as well as of speech, the administrative tyranny, the cutting off of access to his person so that the truth could not be made known to him. All hope of saving Russia, they declared, rested in convoking the representatives of the people, and that at once and in the establishment of a new *régime*.

The address concluded with the following words: "Sire, you hold in your hands the honor and power of Russia and its peace at home, upon which depends its peace abroad. Your country and your Throne, the heritage of your ancestors,

is in your hands. Do not lose an instant, Sire, for at this terrible moment of trial for the Russian people your responsibility before God and before Russia is immense." That the Tsar should have replied in the terms cited above, to an address so frank and fearless as to make him visibly wince in the presence of his court, might be taken as satisfactory evidence of the advent of the new order. And if the Tsar were a man bound by his word, the nation would now be rejoicing in the assured accomplishment of its desires; the new era of which the Tsar speaks would have become an accomplished fact. "My will," he declared, "is the sovereign and unalterable will, and the admission of elected representatives to the works of the State will be regularly accomplished." But the same sovereign and unalterable will, in the same terms, decreed, a few months ago, the expulsion of the Japanese from Manchuria. The will so sovereign and so unalterable in word has in deed so often proved subject to all kinds of influences, and so changeable, that the solemn answer to the deputation has not brought a return of peace and confidence. In fact to the police government created by the bureaucracy which, as was stated by Prince Troubetzkoi in his address to the Tsar, consists of persons determined to defeat everything detrimental to their own interests, and sworn to mislead their nominal master and to interpose themselves between him and the nation—to this police government the Tsar still entrusts the execution of his purposes. It accordingly proceeded to edit the Tsar's utterances, to make them less definite and precise. The newspapers have been warned to abstain from all comments upon the speech, and the very delegates who were graciously received by the Tsar have been shadowed by the police as guilty of an illegal act in making the presentation. No wonder that the subsequent internal history of Russia is made up of massacres, insurrections, bomb outrages, Cossack brutalities. Mussulmans have been permitted to slaughter Armenians, or at least have not been prevented from so doing. Hundreds have been slain in Poland, and martial law, which gives to brutal soldiers the right to work their own will in their own way, has been proclaimed in several parts of this kingdom. Still further inroads have been made on the rights of the Finns, involving yet another violation of the pledged word of the sovereign. The promise of religious lib-

erty, of which we spoke in the last number, has been so interpreted as to deprive it of a great part of its value. The large number of Catholics who had been forced by the government to join the Orthodox Church, and who on the publication of the edict returned to the faith and communion of Rome, so alarmed the Orthodox authorities that they have obtained from the Tsar the declaration that his Edict gave no right to seek to convert any member of the Orthodox Church, and that such action entailed all the former penalties.

We must, however, be fair and give to every one his due. Certain rights, hitherto denied, have been restored to the Polish Catholics. Reforms recommended by the Russian Ministerial Committee, and ratified by the Tsar, have been recently promulgated which give to the Poles in the kingdom of Poland proper privileges hitherto denied them. In all public and private schools instruction will be permitted in the Catholic Creed. In some cases this is made obligatory. This instruction may be given in the Polish language by Catholic priests or by Catholic laymen. Various other privileges have been granted, the effect of which, if realized (and this is an important if), will be to render the condition of the Poles in Russia much better than that of the Poles in Germany. In fact, certain German officials were so much disturbed that they prevented the official telegraphic agency from publishing to the world the news of this concession.

Germany.

While the Emperor of Russia is unwillingly looking to the nation for guidance and help, or pretending to do so, in order to release himself from the grasp of the underlings who control him in the exercise of his power, the German Emperor rejoices in uncontrolled manifestations of his singular personality. It is true that both as Emperor of Germany and as King of Prussia he has parliaments with which to deal, yet he does not hold himself accountable to them; his ministers too are responsible to himself, and hold office even when condemned by a parliamentary majority. The Emperor not only believes himself to have a divine commission to rule and govern, but publicly declares this his belief, and acts upon it. He is not, however, full master

of the situation, for although the Parliaments cannot themselves do very much, yet they have extensive power of control. They can effectively prevent many of the ruler's projects. The power they have is, however, weakened by the excessive number of parties into which every continental parliament is divided. This enables the ruler, if sufficiently skilful, so to manipulate matters as to get his own way by playing off one party against another. The personality of the ruler is, then, a matter of importance. From this point of view it is necessary to give close attention to that of the Emperor. In fact, for good or for evil, the peace and contentment of Europe, and perhaps of America, depend upon his being satisfied, or at least effectually held in check. There appears to be little reason to doubt that within the last few weeks he has brought Europe to the verge of war—of a war which might have involved the whole of Europe; a war, too, with no shadow of justification, except disappointed ambition. Truly the days of chivalry are gone. This is made plain in many ways, but in no way is it made more plain than by the recent proceedings of the German Emperor. Of course we cannot penetrate into the inmost thoughts of the Imperial mind; we can only judge of those thoughts from fairly well-authenticated deeds. According to these the Emperor deemed himself to be neglected. That position in Europe which had belonged to his predecessor, and in a measure to himself, was his no longer. To Russia even, though allied to France, he had been forced to pay unwilling court. He is said to have urged on the present war with Japan, and his benevolent neutrality enabled Russia to send troops to the East which otherwise would have been needed at home to guard the German frontier. This, we believe, he did in the full confidence that Russia would be victorious. The reverse has happened. Russia has been so weakened that Germany no longer dreads her power. The German Emperor has not, therefore, scrupled to take advantage of the situation and to brow-beat the ally of Russia—France, with the view of forcing her to subordinate herself in her foreign relations to the views and interests of Germany. The Emperor has not wished to make France his enemy; on the contrary, he has taken this strange method of making France his friend and even ally. The enemy in the background is England, and the real object of the recent negotiations about Morocco, has been to break up the recent *entente* between the

two countries. It cannot be denied that a measure of success has been achieved by the Emperor, and that what has been achieved may lead to further developments such as he would wish. The Conference of the Powers about the affairs of Morocco, which France was unwilling to accept and which England positively refused, is to be held. It will not, however (if the assurances given by the German government may be relied upon), take into consideration the question settled by the agreements of France with England, Spain, and Italy. At least this is what is stated; what it will take into account, these agreements being excluded, it is somewhat hard to see. But the fact that France has consented to the Conference being summoned constitutes for Germany a diplomatic victory, and in a measure restores her to the position of influence in Europe which she held in the time of Bismarck, and which a short time ago appeared to have been lost.

Although the Conference is nominally called for the purpose of introducing reforms into Morocco, the effect of the Agreement will be to place the corrupt government of Morocco in the same position as that of Turkey, and to give to it the same protection. Owing to the rivalries of the so-called Christian Powers, the shameful rule of Mohammedan oppression, which was threatened by the action of France, will be perpetuated. For some years past Germany has been the protector of the detested Sultan, who pollutes and defiles the city which was once the second capital of Christendom. The German Emperor has now achieved the dubious honor of becoming the protector of another Sultan, not personally indeed so vile as the former—that would be well-nigh impossible—but the head of a State which is even more barbarous than Turkey. Such are our current men, and such our present-day politics; such the outcome of their supreme efforts.

The German Empire embraces, of course, every sort and condition of man, and we suppose, were it not for the somewhat self-willed personality of its Emperor, its external action would be the resultant of the various forces exercised by the various classes. The most extreme and least wise of these classes consists of the Pan-Germans. They have lately been holding a Congress at Worms. At this Congress Dr. Hasse, the president of the league, made a strong protest against the adoption of a peace policy as the sole function of foreign

policy, and insisted that the whole world ought to understand that Germany was at all times ready to draw the sword. Under other circumstances this might, of course, have been merely an innocent platitude; but, having been made as it was in the course of the negotiations with France in relation to Morocco, it was a plain incitement to war. Compared with these enthusiasts the Emperor William's aims are moderate. He was in fact criticized on the ground that he was willing to guarantee the integrity of Morocco and the independence of its Sultan. On the continent of Europe the Pan-Germans hope to extend the boundaries of the Empire until that Empire has a port on the Adriatic; while in Morocco itself there is to be an out-lying possession giving it a port on the Atlantic.

France. The energies of France have been engrossed in the diplomatic conflict with Germany in which, for not having been true to herself, she has suffered not a little. The resignation of M. Delcassé was due to foreign influence, an influence which would have been ineffectual had it not found support among French politicians. A kind of panic took possession of many, produced by the fear of war. It is said that several newspapers in Paris were subsidized by German agents, and a widespread belief was produced in the imminence of war and in the bad faith of England. The latter power, it was said, was using France as a catspaw to further English designs upon Germany. For some days those notions threatened to bring about the alienation of France and England, and the much-desired *rapprochement* of the latter power to Germany. But the conduct of England in supporting France has now been admitted to have been satisfactory; the *entente* between the two countries is as cordial as ever. Some responsible French politicians are going so far as to advocate a defensive alliance between the two countries.

The Bill for the separation of Church and State has passed the Assembly and now goes to the Senate. A few modifications have been made in the original proposals, the outline of which was given in our last number. The right of freely using the Churches, and the property contained in them, is now given, although bishops' palaces, priests' houses, and

seminaries will remain, as originally proposed, subject to rent. The provisions with regard to pensions have also been modified. Priests who are over sixty years old, and who have served for thirty years at least, will receive a life pension equal to three-fourths of their present salary. Those who are over forty-five, and who have served at least twenty years, will receive a pension equal to half their salary. No pension, however, is to exceed $300. For all the rest of the clergy the original proposals remain unchanged. In the matter also of Police Regulations some modifications have been made. A fine has been substituted for imprisonment in the case of a member of an association failing to keep the law. These are small mercies, but the granting of these concessions indicates a growing perception of the injustice of the original proposals, and makes it possible to entertain the hope that the more mature judgment of the Senators may demand further changes.

Austria.

The relations between Austria and Hungary are more critical than ever—so critical, indeed, that it is hard to see how a separation can be averted except by the use of force. Were the constitutional principles, as adopted by England and France, the standard of judgment, the conduct of the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, would have to be condemned. The coalition has a majority in the Hungarian Parliament, and accordingly it is entitled to have its way whether that way is for the good of the country or not. But the King is not willing to act unreservedly up to this standard. He has granted nine out of ten points of the demands of the majority; but is unbending in refusing to grant the tenth. He insists that it would ruin the army were it optional to give the commands in the Hungarian language. The majority is as resolute in refusing to abate its demands. It has therefore become impossible to form a ministry on the accustomed lines. For six months the defeated Liberal Ministry administered affairs. On Count Tisza's insisting upon being relieved from such ungrateful duties, an extra-Parliamentary Ministry has been formed, not a single member of which has a seat in either House. The Premier, Baron Fejervary, had however to present himself and his fellow-ministers on the re-

assembling of the Chamber. The Premier well knew that he was powerless, and had provided himself with a Royal Rescript proroguing the session. Having read the Rescript appointing him Premier, he wished at once to read the second Rescript making the prorogation. By parliamentary custom he had a right to do so, the King's messages always having precedence over every other business. The Parliament, however, was so incensed that it set aside this custom of centuries. Some of the members dubbed the Premier a rogue. One honorable member manifested the intensity of his feelings by spitting on the floor in front of each retreating minister. A motion, proposed by M. Kossuth, was then carried by which the Chamber declared its distrust of the Fejervary Cabinet, because it was incompatible with the Parliamentary form of government. This was carried by a two-thirds majority. The second Rescript, proroguing Parliament till September, was then read. Notwithstanding the prorogation a debate was opened upon the Rescript, and a motion proposed by a former Premier, Baron Banffy, was carried, which declared the prorogation before the granting of supply to be illegal and unconstitutional, forbade the payment of the Hungarian quota of contribution to Austro-Hungarian common expenditure, summoned counties and communes to collect no taxes and not to enroll recruits, and denounced as illegal and unconstitutional any eventual calling out of reservists for military service. The motion was carried by a two-thirds majority, and the proceedings closed amid cries of "Long live Norway."

The result of this failure to reconcile the conflicting parties is to place Austro-Hungary in what is called "ex lex." While Hungary has before now repeatedly found herself in this illegal plight, Austria has been able to escape by the use of the Emergency Paragraph of her Constitution. The common Austro-Hungarian government has not hitherto had this experience. The common government is taking the mildest measures compatible with the carrying on of the business of the State, in order to avoid a bitter conflict, and is acting so as not to appear to over-ride the will of the Hungarian Chamber. By further negotiations with the leaders of the coalition, an attempt has been made to overcome their resistance; but unsuccessfully. There seems to be no way to break the deadlock.

Norway.

The action of Norway in separating from Sweden encourages the Hungarians in their very similar mode of proceeding. It is in truth hard to justify either of the two nations. No one ventures to accuse either King Francis Joseph or King Oscar of tyrannical conduct, or of violating any right of his subjects. But the sympathy of the world seems to be with the abettors of division. In the case of Norway its action seems to be clearly illegal, and to be a breach of the compact entered into when the Union was formed. The Swedish King, however, has no desire to make use of force in order to compel the Norwegians to maintain the former state. But he maintains that the Norwegian action is illegal, and is unwilling that future relations should be based upon a questionable foundation. His government accordingly has asked for powers from the Swedish Parliament to settle with Norway the conditions upon which a rightful dissolution may be effected, and upon what terms the relations of the two countries shall in future be regulated; for guarantees, also, that these terms shall be loyally observed. To this the Parliament has assented and a Committee has been appointed to settle the precisé conditions. There are two parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals. The former are in favor of making these conditions somewhat stringent and the guarantees adequate, the latter are more willing to let Norway depart easily. Whatever may be the result, another nation has come to take a place in the world—perhaps even another Republic, but that is still very doubtful.

Italy.

The Italian Parliamentary session has come to an end, with what was formed as merely a stop-gap ministry still in power, and even strengthened by its skilful settlement of the very difficult question of the railways. With the exception of some two thousand kilomètres, the control and management of the whole of the railways in Italy has now passed to the State. Instead of diminishing the sums devoted to the army and navy, the opposite course has been taken, and taxation, already crushing, is increased. It is not

to be wondered at that Italians are coming to us in tens and hundreds of thousands. In the municipal elections at Rome the Conservatives and Catholics have defeated the efforts of the Freemasons and Socialists to secure control. In this way Catholics are exercising their power for good.

Spain.

The visit of the King to France and England has brought Spain more prominently than usual before the public eye. His majesty has made a most favorable impression. His grace and modesty, courage and frankness, have won the hearts of all. He passed some years in England when he was a youth. This led him, he declared, to form a great admiration for the constitutional system of government, and for the way in which Queen Victoria performed the duties of a constitutional ruler. It was his intention to take her as his model. No sooner had he returned home than he had to exercise those duties by forming a new Cabinet, of which within twenty-six months there have been no fewer than six. It may perhaps be within the power of the King to bring about greater stability in the political affairs of the Peninsula, and thereby render these questions more intelligible and interesting.

New Books.

FOTHERINGAY.
By Mrs. Maxwell Scott

This volume,* by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, is a most valuable work for every one who would wish to gain a true insight into the last years and death, and, we may justly add, into the whole character of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott's book is founded on, is in great part a translation of, the journal of D. Bourgoing, physician to the murdered Queen during the years of her imprisonment and at her death. This journal, written by an intimate friend, is in turn supplemented by the letters of Paulet, Queen Mary's jailer, and the whole further supplemented by other hitherto unpublished manuscript documents.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott's account begins with the removal of Mary from Chartley, when the Babington Plot had been revealed, to Fotheringay, where the Queen was finally executed. The author gives us first-class evidence. Her own commentaries are but few, and the words of the first journalists are all too plain and intelligible. Oftentimes these contemporaneous reporters, intimates and enemies alike, give us the very words of Queen Mary herself—words so strong, so sincere, so often reiterated in the very shadow of death, so dignified, so confounding to her accusers, that it would seem they were powerful enough to annihilate every shadow, every unhappy rumor—and how many there are—that has ever attached itself to Queen Mary's name. With regard to the murder of Darnley, though this volume does not deal with it, it is well to remember Mary's words before her accusers: "God and I know that I have never attempted nor connived at the death or murder of any one."

And if, with some, Mary's last words be not sufficient to kill every suspicion, they at least show a virtue in Mary at the end which is something more than human, and surrounds her brow, robbed of an earthly crown, with a halo of martyrdom.

Of course the trial of Mary was as wretched a mockery of

* *The Tragedy of Fotheringay.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. New Edition. Edinburg: Sands & Co.

justice as could be, and the perfidy of Elizabeth too much for human words to express. The volume shows these things in a very evident way.

The late Mr. T. G. Law, author of the chapter on "Mary Stuart" in the latest volume, *The Wars of Religion*, of the *Cambridge Modern History*, writes: "When all hope was lost, she (Mary) represented herself as the victim of religious persecution, and sentiment has invested her pitiable suffering and tragic end with the halo of martyrdom."

After reading this volume by Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and remembering the words of Walsingham and Davison to Paulet, Mary's jailer, wherein Elizabeth is said to note in Paulet, because he did not hasten the execution, a lack of care for the preservation of religion, remembering also the words of Lord Kent to Mary herself on her last day "that it had been decided that she could not live without endangering the State, the life of the Queen, and the religion. 'Your life would be the death of our religion, your death will be its life,'" remembering these one cannot but believe that it is not sentiment alone that has been effective in investing Mary's suffering and end with the halo of martyrdom.

JOHN KNOX.
By Andrew Lang.

In the preface to his *Life of Knox*,* Mr. Lang tells us that he has tried to get behind what he calls tradition, but which is also known as prejudice and partiality, and in this respect we believe that Mr. Lang has succeeded admirably.

Not every traditional view is prejudiced or false, and it happens that Mr. Lang, in getting behind one tradition which is false, has given us another traditional view which is true.

All "traditional" biographies of the great reformer have been based on his own *History*, which Mr. Lang submits to a careful, critical study. He finds that this basal source of information is reliable only when corroborated by other tested data. For, "the constant aim of Knox, his fixed idea as a historian, is to accuse his adversaries of the treachery which often marked the negotiations of his friends."

* *John Knox and the Reformation*. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The best Mr. Lang can say of Knox is that he was pure, self-denying, and lived and died a poor man. He was no hypocrite "He believed as firmly in the 'Message' which he delivered as in the existence of the visible universe."

The worst that can be said is that Knox was a man of the times, steeped in its bigotry and fanaticism, which lead him to advocate that the killing of Catholics was a meritorious act.

The merit and charm of Mr. Lang's volume are due to its honesty and impartiality. From the preface to the last appendix one feels that the author has conscientiously lived up to his solemn sense of duty as a historian, and had Mr. Lang chosen to give us some of his candid reflections on the more important questions in Knox's life and work, we are sure they would have been most interesting and far from "traditional," at least as regards one school of history.

But because the work is as true and impartial as it is, it is the best life of Knox we have. We heartily commend it to every student who wishes to form an honest estimate of Knox, and we commend it just as heartily to all who admire honest history.

In his faithful interpretation Mr. Lang, we might say, becomes at times unattractive. The current of his thought runs now and again unevenly, nor does its expression gleam and sparkle so often with that vividness and lucidity that have characterized Mr. Lang's other works. Perhaps the nature of the subject-matter precluded any great play of the imagination; but the divisions of that matter might certainly be improved, for at times the chapters are formed mechanically. But these defects do not lessen the intrinsic value of the work. It is truthful, capable, and impartial, and for it we are much indebted to Mr. Lang.

HOLY CONFIDENCE.
By Mother M. Taylor.

It is a true instinct which impels us to seek for such assurances of God's tenderness and mercy towards men as shall remove all disquietude and anxiety. Souls honestly trying to observe the divine commands are often distressed and unnerved by the consciousness of weakness and by the sense of sin. The reason why Catholic spirituality reiterates so con-

stantly its teachings of hope and trust and confidence, is not that we may experience the gratification of assured salvation, but rather that we may be freed from the morbid, unhealthy, and paralyzing dread which is one of the most powerful instruments of the powers of darkness. Rarely, if ever, has an earnest spirit been demoralized by too generous a conception of God's mercy; frequently, on the other hand, the spirit to attempt and the will to accomplish great things have been numbed by excessive timidity. Few persons experienced in the guiding of souls will hesitate to name anxiety as among the greatest actual obstacles to progress in virtue, or to welcome writings which go to promote peace and calm in the soul of the earnest seeker after holiness. Of course there is a minimum limit as well as a maximum, and it would be possible to encourage presumption while cultivating confidence. But practically, and with regard to the earnest and the honest, there is far greater reason to labor for the development of peacefulness of spirit than to bar souls from too familiar and too child-like an intimacy with God. Down at the root of things, it may be, egotism is intertwined more closely with uneasy fear than with calm joy; and egotism, of one sort or another, is the great enemy of holiness.

The volume before us at present,* then, is welcomed gratefully. A searching criticism might, indeed, discover numerous opportunities of amending and improving the work. Yet the defects will entail little or no harm, and the excellences will bear much wholesome fruit.

A RETREAT OF TEN DAYS. The Carmelite Nuns of Boston have translated and published for general circulation a little volume called *The Cenacle*† which, for years in the American and for centuries in the European houses, has been used as a book of preparatory exercises for the Feast of Pentecost. Written in

* *Holy Confidence; or Simplicity with God.* Translated by Mother Magdalen Taylor, S.M.G., from a work of Father Rogacci, S.J., entitled *Unum Necessarium.* Revised by Father James Clare, S.J. London: Burns & Oates (Ltd.)

† *The Cenacle.* Retreat of Ten Days. Preparatory to the Coming of the Holy Spirit into our Souls. Fifty Meditations on the Holy Spirit and on his gifts. Collected in 1696, and presented in this form by the Discalced Carmelites for their Spiritual Exercises. Translated from the French of the Abbé L. G., by the Carmelites of Boston. Boston: Carmelite Convent and Angel Guardian Press.

Italian in 1671, by the Procurator-General of the Discalced Carmelites, translated into German and later into French, the work has had no small share in fostering and spreading that spirit of prayer with which the name of Carmel is so inseparably associated. The happy inspiration which assumes that there are numerous souls here among us at the present day worthy of acquaintance with this little treasure-book, must not be suffered to go unrecognized or to remain fruitless. We bespeak for the present publication a reception which will show that in point of appreciation at least, however we may fall short in practice, we deserve to be numbered among the followers of that high ideal which burns bright and steady upon the mountain where the saints of Carmel—canonized and uncanonized—have been called to dwell.

A book which is written for "all souls desirous of spiritual progress," whether in the cloister or the world, which is redolent of the spirit of contemplative prayer, which is built up out of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost's indwelling in the human soul, which ranges all other conceptions and particular notions around this central and elementary one, which directs the eye of the mind away from self and toward God, which is the offspring of deep experience in the things of the spirit, and has been recommended by the test of practical utility for generations and generations—such a treatise is the work now for the first time put within the reach of a people hungering, if we mistake not, for spiritual instruction of the highest and purest kind. We trust that those who have been instrumental in bestowing this favor upon us will witness such results as will amply recompense them for their labors.

RELIGION OF DUTY.
By Adler.

Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague has collected and edited the stenographic reports of a number of Felix Adler's addresses to satisfy a demand "on the part of many people" for a book giving the results of the Professor's thought and practical work in the field of ethics and religion. An occasional good thing appears amid the long stretches of very ordinary paragraphs, and the general trend of the whole is toward noble and unselfish modes of thinking and living. Yet one doubts if the book

can really be considered adequate to its glorious title,* or if the discussion of the great subjects touched upon is much more than commonplace. The Ethical Culture Society is usually represented as being quite free of bias with regard to creed. The volume before us shows the practical impossibility of maintaining this neutrality when abstract ethical culture is made concrete and represented by an energetic advocate. From the viewpoint of the philosopher who is "religious"—in the generally accepted sense, which is not M. Adler's—the addresses before us will appear rather superficial and totally uncritical. At the same time, it is to be hoped that the plea here made for heroism and unselfishness will reach and influence many of those whose ears are closed to the appeal of the Church. To grow better must needs mean to grow more like a true Christian, more fit to be a true Catholic.

THE SOLESMES PLAIN-CHANT.

A great deal of curiosity has been manifested concerning what is known as the "Solesmes Plain-Chant"; more particularly since it has been rumored that this particular version is to be taken as the basis of the new Vatican editions which are in course of preparation. Hitherto one who wished to obtain information on the subject, has been compelled to wade through various lengthy treatises in French or German, and as each author has his own opinions, the result has not been very satisfactory to the student. We gladly welcome, therefore, the present work.†

And yet, after reading the work carefully, we must confess that we are somewhat disappointed. Our dream of plain-chant choirs in every parish is rudely shattered by the following extracts from the preface: "In the first place, we must not lose sight of the fact that the correct singing of plain-chant is difficult, more difficult than the singing of ordinary figured music. It is, therefore, not subservient to the end to be obtained if clergymen would initiate the introduc-

* *The Religion of Duty.* By Felix Adler. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

† *A Complete and Practical Method of the Solesmes Plain-Chant.* From the German of the Rev. Suitbertus Birkle, O.S.B., with the authorization of the author. Adapted and edited by A. Lemaistre. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

tion of plain-chant by summarily dismissing their salaried singers, where such had been previously engaged, and by entrusting the singing of the chant to volunteers, often ignorant of the art of singing, of music, and especially of chant." "As to boys' choirs, they are difficult to establish and more difficult to maintain. In large parishes only will it be feasible to make use of them." What will the pastors think of this, who, about the middle of September, tell their organists to go into the school and pick out some boys to form a choir which, it is expected, will be ready to take its place in the church for the first time an Christmas Day?

We are still more disappoined with the "practical" part of the work. On page 16 we read: "The *strophicus*—originally sung vibratim or *tremolo*";· on page 36: "What we would like to exclude by our warning above is the exaggerated expression of a subjective feeling which the text produces in a singer, and to which he endeavors to give vent by a *theatrical tremolo*";· and on page 49: "Whereby a similar effect would be attained by a slight *tremolo* of the voice." We would very much like to know what is the difference between these two varieties of *plain-chant tremolo*, which are apparently allowed, and the *theatrical tremolo*, which is "excluded." The instruction on the subject of "Bars" is rather confusing. "The pauses are indicated by bars, double bars, and half bars. It is obvious that the half bar indicates a short pause, the bar, however, a long one." It is not "obvious" that a short bar indicates a short pause; we might give any meaning to a short bar. "The double bar indicates the end of a melody." In the "Liber Usualis" (1896) we find double bars at the end of all the intonations, and before the final phrases of the Gradual and Alleluia versicles. Are we to infer that the portions of chant which follow these double bars are *not* melodies?

The instruction on "scales" is very erratic. "We have (page 27) in plain-chant as many different scales as there are *final notes* of *the natural scale*." What is meant by a natural scale, the scale of nature or one of the scales which may be played on the white (natural) keys of the piano? We are in the habit of defining a scale as a series of eight sounds, different in pitch, having a certain relation with each other. If we ascend, the highest sound must be the final, and if we

descend the final must be the lowest sound; and as both the highest and lowest sounds have the same name it follows that the natural scale can have but *one* final; therefore (according to this reasoning) there can be but one scale in plain-chant. "There are, however, only four final notes in plain-chant." Yet we find *eight* finals in the "Liber Usualis."

"A melody in the scale of *re*, differs peculiarly from one in the key of mi, fa, etc." The author evidently thinks that a *scale* is the same as a *key*. This notion is incorrect. There are no *keys* in plain-chant. A scale, as was said above, is a set of sounds which have a certain definite relation with each other; thus, we have the *major* scale, from *do* to its octave; the *minor* scale, from *la* to its octave; or the various Gregorian scales. A *key* is the set of absolute-pitch sounds, which corresponds with the *major* scale, and which, of course, contains the *minor* scale, and in which we may find all the Gregorian scales. We speak of the *key* of *A*, for instance, which is composed of the *absolute-pitch* sounds of A, B, C sharp, D, E, F sharp, G sharp, and A, and which contains the *major* scale of "A major," the *minor* scale of "F sharp minor," and in which we may find all the Gregorian scales.

We must here remind the publishers of this work, and publishers and editors of musical works in general, that the musical nomenclature used in France for naming keys is not used by English-speaking people generally. We do not speak of the *key* of Do, of Re, of Mi, meaning the key of C, of D, of E, etc.; we use the syllables *do*, *re*, *mi*, etc., for the 1st, 2nd, and 3d, etc., degrees of the major scale; the meaning which was given them by Guido d'Arezzo, their inventor.

The laws of chant receive in this volume a large share of attention. In Chapter II. we find the following: "Are there really laws of musical form in plain-chant?" "In modern music such laws *exist*"; "We *must not seek* such fixed rules and metres in chant"; "The simplest *motif* of *two bars*"; "The first *two notes* form a *motif*"; "Plain-chant . . . *is like* the art of oratory"; "An oratorical discourse . . . must be satisfactory in its exterior form"; "It is *impossible* to establish *rules* for this outward form."

And now let us examine these laws which apparently are *impossible* to establish: "The first law of plain-chant form may

be put into the following words, etc."; "The second law of musical form in plain-chant is, the union of motifs is a free one, *i. e.*, it does *not* take place according to rules or schedules."

The second law evidently tells us there is no law. "The third law is: the *single parts* of *a motif* must be arranged in due proportion."

Now the first law says that motifs are made up of two or three notes, and as the "single parts" of a motif are single notes, what is meant by a "due proportion" in the arrangement of the single parts?

"Since all art must rest upon certain laws, so also must laws govern in such cases—laws more generative than the law of symmetry." "The supreme law in art is human nature." The following is strange, indeed: "Is not an architectural structure founded on the golden rule far more beautiful and artistic than the mathematical division into equal parts?" And this is surely not very lucid: "There must exist a beautiful symmetry, not so much between the *single parts* of a melody —although even this is *very often found* . . . but rather between text and melody, or, really, between thought, text, and melody, *i. e.*, the melody must keep pace with the text, and the latter with the thought. In other words, the melody must grow forth from the text, and this must be entirely governed by the thought."

Some promoters of the Solesmes Plain-Chant, we fear, have several pet theories, and if the facts do not always fit those theories, so much the worse for the facts. The following remarks on pauses and note-duration are instructive: "The notes of a plain-chant motif *do not vary* in duration"; "All notes of plain-chant are *approximately* of equal value"; "A theme composed of *equally long* notes is *conceivable*"; "The reason of this *deviation of the chant from modern music*"; "The *word pause* is observed after every motif, *i, e.*, every motif must be separated from the following one by a barely perceptible intermission." And then follow the directions for making this intermission: "A very brief *extension* of the last note suffices as a rule"; "Notes immediately preceding a pause are to be somewhat lengthened." These remarks are illustrated by examples written in modern notes in which quarter, eighth,

sixteenth, and thirty-second notes are employed! What would be thought of a teacher who would impart information to his class something like this: "The coins of the United States are approximately of equal value; but of course you must not expect to get as much value for five cents as you will for a dime." We cannot understand how an intermission can be made between *motifs* by extending the last note of each, and we would also like to know when this "deviation" of plain-chant from modern music took place, and whether it is likely to continue for any length of time.

These rules on note-duration, etc., completely contradict those laid down by Dom Pothier in his work *Les Melodies Gregoriennes;* but we have no doubt that Dom Pothier is now considered quite out of date, because undoubtedly new discoveries are continually being made by the various students of the dear old "Manuscrits." We are led to this supposition by the discovery of several things in this book which do not appear in the Liber Usualis of 1896; among them are (p. 66) two forms of the versicle; a different accentuation of the versicles of Tenebræ, of the question in the Epistle, a brand new setting of the "Deus in adjutorium," another of the "Capitulum," etc.

The remainder of the book is taken up with an analysis of the Psalm-tones; a ten-page disquisition on the "Gloria" in Simplicibus; another on the "Gloria" de Angelis, which is unaccountably mixed up with some other "Gloria" (unidentified); and about a half-dozen pieces of chant of various grades of difficulty; and a vast amount of preaching.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (17 June): A wisely planned and powerful organization has been founded by Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, for the relief of Italian emigrants in Europe and the Levant. This society affords assistance to all deserving persons, without distinction of creed. The importance of the Bishop's initiative in this work may be measured by the vast scale of Italian emigration and by the miserable conditions in which those poor people are generally forced to live.——Only three biblical students have had the courage to undergo the first examination of the Biblical Commission for degrees in Sacred Scripture.

(24 June): The French Assembly has decided by vote that bishops' houses are to be granted free of charge to the associations of worship for a period of two years, and seminaries and like institutions for a period of five years. Previously, similar regulations have been made with regard to Church property.

(1 July): Belgium keeps this year the Diamond Jubilee of its national independence.——Fitting tribute is paid to a great and venerable soul recently passed away, Right Rev. Mgr. James Nugent. The Liverpool *Daily Press* speaks of him as one of the most remarkable men of his day. His philanthropic personality was unparalleled. The story of his life-work is one of uninterrupted good, done to the young and the frail, the burdened and the led-astray. All who needed the solace of true Christian correction and benevolence, found in him a gentle, saintly, manly spirit and a life-long friendship. Mgr. Nugent was a good Samaritan.

Dublin Review (July): "The Form of the Human Skull and Particularly of the Earliest Known Skulls," by the President of Queen's College, Cork.——"St. Athanasius and Pope Julius I.," by the Rev. Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., is a short history of the trouble between Atha-

nasius and the Eusebians, of the appeal of both to the Pope, of the synod at Antioch, and of the great Council of Sardica, and finally the results of this council's actions.——Rev. Dom H. N. Birt, O.S.B., in the "Religious Influences in London," continues his sketch of the work of the various religious institutions there, considering in this number the Salvation Army, individual missions, revivalist meetings, etc.——In answer to the question, Why does the Protestant Church Read the Book of Esther? Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., writes a lengthy article, showing the attitude of the Fathers on the Deutero canonical books, especially that of Esther. He draws a comparison of this attitude with the views of the reformed churches on the same books. In conclusion, he appeals to Cardinal Newman's opinion of the Book of Esther, justified, as it is, by the words of Professor Sayce——"The 'Acta Pilati' and the Passion Document of St. Luke," by Very Rev. Mgr. A. S. Barnes.——Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard sketches the main lines of argument in Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, and discusses some of the objections to it, especially those of Bishop Hedley.——"The Anti-Christian Policy of the French Government," by Rev. A. Coleman, O.P., treats of the French troubles, Combes' defence of his policy, the Bill of Separation, and the present condition of Catholics in France.——Rev. A. B. Sharpe attempts to justify the ways of God to man, discussing the problem of evil in the world, enquiring how evil can enter into the constitution of the universe without destroying or impairing its essential goodness.

The Month (July): Under the title "The Problem of Evil," Rev. Sydney F. Smith undertakes to offer a solution of this much-discussed question. He directs his arguments mainly against the materialists who claim that the existence of evil in the world is a sufficient proof of the non-existence of God, and against the pessimists, *e. g.*, Schopenhauer, who, while maintaining that there is a First Cause, infers that it cannot be good, and imputes to it an evil character. In the first place the writer acknowledges his inability of solving fully the problem, and re-

signs himself to the task of showing that in this world "there is nothing demonstrably incompatible with belief in the power and goodness of its Maker," limiting his efforts in this article to the existence of physical evil. He argues that pain and suffering are overbalanced by the amount of good, giving examples to uphold his arguments. Though this be true, there still remains a question to be answered. Why does God, since he is all-good and omnipotent, allow anything to mar the happiness of life? Perhaps, it is replied, God was not free to make a universe without an intermixture of good and evil, for such a course might have been intrinsically impossible. But allowing that it were possible for God to have made a perfect universe, he would have had to adopt one of these three alternatives: "Either he must have determined to make some readjustment in the present arrangement of things, or he must have determined to interpose continually to check each evil effect of the natural operation of the present cosmic causes as soon as it was on the point of arising, or he must have refrained altogether from creating a material universe populated by various forms of organic life." But each of these would have resulted in a far worse condition than the present one.——Rev. Herbert Thurston concludes "The Strange Story of the Abbate Sidotti"——Rev. Francis Aveling makes a plea for emotion in religion. He maintains that since emotion, like volition and intellect, is a property of mind, it should be a legitimate guide in the religious side of life.

The Crucible (June): First issue of "a Catholic magazine of higher education for women." The editor explains that the new magazine is the outgrowth of a sense that "we have no choice between pressing forward toward excellence and seeing the education of Catholic children gradually passing out of our hands." The editor will receive in a spirit of gratitude all criticisms, and will be glad of any suggestions as to the kind of articles likely to prove useful, or of practical ways in which the magazine may serve the Catholic educational body. Free copies of the opening number will be sent, upon receipt of postage, to any one who will undertake to

distribute them.——Sr. M. X. speaks of the crisis that is now upon the Catholics of England, urges all to reach the standard of scholarship required, and laments that of the Catholic body at large it may be said: "We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, and yet we strike not, but securely perish."——Father Strappini contributes some thoughts on education.—— Marie Maugeret sketches the Christian Feminism movement in France.——Dom Nolle describes secondary education of girls in Germany.——Margaret Fletcher (the editor) gives a paper, full of illumination, as to the influences brought to bear on the development of women by Christian faith, and as to the changes witnessed during Christian history.

La Quinzaine (16 June): Georges Goyau writes of the life and work of Jean-Adam Moehler.——Gabriel Louis-Jaray gives us his opinion of the trouble between France and Germany over Morocco.——Albert Toughard comments on the series of disasters which have befallen the Russians in the Far East.

Le Correspondant (10 June): The leading article of this number is from the pen of Emile Ollivier, of the French Academy. The subject he has taken in hand is that of Italian affairs of the last century, treating especially of the conflict between the Garibaldian party and the Holy See. The writer shows a wide knowledge of the international complications of that trying period, together with a sympathetic appreciation of the position of the Papacy. The parts taken by Bismarck, by Victor Emmanuel, by Napoleon III., are indicated. The military struggles are described, first concerning the battle at Monte Rotando and then of the struggle at Mentana. To outsiders his praise of French bravery and activity at that time and place seems slightly exaggerated.

(25 June): "The Emperor and the Pope after Mentana" is a continuation of Emile Ollivier's first article in a previous number of this magazine (June 10). This installment gives more of the French side of Italian politics. The effect of the battle of Mentana on both sides of the Alps is told; in France there was great joy, as

evidenced in their parliament, as shown by some speeches quoted, especially the words of Chesnelong, Lamartine, Rouher, and Moustier. In Italy there was corresponding depression, together with the dogged intention of keeping up the struggle until the Eternal City would be taken from the Papacy and made the capital of the Italian nation. Quotations from the speeches of Micelli, Crispi, Ferrari, Ratazzi, and others are given.——A new book on the Concordat has been published by Alfred Baudrillart and is reviewed in this number by Auguste Largent. The work is highly praised and evidently is an excellent treatment of this highly complicated and important question of French and Papal politics.

Études (5 June): The last legation and the death of St. Francis Borgia are the occasion for a lengthy article by Pierre Suau.——Victor Poucel sends in his first article on "Intellectual Spontaneity," a lengthy discourse on the *rôle* excitation plays in the nutrition of the mind. ——"The Falsehoods of the Rupture" call forth a lengthy article from the pen of Jean Lefaure. The writer first expends a considerable amount of righteous indignation on the French Freemasons, through whose efforts most of the anti-clerical laws have been enacted, especially that of 1901 against religious orders, and that of 1905 against religious teaching. He claims that the very title of the law regarding Church and State is false. It should be "the suppression of Church in the the State," and not separation of Church and State. Furthermore, he laughs at the law guaranteeing liberty of conscience and free exercise of religion. Many more of the new laws come in for the ridicule of Lefaure, especially that the Republic "recognizes no sect," "does not pay any sect," "the churches are the property of the State," etc.

(20 June): Jules Doize gives us the history of the most important cathedrals of France.——As a preparation for the beatification of Fr. Salez and his companion, Fr. William, F. Tournier sketches briefly their lives, work, and martyrdom.——Victor Poucel continues the series of

articles on "Intellectual Spontaneity."——"The Iniquitous Separation," by Paul Dudon.

La Revue Apologetique (16 June): In this number a series of articles on Catholic apologetics is begun by Rev. G. Lahousse, S.J. This first installment is mainly historical, that is, tells of the methods that have availed in past times to defend the Church against error. A good outline of the old traditional apologetic is given—the proof that is based on the divine commission of the Church as the divine organ of revelation. To-day the author tells us of foes that disregard the old methods. The attacks of rationalists and the methods of higher criticism seem to demand a new and stronger array of Catholic apologetics. The writer suggests some arguments: First, the Church as she is and has been in times past is a guarantee of what she teaches; secondly, the argument from history.——The Abbé J. Fontaine in reviewing an old book of apologetics—*L'Art de Croire*, by Auguste Nicolas—shows an intense distrust of what has been called the "New Apologetics," and advises a speedy return to the methods employed in the last century by Nicolas.

Razón y Fe (June): M. Fernandez contributes an article on apologetics. The opening paragraph of the article is as follows: "No one who attentively considers the present state of men's minds can help feeling a sentiment of terror deep enough to unnerve the most vigorous. Everywhere there prevails a complete forgetfulness of the most elementary principles of order and morality; man wanders blindly and uncertainly over the rough way of life. The so-called wise ones have apostatized from the true wisdom and now, satisfied with having forgotten the supreme destiny of humanity, combat with furious hate the one true religion which alone can lead men to that destiny." In another paper will be given the author's appreciation of the "Method of Immanence," and then his view of the traditional method.——Commenting upon Vacaudard's *Études de Critique et d'Histoire Religieuse*, L. Murillo objects to the conclusion that the Apostles Creed is of post-apostolic origin, to the qualifying of the traditional opinion as a "legend," to a certain marked pre-

dilection for advanced critics like Harnack, to offensive remarks concerning the august and truly Catholic Philip II., to the supposition that Urban VIII. was impelled by convenience rather than truth to intervene in the case of Galileo.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 June): L. de Feis makes reply to the criticisms passed upon his denial of the authenticity of the Holy House of Loretto. Twenty-five years ago he became nearly certain that either imposture or hallucination was at the root of the belief in question. Yet he never spoke of his opinion, and even when questioned he was silent or made evasive answers. When at last he thought of settling the question by examining the diaries of pilgrims to the Holy Land, in the years succeeding the supposed date of the translation of the Holy House, the idea was applauded very generally, for it was supposed that the result would be gain for the truth and for the Church. The publication of an article quoting pilgrims who saw the Holy House in Nazareth after the supposed date of the translation has, however, occasioned many adverse criticisms. "Nevertheless criticism is necessary and, without failing in the respect due to traditions, we can examine which are worthy of belief and which are not; indeed, we should do that much out of respect for the truth to which we should never attach falsehoods. It is not doubting the divine omnipotence if we examine miracles, as the Church does, in order to see if they are well proved, so that there may be no false witness to things which God did not do. Will the Gospel be less true, said the great Fleury, if we learn that St. James never went to Spain nor St. Mary Magdalen to Provence? nor, I may add, if we knew not the lives of St. Expedit and St. Philomena, which are built the one upon ignorance and the other upon visionary accounts."——The *Rassegna* sends its congratulations to Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass. R. Mazzei also presents a sketch of the Bishop's famous pastoral recently published and greeted with much sympathy by some, but sharply criticized by others, who

were either timorous of conscience or glad of a chance to attack a bishop who, beside deserving well of the Church, is unhappy in having deserved well of his country also. The pastoral outlines the character and reasonableness of external devotions, and rebukes superstitions, such as that of the lady who offered a light to both statues of the Madonna lest offence might be given to one of them, or such as that practised in a diocese (non-Italian) where they distributed a sheet made up of one hundred little pictures of the Madonna, with instructions to swallow one picture daily for one hundred consecutive days.

(16 June): Obituary tribute to Mgr. Scalabrini, of Piacenza, one of the foremost prelates of Italy, and founder of the institution to care for Italian emigrants in America.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association was held in New York City, July 11, 12, 13. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley kindly offered the use of Cathedral College, Madison Avenue and East Fifty-first Street, for the convention. The Buckingham Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, was the headquarters for the association during the convention. It is directly opposite the Cathedral and most convenient.

The officers of the association are: The Right Rev. Denis J. O'Connell, D.D., rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., *President General;* the Very Rev. E. R. Dyer, S.S., D.D., Baltimore, Md., *Vice-President;* the Very Rev. Bernard J. Mulligan, Camden, N. J., *Treasurer;* the Rev. F. W. Howard, Columbus, Ohio, *Secretary;* the Very Rev. Patrick McHale, C.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Very Rev. P. J. Garvey, D.D., Overbrook, Pa.; the Rev. John A. Conway, S.J., Washington, D. C.; the Very Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; the Rev. Louis I. Walsh, Salem, Mass; the Rev. Thomas A. Thornton, New York City.

The order of exercises for the sessions of the convention was:

Tuesday, July 11. 9. A. M.—Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

11 A. M.—General meeting in Cathedral College. Opening of session by the Right Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D. Registration. Appointment of committees.

11:30 A. M.—Department meetings in Cathedral College. In these meetings the following papers were read and discussed:

In the Seminary Department meeting—The Teaching of Holy Scripture in the Seminary, the Rev. Simon Lebl, D.D., St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee; the Rev. James F. Driscoll, S.S., D.D., St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y.

In the College Department meeting—History of Philosophy, the Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., St. Viateur's College, Illinois.

In the School Department meetings—Catholic View of Moral and Religious Training in Elementary Education, by Rev. M. J. Considine, of New York.

Wednesday, July 12. 9:30 A. M.—Department meetings in Cathedral College. The following papers were read:

In the College Department meeting—Catholic College Discipline in the Formation of Character, the Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J., St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill.

In the School Department meeting—Supervision of Catholic Schools: Necessity, Methods, Aims, the Rev. E. F. Gibbons, Supervisor Catholic Schools, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the Seminary Department meeting—The Teaching of Pedagogy in

the Seminary, the Rev. Hermann J. Heuser, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, D.D., St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y.; the Rev. Thomas E. Shields, Ph.D., Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

11 A. M.—Discussion in College Department on Statistics of Attendance of Catholic Students at Non-Catholic Colleges, and the Causes Thereof. Discussions in the School and Seminary Departments at the same hour.

8 P. M.—General meeting in Cathedral College. Joint discussion on What the Parish School Can Do for the Catholic College. Points suggested for discussion: (a) Closer union of all our educational forces the need of the hour; (b) How many graduates of our parish schools go to non-Catholic colleges? (c) The founding of scholarships for the parish school by the college; (d) The teaching of Latin and other preparatory branches in the parish school; (e) More active interest by college men in the work of the parish school.

Thursday, July 13. 9 A. M.—General meeting. Business session. Election of Officers.

9:30 A. M.—Department meetings. The following papers were presented:

In College Department—Best Method of Teaching Rhetoric and Poetics in the College Curriculum, the Rev. L. A. Grace, C.M., Niagara University.

In the School Department—Text-Books in Catholic Schools, the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, Supervisor Brooklyn Catholic Schools.

In the Seminary Department—Practical Work in the Seminary as a Preparation for the Work of the Ministry, the Rev. W. C. Hoctor, C.M., St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. A. Vieban, S.S., J.C.D., St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

11 A. M.—Discussion in all departments. Business sessions and general meeting. Reading of resolutions and closing exercises.

The sessions were public and open to all wishing to attend.

At the grand public meeting Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Carnegie Hall, the programme was as follows:

Overture, "America," by the New York Catholic Protectory Band; the "Star Spangled Banner," national anthem, by a chorus of seven hundred boys and girls of the New York parish schools, under the direction of Professor Renz; "The Red, White, and Blue," by the chorus; Mascagni's "Ave Maria," by the Alumni Quartet of Manhattan College; "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," by the chorus; "God of Nations," by the Catholic Protectory Band.

Addresses were delivered by Most Rev. John M. Farley; Eugene A. Philbin, Regent of the State of New York, on Education and the State; Corporation Counsel John J. Delany, on Education and Good Citizenship; Luke D. Stapleton, on Education and Parental Rights; and the Rev. W. O'B. Pardow, S.J., on Education and Religion.

The local arrangements for the convention and public meetings were in charge of the following committee: The Right Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, D.D., V.G.; the Very Rev. James F. Driscoll, D.D., President of St. Joseph's Seminary, New York; the Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., President of

Fordham University; the Very Rev. David W. Hearn, S.J., President of St. Francis Xavier's College; the Very Rev. P. J. Hayes, D.D., President of Cathedral College; the Rev. Brother Edward, F.S.C., President of Manhattan College; the Rev. Anthony Lammel, P.R.; the Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, D.D., P.R.; the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.; the Rev. Thomas A. Thornton; the Rev. Joseph F. Smith; the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Right Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, D.D., V.G., Chairman.

The delegates of the Catholic Educational Association represented Parish Schools and Institutions containing over a million students. In the discussions much practical wisdom was shown and a desire to utilize the best results of modern pedagogy, particularly in teaching the secular branches of knowledge; while never ceasing to affirm the supremacy of the spiritual element in the child's life, in accordance with a recent statement by the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D.D., of the Catholic University.

He spoke strongly against the materialistic tendencies of the times and the social and economic systems responsible for them, and a plea for a higher appreciation of the individual and a loftier estimate of life. He said in part:

The trend of thought and endeavor in our day is away from the spiritual and the personal and toward the material and the physical. The rapid advance of science during the past fifty years has contributed much to our ease and comfort, but has not correspondingly improved the quality of our manhood. We have learned to control the forces of nature much more effectively than to shape our own conduct. It is only natural that we should have the defects of our qualities.

Our ways of thinking and acting have been affected by the era of material prosperity in which we live, so much so that the word "honor" has an air of the counting-room about it, and the type of man who fills the public eye is he who adds to the sum of human wealth.

The cause of it all is not far to seek. The spiritual and moral value of man has been forced out of consideration in the interests of trade. We are now witnessing a crucial instance of this tendency in the factitious transfer of moral responsibility from personal individuals to impersonal corporations. A public evasion of justice upon so large a scale shows how little Christian ethics has penetrated into the structure of our civilization.

It is a high-spirited age, needing the bit and bridle much more than the whip and spur, and needs no type of man more than the organically complete and developed individual.

We have become so infatuated with the idea of progress that we have not stopped to inquire into its definition. It is this one-sided understanding of what novelty means that has cheapened our ideals, deadened our moral and spiritual sense, and made man remain stationary while the material world about him is steadily on its way to betterment.

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Principal Walter B. Gunnison, of the Erasmus High School, Brooklyn, discussed one of the most important questions on the programme of the National Educational Association, which held its annual convention recently at Ocean Grove, N. J. Dr. Gunnison argued that the time and energy of principals should be given to teaching in preference to administrative work.

A certain amount must be given to parents seeking advice, and others disposed to shirk responsibility for the stern performance of duty in regard to their spoiled children. He will find many to approve this outline of a principal's duties:

First—The art of teaching involves many things, and one of these is the necessity of keeping alive one's interest in the imparting of knowledge.

Second—A man in charge of a high school must direct and adjust the working of specialists in many branches. There still remains the fact, however, that a principal should represent sound and accurate scholarship in some line.

Third—The most valuable duty of a principal is to have his pupils, not by name or number, but to know them so that there is established, however imperfectly, the kindly and friendly relation that exists between the parent and child.

Fourth—Again, closer than the intimacy between pupil and principal should be the intimacy between teacher and principal. The real success of an institution depends not on one but on all. The educational czar should understand that he is an anomaly in these days, and is beset with the same dangers in the educational world as his prototype in the political world. He may succeed for the time, but his crown is the target for every missile, and will remain in place only because of a Cossack cordon of official red tape and bureaucratic inefficiency.

Fifth—Again, the assumption of simple direction and supervision is a dangerous one, in that it too often leads to a feeling of superiority and dogmatic infallibility which is humorous to the one who knows the facts.

That we may, therefore, be in position to do our fullest service to our charges and to advance our usefulness in the honorable and commanding places we occupy, I would urge your careful consideration of this matter, and earnestly give it as my humble opinion that each principal can do no greater service than to demand that conditions shall be so changed, or, better and truer, that he should so change conditions, that his time shall not be used in the less essential matters of a clerical assistant, but that his training and ability shall be felt in the noblest part of school work, so that when he lays aside his work he may be entitled to that greatest of all titles—teacher.

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Among the Paris book notes of the *Evening Post* Stoddard Dewey relates some interesting reminiscences of the youngest member of the French Academy in these words:

A book of more recent history, vitally interesting to many still living, and instructive to all who wish to follow the inside story of their own times, is the Journal kept day by day by the late Comte d'Haussonville during the Siege of Paris from beginning to end. It starts from the fatal 4th September of 1870, and shows the drifting apart of Paris from Thiers and the party which had picked up authority in the street; but it does not comprise the after-explosion of the siege in the bloody civil war of the nation against Paris during the Commune. The author was a member of the French Academy, like his son, who now publishes the book; he had for his wife a Broglie, granddaughter of Madame de Staël—an instance of continuity in history and letters.

Etienne Lamy, the new Immortal, elected to the French Academy June 8, is perhaps known abroad only to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. If Americans could interest themselves in his subjects, it would be well worth their while to make acquaintance with his books, with their pure, manly, crystal-clear French and upright, Liberal ideas. Of course he has been chosen by the "party of the dukes," but by a respectable majority. His only serious competitor was Maurice Barrès, who is also a Conservative, not to say Nationalist, in politics, and far more resplendent with literary glory before a vain universe. All the members of the Academy were present, including the now un-Parisian Rostand, excepting Anatole France and Henri Lavedan. The former, since the Dreyfus affair launched him on a passionate sea of anarchism, notices the Academy only to blast it with the anathema maranatha of his new religion; the latter is son of the famous editor of the Catholic review *Le Correspondant*, whose place M. Lamy has taken.

As far back as 1883 Taine, after reading an article of M. Lamy on the Republic, declared: "If that author presents himself at the Academy he shall have my vote." In fact, with all his Liberal Catholicism and the close relations in which he stood to Leo XIII., M. Lamy has always been a Republican, and has suffered for his political as well as for his religious faith. He is now sixty years old, and was a pupil of Lacordaire's school, which did so much to unite—unavailingly, as it seems in France—the old and the new in Liberal thought and action. By the way, like Barrès, Jules Lemaître, Renan, and even Anatole France and Waldeck-Rousseau, he is an example of those masters of literary style that seem to issue from the Church schools more readily than from the science-tormented State Lycées. At the close of the fatal Franco-Prussian war he was sent up to the National Assembly, which was to try to reconstitute France, by his native department of the Jura. He believed in the Republic and against Thiers, carried through a demand for a reform of all public services. The navy was assigned him, and the present high commission is the result of his studies of several years. Against Mac-Mahon he was one of the 363 Republican deputies returned after the dissolution of Parliament; but the Republic, now advancing on its Radical way, soon broke and banished him from political life. He had refused to accept the famous Article VII. of Jules Ferry, with its wholesale suppression of religious schools. This has given him the leisure for historical studies of the Second Empire and the National Defence, and of France in the Levant, and for the desperate effort to unite men of his own kind in consistent action for a Liberal Republic. Where the Pope failed, he could scarcely succeed; but the universal esteem in which he is held by all parties may still allow his great talent scope if the Republic begins soon enough the return swing of its pendulum.

M. Lamy was all but elected to the Academy several years ago, losing only by a single vote in favor of Paul Hervieu. His book of most importance to American readers is undoubtedly *La Femme de Demain (The Coming Woman)*; that of most interest, his *Memoirs of Aimée de Coigny*—the light prisoner of the Terror, who inspired her fellow-captive, André Chenier, with a priceless ode—only the poet lost his head a second time, under the guillotine, while the lady, who had only lost her heart, lived to lose it again and again down to her death in the full peace of the Restoration.

The Seton Circle tendered a reception to the Most Reverend Archbishop Farley recently, at the Fordham club-house, which was beautifully decorated with the national flags and the Seton Circle colors and was brilliantly illuminated. The Archbishop expressed his approval of the careful study that was being made of the classics, of great movements, such as the Tractarian movement, and of history. The Archbishop especially commended the study of Scott's novels. The address of the evening was by Judge Tierney. The President of the Bronx Borough, the Hon. Louis Haffen, introduced the speakers. A fine literary and musical programme was rendered. Later in the evening supper was served. The Seton Circle is famous, not only in the Bronx but in the surrounnding boroughs, for the excellence of its literary work and for the spirit of sociability which it fosters. The society has been in existence ten years. The Moderator of the circle this year is the Rev. Daniel Burke, D.D. The President is Mrs. J. J. Barry; Mary C. Freeston, Secretary.

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At the latest monthly meeting of the St. Vincent's Reading Club, South Boston, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick gave a most interesting and instructive address to the members, on The American Citizen. After the lecture an informal reception was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick. Miss Ellen A. McMahon is the efficient President of this club, which owes much to the fostering care of Father Patterson and the other priests of St. Vincent's Church.

The Cathedral study club, of New York City, under the direction of the Rev. William B. Martin, has completed a very successful year.

In addition to the constant service rendered to the Hecker Reading Circle, of Everett, Mass., Mrs. F. F. Driscoll is much in demand for her rare musical gifts. She delighted her friends recently by a song recital, assisted by Mr. M. J. Dwyer, of Boston, with Mr. James T. Whelan, organist of the Boston Cathedral, as accompanist. It was given in Whittier Hall, Everett, in presence of an audience which crowded the spacious auditorium, and represented all that was best in the society of the town, without regard to religious dividing lines, while many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll came from Boston and other places. Few people are so beloved in their native place, and justly so, for noble Christian example, public spirit, and helpfulness to all, as Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll. The latter also has won high reputation in the musical circles of New England through her superb and well-cultivated voice and exquisite taste in music.

Among the audience were the Rev. J. F. Mohan, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Mayor of Everett, the superintendent of schools, most of the membership of the Everett Club, with which Mrs. Driscoll has been long connected, and the Hecker Reading Circle, whose first president she has been.

These young ladies acted as ushers: Misses Annie G. Hill, Alice Lane, Elizabeth Herlihy, Dora Keegan, Alice Sheehan, Jeanne Breau, Daisy Hardenbrook.

As the programme proceeded many compliments were paid by the music-lovers present to the charm and freshness of the selections, and their artistic rendition. Following is the programme:

Cavatina, "Roberto tu che adoro" (Meyerbeer), Mrs. Driscoll; Aria, "Flower Song from Carmen" (Bizet), Mr. Dwyer; Songs, (a) "The Swallows" (Cowen), (b) "The Lullaby of the Night" (Brackett), Mrs. Driscoll; Duet, "A Night in Venice" (Lucontoni), Mrs. Driscoll and Mr. Dwyer; Songs, (a) "The Sweetest Flower" (Lieber), (b) "Because" (Guy D'Herdelot), Mr. Dwyer; Song, "Song of Love" (Mrs. Beach), Mrs. Driscoll; Piano, (a) "Fantaise Impromptu, C sharp minor" (Chopin), (b) "Gavotte, B minor" (Bach-St. Saëns), Mr. Whelan; Songs (a) "Still as the Night" (Bohm), (b) "Irish Lullaby" (Needham), Mrs. Driscoll; Duet, "O That We Two Were Maying" (Smith), Mrs. Driscoll, Mr. Dwyer; Waltz Song, "Voci di Primavera" (Strauss), Mrs. Driscoll.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. McDonough, of Dallas, Texas, has written a letter to *The Southern Messenger*, published at San Antonio, in regard to the supply of reading for the young. She has a definite plan capable of application to many places, and expressed in these words:

The intelligent, inquiring American child of to-day will read something—if not clean, moral books suitable to his age, then books of the *Midnight Marriage* stamp, and pastors, parents, and teachers are responsible. So the question arises how to provide proper literature for the children in the formative period of their lives, thereby cultivating a taste for the best, and making the reading of dangerous and trashy books, in after years, no temptation—simply an impossibility. Now there seem to be only two ways open to us—one is to create a demand for Catholic books in the public libraries, the other is to establish parish libraries. I have been told that books requested by a number of public library patrons would be purchased, but in the Southwest, where the Catholic population is numerically small, I fancy the number of Catholic books which reached the library shelves during a year, through this method, was rather insignificant. The more effectual plan, though involving work and sacrifice, is the establishment of parish libraries in connection with the Sunday-Schools. These being under the direct supervision of the pastor will be a great influence for good—will reach all the children alike, rich and poor, will foster a love for reading, and raise the thoughts and minds of the children to higher things. In the Cathedral parish, Dallas, a Sunday-School library was opened last year with a limited number of books, which through the donations of friends has been increased to 300 volumes. For six months the circulation was 1,542 books, and the library has been open only one hour on Sunday between the Masses. The ambition of those in charge is to furnish the room with book-cases, desk, tables, etc., to increase the number of books, and open at least twice a week. This they hope, with our Lord's help and the kindly assistance of friends, to accomplish. To see the avidity with which the children read and demand such writers as Father Finn, S.J., Father Spalding, S.J., Father John Talbot Smith, Charles W. Stoddard, Marion Ames Taggart, Maurice F. Egan, Marion J. Brunowe, and other standard Catholic writers, is to prove that they know what is good, and that every effort spent in this direction will bear fruit a hundredfold.

M. C. M.

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MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

BY EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.

THERE is now on foot in this country a movement to provide for the religious instruction of our children. It has been organized in an association whose members represent all varieties of educational interests. But a short time since its deliberations were held in Boston, and the views then expressed have found an echo in every part of the United States. That differences of opinion should exist as to the practical execution, is only natural. But these differences cannot obscure the significant fact that American educators are practically agreed upon the necessity of giving to religion a larger place than it has hitherto held in our educational scheme.

To the Catholic mind this turn of affairs is particularly interesting. The Church, it is true, has been kept rather busy for a century or so with the development of her own schools —too busy, perhaps, to follow in all their details the various modifications introduced into other systems. But she cannot help noting a change of attitude on the part of non-Catholics which is in itself so important and which may have far-reaching consequences. Simply as an observer of events, she is interested to see the lessons of her own long experience confirmed and emphasized by the experience of the present generation.

There remains, of course, this radical difference between the position of the Church and that of other teaching agencies: while these may spend much time and thought and energy in

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the discussion of ways and means, the Church must continue without pause or delay the work of religious education. She cannot afford to postpone the application of her principles until a theoretically perfect arrangement has been devised. Her care is for the child of to-day—not merely for the children who are yet unborn. She has to deal with actual conditions and not to wait for those that are ideal. As in the past, so in the future, her aim must be to develop and maintain the spirit of religion in the souls of her children by every means which she can consistently adopt. If the present movement shall result in any practical system of religious instruction, so much the better; if not, she will regret the failure, but she will not desist from her own endeavor.

Whatever the final outcome, it is certain that this whole matter of moral and religious education is receiving just now more careful attention and more thorough discussion than ever before. It has become a matter of scientific investigation with methods of its own and with a literature that grows rapidly. It occupies a larger place in our general reviews and it finds scholarly treatment in reviews more specially devoted to its problems.

Now all these inquiries as to the method of religious instruction pre-suppose what has been accomplished in the field of secular instruction. They assume, quite correctly, that the moral and religious training of the child must be adapted to the nature of the child, must respect the laws of mental development, and must profit by every new insight which can be gotten through the analysis of mind. In a word, it seems clear that the teaching of religion will be based upon the findings of psychology. We are not, perhaps, agreed as to the scope and nature of this science; and much less as regards the interpretation of its latest results. Psychology itself has developed to such an extent, within the last few decades, that it is hard to say just where its boundaries are, and just what it has accomplished on the side of practical application. Nevertheless, there are certain large conclusions which may be regarded as fairly secure; certain principles which, in the main, are accepted as the basis of educational theory. On these, likewise, moral and religious education must rest.

But again we should remember that instruction implies something more than method; it implies content. Teaching

means that there is something to be taught. The teaching of religion means that there is some definite system of belief and practice which must become the mental possession of the child. Religious education, therefore, involves necessarily these two factors: the mind of the pupil and the doctrine of the Church. If, then, method is to be based on psychology, the form of religion is, in a measure, subjected to psychological tests. Religious practices that are at variance with psychological principles will bid defiance to correct method; and conversely, those forms and practices which conform to the laws of psychology will not only find their advantage in right method, but will also aid considerably in making the method right.

My purpose just now is to inquire into the educational value of Catholic teaching and practice. I do not ask whether this or that particular method, these devices or those others, are in accordance with the principles of psychology. I propose rather to look at the work of the Church as a whole—not merely what she does in the schoolroom, but also what she does in her worship, her ministration, her discipline, her preaching of the Gospel of Christ. The Church has been the teacher of mankind for two thousand years. She has had experience with all races and classes of men. She has expounded to them the highest of all truths in preparation for the highest of all destinies. The question that I now wish to discuss is this: How far does the Church, in teaching morality and religion, conform to the principles of psychology?

It is needful at the outset to understand what we mean by "Catholic education." What are its essential characteristics, aims, and methods? Wherein does it differ from other educational systems; and what warrant has it for so differing?

In reply, I would say:

First.—The Catholic Church maintains that intellectual, moral, and religious education cannot be separated without detriment to the mental life. They are in reality parts of our education. Knowledge alone is not a sufficient guide for conduct, and moral training which leaves religion out of view is inadequate.

Second.—In the matter of religious education, the Church holds that instruction and practice must go together. It is not sufficient that the child be taught what he is to believe. He must also be trained to live out his belief in action.

Third.—As regards the means and the methods of religious education, the Church claims that they must be adapted to the needs of the human mind, and must therefore be in harmony with the established principles of psychology.

Our present purpose is to select the more essential of these principles and to show that they find their application in our Catholic system.

A leading characteristic of modern psychology is the importance which it attaches to the sensory processes of mind. We are no longer satisfied with the general statement that all knowledge takes its rise in sensation; nor even with the accurate description of the various sensory functions. By means of careful experiment, we have discovered the laws which govern these functions and the part which they play in the higher mental activities. The more we search into the nature of sensation, the more are we convinced that the entire life of the mind—intellectual, emotional, and volitional—is closely bound up with the elementary processes that take place in the organs of sense.

In the earlier years, the *rôle* of sensation is especially conspicuous. With its intellect and will scarcely awakened, the child is literally a "bundle of sensations." With its brain yet plastic, it is receiving impressions and storing up images that will persist during life. The whole future of the mind is largely determined by what is seen and heard in this period. The attitude of the boy or girl towards things spiritual depends to a great extent upon the training that is given to eye and ear. If we hold that reason must govern conduct, and that will is the keystone of character, we should not forget that both reason and will are aroused and directed by perception, by the commerce of the mind with the external, material world. And in the same way are called forth those affective states—feeling and emotion and the beginnings of passion—which tend to become, and often do become, the mainsprings of action.

Clearly, then, it is of the utmost consequence that the development of the sensory activities should take place in such a way as to safeguard the moral nature of the child. As far as possible, those impressions should be multiplied which fill the mind with images of things high and pure and beautiful. As far as possible, also, whatever contains the germ of

corruption, whatever leaves upon the brain an impression that will fester and become a moral taint, must be kept beyond the reach of the growing sense.

The need of such caution is the more urgent when we remember that one great purpose of modern teaching is to build up the power of observation. The training of the senses, we are told, must not be left to chance; it must follow psychological methods. Vision must be sharpened to detect the slightest variations in color and form. Hearing must be quickened to catch the faintest of sounds and the barely perceptible changes in tone. And so of all the senses; they are to be educated just as far as the structure and normal function of the organs will permit.

This undoubtedly is the correct view; and, so far as it is realized in our educational practice, its results must certainly be beneficial. Keener perception means richer imagination, wider range of ideas, finer analytical thinking, and, above all, the ability to appreciate the marvels of nature in delicate structure and subtle, scarce noticeable, function.

But it also means that the avenues of the mind are thrown open, with greater freedom of access, to a thousand impressions which may quicken or deaden the moral perception, may lift up the will to the highest plane of endeavor, or cast it down to the level of emotion and impulse. If, therefore, we insist on the training of the senses, we must further insist that the impressions they receive shall be of the right sort. If we provide the mind with better instruments of perception, we must see to it that these instruments are rightly employed. And if, with its heightened powers of observation, the child gets a closer view of nature in the physical world, it should also be inspired with a deeper regard for the spiritual nature that is growing up within itself.

Now this is precisely what the Church has all along endeavored to do. Whatever philosophers and psychologists may have taught regarding the value of sense perception, the Church has always recognized the importance of these processes for the development of intellectual and moral activity. We have only to look at her liturgy. What more forcible appeal could be made to the senses than that which she makes in her ceremonial, in the administration of the sacraments, in the adornment of her temples, in every prescription of her ritual? Light

and color, movement and harmony, stately forms and graceful lines are all combined to impress the eye and ear of him who worships in her sanctuary. The art of the builder, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician is pressed into the service of religion. And religion itself—as doctrine, as historical fact, and as moral precept—is brought home to the mind through the portals of sense.

The Church, indeed, has often been accused of excess in this respect. Her outer forms are criticised as "sensuous," "external," "realistic," lacking in spiritual force, and setting appearances in the place of substance. Much is said of the "pageantry of her worship" and the "pomp of her ritual." And even when her services are described as solemn or beautiful, the insinuation too often is that she makes no attempt to reach mind and heart, to stir up those deeper activities of the soul which are needful for conduct and life.

Let us suppose for a moment that this criticism is just; let us suppose that the Church really aims at nothing more than the stimulation of sense and the pleasurable feelings which thence result. It would still be true that she is doing important educational work. She would be cultivating and refining, imparting the power to discriminate what is fair from what is coarse, developing the appreciation of beauty, arousing the artistic sense. In a word, she would be laying the foundation of that æsthetic culture which means so much for the growth of all the faculties.

As a matter of fact, however, the purpose of the Church is far higher. If she strives to impress the outer sense, it is because she would make sense the bearer of meaning to spirit. It is because she would enlighten the mind and enable it to discern through the visible forms of her ritual the invisible things of God. Everywhere in her worship she greets us with symbols, with sacramental forms, with outward signs of inward grace.

What these are, and what their meanings, the instructed fully understand. Every Catholic has learned to read in the externals of the Church those lessons which are beyond the grasp of sense—lessons of faith and reverence and love. He has learned to interpret the symbols, so that while these affect his senses, their deeper significance fills his thoughts.

But our present concern is to discover the psychological

import of symbolism. Is this practice of the Church purely arbitrary, or is it in keeping with the laws of the mind?

We know that each sensory impression leaves its trace upon the brain. We know further that every idea is in some way connected with a cerebral process. And when a certain idea has been linked in our experience with a certain sensory impression, the recurrence of that impression involves the revival of that idea.

Now this principle of association, on which modern psychology lays so much stress, is just what explains all symbolism. Once we have been taught that what we see has a definite meaning—that it represents something beyond the material thing before us—the sight of that object tends to recall that other object for which it stands. Once we have learned that our country's flag means more than a combination of colors—that it is a symbol—the sight of those colors brings to mind thoughts of a higher order. And when we have heard the story of the Cross, a single glance at that sacred symbol recalls to consciousness the mystery of our redemption.

The Church, therefore, in employing external signs, simply applies, in a practical way, the law of association. She is not content to set forth the truths of morality and religion in spoken word or printed page. She seeks to make her teaching more vivid, more concrete, and therefore more vital, by impressions and images, chosen from all the departments of sense. What comes through the ear is reinforced by what passes through the eye. Complex groups of mental images are thus formed as the basis of the spiritual ideas which she seeks to impress upon the mind. And these groups, bound together by association, strengthened by repetition, enriched, as time goes on, by wider relations and deeper meanings, become the psychophysical basis of the highest religious thought.

But now remark a consequence which is of great importance in educational theory and practice. What we call the association of ideas implies not only the opening of paths within the brain and the establishing of connection between ideas; but also the gradual turning of the mental life in a given direction. As a result of association, the mind takes on a definite set or attitude—grows into a certain position, from which it views and appreciates whatever is presented. If, then, by means of association, the mind is filled with images and

ideas of the brighter and purer sort, the whole mental attitude will be such that the opposite kind of ideas and images will be entirely barred out or easily excluded. The will to resist evil suggestion is all the stronger because whole areas of the brain have been placed at its disposal. If, on the contrary, association has warped the mind by filling it with the wrong sort of images, any appeal to the moral sense encounters a serious obstacle. It is not only that the will is weak in regard to moral goodness, but also that the brain is engaged in the service of evil. Exhort as we may, promise or threaten, appeal to reason or hold up fair ideals, our efforts must count for little if the organic processes are against us; if, in other words, the habitual trend of thought has established the wrong kind of connections in the brain. It is to forestall such consequences that the Church makes use of symbols, that she surrounds the child with the emblems of things divine, and that, while quickening the imagination, she stores it with forms that are purest and fairest.

But there is a further reason for this method—a reason which is supplied by psychology and justified by experience. For we know that an idea is not merely the representation of an object; it is a source of action. Every mental process tends, in its own degree, to manifest itself. Whether this manifestation shall amount to a perceptible bodily resonance, as in the case of certain emotions, or limit its effects to a central brain disturbance with no appreciable external effect, as in the case of abstract thinking, the statement in the main is true that the mind naturally seeks an outlet for its content. Impression calls forth expression. In the language of physiology, the stimulation that comes in over sensory paths makes its way to motor centres and through them to motor paths, the apparatus of movement and speech.

These, if you choose, are organic connections between organic processes. But now observe an important consequence for the mental life. In proportion as an idea gets itself expressed in action, it becomes more vivid and more vigorous. It means more for the development of the mind, because it is more completely the possession of the mind. And it is more influential in determining mental habit and attitude because its expression involves new conscious states which tend to reinforce it.

The modern science of education has been quick to profit by this psychological truth. Motor training has its value, not simply in teaching the child to do things, but also in strengthening and deepening the power of thought. No man becomes a painter or sculptor by reading books on the production of pictures and statues. No student of physics or chemistry or biology can advance very far if he stays away from the laboratory. However clear and penetrating his thought may be, it cannot open out its full meaning except it issue in action.

We are only just coming to realize that what is true of the arts and sciences—the pursuits of maturer minds—is also true of the beginnings of education. Long ago we were told: "Not words but things." It was the protest of realism against formalism—the appeal to nature as against the exaggerated cult of the classics. But to-day we are told: Not merely in the perception of things does education consist, nor in the multiplication of ideas, nor even in the vocal expression of those ideas. It consists, above all, in securing outer activity in response to that which is within; it consists in doing.

It matters little, for our present purpose, when or where or by whom this view was first put forth. In the eyes of the Church it was no new discovery. It was simply the application to the ordinary school methods of what she has all along practiced. "Not he who sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he who doeth the will of my Father." The Church has never denied that morality and religion must have their seat in the heart; that the interior life of thought and will is essential; and that without this life merely external performance is worthless. But she has also insisted, and she still insists, that religion must have its outward manifestation, if it is to grow as the mind grows and to become a dominant power as the faculties unfold. This is the philosophy that underlies her whole system of worship—a system which is so ordered as to secure, in the most appropriate forms, the expression of our belief. To kneel in adoration, to bow one's head in prayer, to approach the sacraments as the ritual enjoins, to share in the various observances which mark the seasons of the ecclesiastical year—what is all this but the concrete expression of our religious life? And this expression, bodily, external, ceremonial as it is, nevertheless is the best

means of cultivating sentiments that are of the soul—inward and spiritual and full of the divine life.

But here again the inevitable law appears. Unless the child be accustomed from the earliest years to this manifestation of what he learns about religion, the ideas which he has imbibed will avail but little. They will soon be effaced by other ideas which do find expression. The motor activity will flow out in other channels, and the thought of heavenly things will count for nothing in the shaping of conduct.

Sense-perception, association, and the tendency to self-expression are the fundamental activities of mind with which education has to reckon. To these must now be added another complex process which includes them all and yet has a significance of its own. As the child becomes more and more interested in what it perceives, as the power of observation develops, one class of objects in particular attracts its attention, and that is the behavior of other human beings. The child not only perceives what other people do, it tends naturally to copy what it sees. Its action is governed by a law which psychology has but recently explained—the law of imitation. At home, on the street, in school, from parents, companions, teachers, and books, the mind of the child receives countless suggestions, not simply to act but to act in a definite way. The first word it utters, the first lesson it reads, and the first picture it draws, are the results, more or less perfect, of imitation. In the teacher, above all, the child finds a model—far more suggestive, in word and look and deed, than the plainest admonition or the strictest rule of discipline. "Go thou and do likewise" is a precept that need not be written or spoken; it is nature's prompting instinctively obeyed.

Later, when the mental view has widened, when the boy and girl are able to look beyond their present surroundings and to live, in imagination, with the men and women of the past, imitation passes into a new and more important phase. History, biography, and literature are now the sources of suggestion. There are heroes to be imitated, great deeds to be done, high ambitions to be realized. In a word, it is the time when ideals are formed, and when, consequently, the whole life-course is determined.

It is hardly necessary to show that modern education has

taken advantage of this tendency to imitate. Volumes have been written to prove that moral training consists largely in pointing to examples. Every teacher has heard that fable and fairy tale, Bible story and classic legend, as well as the records of secular history, may be used to inspire the pupil with splendid aims, to shape his ideals, to map out his career. And this is precisely what the Church has been doing ever since she was commissioned to "teach all nations." She holds up, for imitation, the highest and holiest of ideals; not Plato, nor Socrates, nor Marcus Aurelius, but Christ, the way, the truth, and the life. She reminds us constantly of the men and women whose faith has overcome the world, who have walked in the footsteps of the Master, who have sacrificed all things, even life itself, that their imitation of Christ might be more perfect. The Church honors these heroes of sanctity in her liturgy, in her festivals, in the most solemn of her functions. Thereby she proclaims to all the world that these are the patterns to be copied and the ideals to be realized. Not far off, impossible ideals; but the actual lives and achievements of men and women who had to struggle with the very difficulties which we encounter.

Such, then, is the philosophy of the Church on which she bases education. Sense-activity, mental association, self-expression, and imitation are to be developed and directed in such a way as to make all our thinking and all our doing the living manifestation of our religious belief.

I have said that the practice of the Church is in accord with the teachings of modern psychology. She recognized the practical import of the laws which govern the mind. She knows full well what sense-perception means—something must be seen, something must be heard. The question is: Shall this something be of the earth earthy, or shall it be the semblance of things divine? She knows full well how thoughts and images are grouped by the process of association. The question is: Shall the mind be furnished with ideas that are material and coarse, or with ideas that are elevated, spiritual, refined? She understands thoroughly the law by which every mental state tends to outward expression, and the other law by which this expression reinforces the mental process. The question is: Shall action be directed along paths that lead upward, or along paths that lead downward? She realizes the

significance of imitation for determining conduct and building up character. The question is: Shall the models proposed for imitation be pagan or Christian, examples of worldly success or of heavenly aspiration?

This is the choice that lies open to us as educators. How the Church decides we already know. And whatever judgment may be passed by her critics upon her educational ideals, she surely cannot be accused of setting at naught the principles and laws of psychology.

Yet it may be said—it often is said—why should the teaching of religion be brought into the work of the school? Why not leave it to the catechism class or postpone it until the mind is sufficiently mature to appreciate its meaning and grapple with its problems? What relation can there be, in principle or method or content, between religious instruction and the subjects that fill the curriculum?

The answer to these questions is furnished, again, by psychology as applied to education. For we know that the reception which the mind gives to any idea is determined, not simply by the nature of that idea, but also by the nature of the ideas that are already in the mind. If the new idea is altogether strange or foreign to those that have been acquired, if it is not welcomed but intruded upon the mind, it will have little or no effect upon the mental development; it will remain a solitary, unassimilated thought, and will quickly perish for want of support. On the contrary, if the mind is prepared to receive it, if it is seized on by a group of congenial ideas, it not only becomes a lasting possession, but it also exerts a powerful influence upon the growth of the mind.

This law of apperception is one with which every teacher is familiar. It is the corner stone of an educational theory which has many distinguished advocates in this country. And it bears the sanction of modern psychology.

Applied to religious education, this law means that the truths of religion must enter the mind along with ordinary knowledge. If they are held back to the years of maturity, they will not be apperceived. They will be as the seed that fell upon stony ground. If they are reserved for the Sunday-school, or any other means of instruction which sets them apart from the daily work of education, they will be regarded as superfluous and possibly as antagonistic to the knowledge

that is gotten in the school. They will not appear to the boy or girl as things of vital importance, as truths which have to do with everyday conduct. There can be no growth where there is no germination; and the most vigorous germ of thought must wither and decay if the ground has not been prepared.

We should not forget that a course of study is an object lesson. Whatever it includes is rightly supposed to possess some value. What it excludes is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be worth little or nothing. Once this appreciation is settled in the mind of the child, no amount of pedagogical skill will secure a proper estimate of truths that have not been taught in the school. And the reason is that the interests of the child have been led off in other directions. Modern psychology has done much to clear up the problem of interest and modern education has been the gainer. What the Church claims is that the supreme interests of life, the interests that reach out to eternity, should be awakened and strengthened to such a degree that they may sanctify and ennoble every other interest, every other concern of the human mind.

That these interests are dear to all Catholics, is a fact that calls for no proof. But they are specially dear to those who are engaged in the work of education. Catholic teachers understand the importance of instructing their pupils in the truths of religion. It is of equal importance to realize that these truths may be taught by methods which are thoroughly in keeping with the laws of psychology.

THE LIMITS OF THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

BY GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J.

IN an article in the *Month* (January, 1904) I discussed some difficulties attendant on the effort to find in the doctrine of development a middle way between the dominant theology of the Catholic schools * and that of the liberal or, we might say, German school as represented by Caird, Gardner, Sabatier, or even more liberal writers—"liberal," in so far as they discard the fetters imposed on free thought by the belief in a supernatural revelation and in a supernatural interpretation of the same. We can believe in the rights of criticism on the one hand, and of Catholic theology on the other, to work out the results of their several presuppositions; we can believe in unity of all truth, natural and revealed; and yet fail for the moment, or forever, to establish that unity in a way satisfactory to our own or to other minds.

Yet the unifying effort is a plain duty on the part of the professed exponents of Catholic truth, nor will any number of failures justify inertia or intransigeance. Not only is it incumbent on our theologians of to-day to establish by sound apologetic their presupposition of a miraculous revelation miraculously interpreted; but they must also show either that these presuppositions do not absolutely bind us down to the bygone thought-forms and categories of the various ages in which our doctrines were formulated; or else that to be so bound down is not that grave intellectual disadvantage which at first sight it would appear. For if to adhere to the social forms, languages, and usages of past time would cut us off from all healthy participation in the social life of our age and country, so too we should be shut off in sterile seclusion from the movement of contemporary mental life were we irrevocably

* Needless to say that Catholic theology is related to Catholicism as Christology is to Christ, or as natural science is to nature, or as the theory of any living organism is to that life and organism, or as a man's account of himself is related to what he is. Between natural and supernatural reality there can be no conflict, but only between the theories of one and the other, between natural and sacred science.

committed to obsolete modes of thought with all their implications and consequences—unless indeed we were to cut away our religious thought from the unity of our mind and put it to moulder away in a watertight compartment by itself.

But if, on the other side, we are asked to accept the unanimous conclusions of critical experts, we may surely suspend our judgment until we see some way of reconciling these conclusions with convictions derived from more sacred sources. It may well be that the results of free criticism do not seem to us more irreconcilable with the teachings of faith than the philosophy of Aristotle seemed to the Fathers, or than the astronomy of Copernicus seemed to the theologians of the sixteenth century; but we too have a right and duty of intransigeance *pendente lite.*

I ventured to suggest in the article aforesaid that the attempt to find a solution of the dilemma in the principle of development of ideas was in many ways unsatisfactory; that the principle was all-dominating in the case of liberal theology; that it was dominated and brought under that of authority in the case of Catholic theology. There it was a wild horse in the prairies; here, a tram-horse in harness moving up and down within fixed limits along fixed lines; there it was mistress; here it was but a handmaid, an *ancilla theologiæ.* And the root of this difference I assigned to the fact that liberal theology, like nature science, has for its subject-matter a certain ever-present department of human experience which it endeavors progressively to formulate and understand, and which is ever at hand to furnish a criterion of the success of such endeavors; whereas our school-divinity professes to find its subject-matter in the record or register of certain past experiences that cannot be repeated and are known to us only through such a record. In the former case our knowledge progresses not merely (as in the latter) in virtue of mental labor and reflection brought to bear on an unchanging *datum,* but in virtue of an ever new supply of experience, presenting us with ever new aspects and parts of the subject-matter. Our first naïve formulations and categories soon prove too tight and narrow for our accumulating experience, and after a certain amount of stretching and adaptation they burst altogether, and more comprehensive conceptions take their place. These we criticise, not by their correspondence to the aban-

doned forms, whose interest is henceforth merely historical, but by their adequacy to the newly revealed matter. We do not ask if Copernican be true to Ptolemaic astronomy, but if it be true to experience. Nor does the liberal theologian ask or care that his theology be substantially identical with that of the past, but only that it be truer to experience than that which it supersedes. The new contains the old, not as an unchanged nucleus with additions, not as three contains two; but only as Copernicus contains Ptolemy; as a new hypothesis is said loosely and inaccurately to contain the old, because it explains the same facts and experiences, albeit in a totally different synthesis.

For theological developments of this scientific sort the conception of the *depositum fidei* as a record of a bygone supernatural experience leaves no place whatever. Those to whom that supernatural experience was accorded could not communicate it directly to others; they could not open the eyes of others to see what they saw. They could only (under divine inspiration) reconstruct the revealed realities in the rude algebra of conventional signs or symbols, by means of which others, for whom those signs possessed a like value, might reproduce this reconstruction in their own minds, and see, not what the Apostles saw, but the symbol thereof, the expression of things supernatural and ineffable in terms of things natural and communicable. That symbol, that "form of sound words," is the *depositum fidei;* the realities symbolized were revealed for a moment and then withdrawn again into darkness. Hence the preservation of that symbol, not merely of the dead words but of the meaning they bore for their first hearers, of the figures under which the mysteries revealed to the Apostles were presented by them to the minds of their followers, is the supreme end of the Church's doctrinal authority. From the nature of the case this original expression of the mysteries of faith is classical, normative, inspired; for it alone has been shaped in face of the realities expressed. Were it a mathematical equation, and not merely a defective presentment of the higher in terms of the lower, we might safely translate it into its equivalents and not alter its truth-value; but, as it is, we dare not tamper with it; we cannot adjust or correct a representation of what we only know through and in that representation. But the Church can and does correct and adjust

later copies, expansions, and illustrations of that representation by means of it. For not only are the inevitable explications and applications of the apostolic tradition liable to error; but the meaning of the language and symbolism in which it is transmitted is continually shifting. Words and material signs, so far as they are dead things, are comparatively stable, but their sense grows and varies incessantly with the growth and variations of the living mind. "La fixité des mots," says a recent writer, "qui désignent des choses mouvantes, trompe les esprits et cause de faux jugements." Obviously it is the sense, the thought-forms, the categories, and not the material signs, that constitute the *depositum fidei.* The Church criticises doctrinal developments by the standard of "Apostolicity," *i. e.*, of their conformity to the sense of her original record, in respect to which they are either false or true. Her criterion of dogmatic truth is not the eternal reality, but the inspired representation of that reality given to her keeping by the Apostles. That later presentments of dogma should swallow up and supersede these earlier and earliest, as Copernican superseded Ptolemaic astronomy is therefore (from the nature of the presuppositions of Catholic theology) quite impossible. For doctrinal development in that sense there is no room. The Athanasian Creed is not the fruit of a fuller supernatural experience than the confession of St. Peter, but is simply the explication of that confession, the fruit of the Church's reflection thereon, of her ponderings and inferences; of her endeavors to relate it to the rest of human knowledge. There is no question of gathered experience bursting through the narrower categories and formulations; of new wine seeking new bottles. All unworthy though even the original inspired formulations must necessarily be, we dare not, in the absence of the eternal realities for which they stand, translate them into higher categories such as inspiration might have used had the revelation been deferred to our own day. For we only hold so much of those realities as is symbolized in the narrower categories; nor have we any other data beyond that limit.

By way of illustration of all that I have said, I would venture, with some diffidence, to contrast Newman's Anglican *Theory of Developments of Religious Doctrine*, as sketched in the University Sermon of 1843, with the application of the same

theory in his Catholic *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845); and to show how, in being combined with the presupposition of a past revelation infallibly interpreted by present authority, it necessarily becomes an *ancilla theologiæ*, and loses that independence and supremacy which it possesses on the presuppositions of liberal theology.*

In the University Sermon of 1843, Newman asks:† "Why should there not be that real connection between science and its subject-matter in religion which exists in other departments of thought?" He speaks throughout of the object of Revelation (the Trinity or the Incarnation) as continually presented to our apprehension in a way quite parallel to that in which the natural world is presented, and as therefore furnishing us in like manner with a sort of experimental criterion of our formulations and mental reconstructions of that object. "Revelation sets before it (the Christian mind) certain supernatural facts and actions, beings and principles; these make a certain impression or image upon it; and this impression spontaneously or even necessarily becomes the subject of reflection on the part of the mind itself, which proceeds to investigate it and to draw it forth in successive and distinct sentences."‡ Revelation is described as an abiding "master-vision" controlling the workings of the Church's mind.§ A dogma professes to formulate the results of "direct contemplation" of the object defined.‖ The very "first impulse" of every Christian's faith "is to try to express itself about the 'great sight' which is vouchsafed to it," and which is the subject-matter of its theory just as the vision of nature is the subject-matter of natural science.¶ The devout mind turns "to the contemplation of the object of its adoration and begins to form statements concerning him" till "what was first an impression on the imagination has become a system or creed in the reason."** This "impression" of God "is not a thing of parts. It is not a system. . . . It is the vision of an object," and "may be fitly compared to the impressions made on us through the senses."†† As being "images of what is real," the ideas which we are granted of divine objects may be called real;‡‡

* I am only speaking of these two writings of Newman's considered apart from the context of his entire life and work. Also I quite recognize the purely *ad hominem* character of the *Essay on Development* which simply takes Tractarianism on its own admissions, and may stand with a different synthesis in the author's mind to that which he is actually defending.

† P. 328 in Longman's edition of 1900. ‡ P. 320. § Pp. 322, 323.
‖ P. 325. ¶ P. 327. ** P. 329. †† P. 330. ‡‡ P. 330.

and like all real concrete objects can never be exhaustively formulated. "Creeds and dogmas live in the one idea which they are designed to express and which alone is substantive."* This idea or "sacred impression," which is "prior" to its formulations "acts as a regulating principle, ever present, upon the reasoning," just as ever-present nature offers the test of direct experience to the theories of science.† "Religious men, according to their measure, have an idea or vision of the Blessed Trinity in Unity, of the Son Incarnate and of his Presence, . . . not as the subject of a number of propositions, but as one and individual and independent of words, as an impression conveyed through the senses."‡ For the understanding of all these quotations it is only needful to remember that with Newman "idea" does not mean the mental formulation of an experienced object, but the object itself considered as apprehensible and intelligible. In his *Essay on Development*,§ he defines the "idea" of an object as "the sum-total of its possible aspects" or, as we might say, the sum-total of possible experiences in regard to it; and as this sum total is inexhaustible to the finite mind, it follows that we can go forever developing our formulation (or reasoned reconstruction) of the idea.

This conception of doctrinal development, though applied to a supernatural revelation, is, I think, in principle identical with that of liberal theology. For the subject-matter of development is not a formulation of the object revealed, but the object itself ever present to experience—or at least present in the same way that material objects are present. To the objection: "There is no such inward view of these doctrines distinct from the dogmatic language used to express them," he answers: "It should be considered whether our senses can be proved to suggest any real idea of matter,"‖ of the *thing in itself*, as distinct from the sum-total of experiences it produces in us. But this answer still insists on the parallelism between natural science and theology in respect of the abiding presence of those experiences which they formulate. "The senses do not convey to us any true impression of matter, but only an idea commensurate with sensible impressions."¶ Of matter *in se* we know nothing, but only of matter as it impresses itself on the senses; of the Trinity *in se* we know nothing, but only

* P. 331. † P. 334. ‡ P. 331. § P. 34. ‖ Pp. 338, 339. ¶ P. 340.

of the impression which it makes on the human mind by its revealed presentment thereto. This "impression" is not a verbal formula, but as real an experience as any sense impression. Newman feels the difficulty of this supposition of a perpetuated revelation abiding in the Christian mind. He suggests that divine grace may implant new ideas; or refine and elevate to sacramental efficacy those of the natural mind;* that the illuminating grace of Baptism may produce at least a capacity for receiving impressions;† that "the terms and figures which are used in the doctrines of the Holy Trinity . . . may by their combination create ideas which will be altogether new though they are still of an earthly character."‡ But when we reconstruct some unique experience in terms of conventional signs for purposes of communication, all we can possibly communicate is this reconstruction and not the experience symbolized. Only those who have experienced the like, will translate our communication into its true experience-value. It is vain to describe a symphony to a man deaf from birth; the novel word-combinations simply puzzle him. Unless we have here an "impression" of the supernatural already, words can never evoke such an impression to memory; no combination of natural experiences can yield a conception of an incommensurable order.

It seems to me, therefore, that as in the later *Essay* he is trying to square the same theory with theology, so in this sermon Newman is trying as far as possible to square theology with the free and unfettered theory of doctrinal development as applicable to matters of immediate experience; and that to this end he is trying to see how far revelation may be regarded, not as a past event, living on only in its record, but as an ever-abiding perpetuated experience of the mind of the Church. Were it such, then it is hard to see why we should venerate and rule ourselves by the past, and presumably less perfect, formulations of an ever-present object; why we should not be as free of the past as the liberal theologian who finds his subject-matter not in a sacred doctrine given long since from heaven, but in the present facts of conscience and religious experience; or why we should need the intervention of an infallible authority to control the work of development and reflection, seeing that such a principle of control would be fur-

* P. 339. † P. 333. ‡ P. 339.

nished by the experienced impression of the eternal realities themselves.

May it not be that this sermon is a tentative counter-theory opposed to the Biblical-Protestant (and, to some extent, to the Tractarian) appeal across the silent centuries to the oracles of a dead past as the all-sufficient rule of Christian truth; that is, a plea for a revelation that still lives and teaches, even as Christ's Spirit still lives and teaches, in the living Church; that it gropes after the notion of an "apostolicity" that is not the privilege of one age, but the attribute of all, making all equally authoritative; that it is so far in the direction of Catholic as opposed to Protestant and even Tractarian theology? Yet as a theory it differs from that of the *Essay* and that of the prevalent school-theology, in so far as it conceives the Spirit of Christ as an abiding principle of revelation, perpetuating in the mind of the Church that "master-vision" of God which was given to the Apostles; not indeed adding substantially to the content of that vision, but continuously expanding and elaborating its expression in accordance with the growth and development of the human mind from age to age—so that the Church of to-day speaks from *vision*, not from *memory*, of revealed truth. It conceives Christ's revelation as an element or germ of supernatural truth knit up from the first with the organic unity of the human mind of the Christian community, growing with its growth, strengthening with its strength, changing with its changes—and yet *semper eadem*, always the same in the sense in which every organic growth (whose past nevertheless dies away into its present) preserves its identity.

In this view, the criterion of present expressions of the ever-revealed truth is not their identity with, or subjection to, those of the past, but their conformity to supernatural experience of the present—a criterion of little external or demonstrable value, and whose application is most difficult and obscure, compared with that of the school-theology. At best it might be possible to point out the unity of spirit between later and earlier developments; to show that these find their explanation and "final cause" in those; or to use the observed law of growth and expansion as a criterion; or to appeal to the test of universal spiritual fruitfulness. "As objects excite sentiments," he says in the *Essay*,* "so do sentiments imply ob-

* Ch. i., sec. ii., n. 7.

jects." It might be said that the spirit was given to us primarily as charity, as a sentiment, and that doctrinal truth was but the object implied in, and deduced from, that sentiment—even as our constructions of the material world are deduced from our felt experiences. But all such criteria are hopelessly lacking in definiteness for purposes of doctrinal statement and confessional agreement.

In the avowedly tentative *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845) it seems to me that Newman, having the same theory of development in his mind as in 1843, applies it, only just so far as it is applicable, to the actual history of Catholic theology. He is arguing with the Tractarians on their own presuppositions. He is showing them that they can identify the Catholicism of the first four General Councils with the *depositum fidei* only by the implicit acceptance of a principle of development which should equally compel them to accept the Council of Trent. If this principle was always implicit in the dogmatic life of the Church; if it became imperfectly explicit in a writer here and there, as in Vincent of Lerins; yet it was too little in harmony with the statical modes of thought and with the imperfect historical sense of earlier centuries to have admitted in those days of the easy recognition which Newman, more than any one else, has now secured for it. The reference of doctrinal disputes of the first ages to the Apostolic Sees was dictated by the belief that they held the pure apostolic tradition unchanged and undeveloped. Actual, literal, and not merely substantial and virtual, apostolicity was for centuries the criterion of orthodoxy. The sub-apostolic age, with its belief in an immediate consummation of all things, could have no sense, no need of the supposition of doctrinal developments. Apostolicity was its criterion; and subsequent ages followed suit. In the theology of St. Thomas and the scholastics there is little or no explicit reference to the principle of development as a solvent of problems. It is assumed that the whole doctrinal system could be discovered in the Scriptures or in the Fathers by careful analysis and exegesis, as it were, by the use of a theological microscope and scalpel. The *disciplina arcani*, or else the imperfection of documents, is liberally invoked to explain discrepancies which our modern theologians would explain at once by development. Literal apostolicity is still the test. Could they have seen the

whole past history of theology, even as we now see it, the fact, the process, and laws of its growth would have forced themselves into recognition; but the interval that divided their age from that of the Apostles was for them buried in obscurity. In the sixteenth century the reformers and their opponents argued largely on the implicit common assumption that literal, actual apostolicity was the test of Christian truth, and haggled over texts instead of testing the legitimacy of developments. The Tractarians, against whom Newman urges the principle of development, were certainly patristic in refusing it explicit and sufficient recognition, and in their notion of apostolicity, actual and not virtual, as the rule of faith. He shows them that both they and the Fathers implicitly admitted the principle, and that they must abide by its consequences; that it formulates a necessary law of the mind in its reflection on any subject-matter whatever, be it a fact or a document, an experience or a record of experience.

But the whole *Essay* of 1845 assumes the presupposition of the Tractarians, namely, the conception of the *depositum fidei* as being the communicable record and symbolic reconstruction of a revelation accorded to the Apostles alone. The subject-matter of the development there discussed is not an object revealed but the symbol of that object, the primitive *Credo*. Consistently with this, and only with this, conception of the matter Newman declares the need of "an infallible developing authority."* Were the object ever present to us by a perpetuated revelation we should have in itself a sufficient criterion of its formulations; as we have of natural science in nature. But the ever-shifting sense value of dead words and symbols would quickly and hopelessly obliterate the sense of the primitive *Credo* in default of some supernatural intervention. In the hands of an unscholarly reader the New Testament yields a vastly different sense to that which it bore to its writers. If he have faith, he will try to square the rest of his mind with this misconceived divine teaching to the prejudice of reason; if he have no faith, he will scoff at what he has simply misunderstood, owing to the changed value of language.

Again, it is consistent with, and only with, the same presupposition when Newman claims for this *Credo* and for its infallibly warranted developments that jurisdiction over all depart-

* Ch. ii., sec. ii.

ments of thought which "imparts to the history both of states and of religions its specially turbulent and polemical character," * and this, because "facts and opinions which have hitherto been regarded in other relations and grouped round other centres henceforth are gradually attracted to a new influence and subjected to a new sovereign." † If we hold the revealed object only as communicated in certain consecrated categories or thought forms; if we have no direct access to it for purposes of adjustment, of re-expression and re-clothing, then the preservation of those categories is a matter of life and death. But they belong to, and entail the unity of, the whole living organism of human thought and knowledge; if they are to live they must be in agreement therewith; if in the event of discord, they cannot yield to novelty, novelty must yield to them. Else religion will be a walled-off department of our mind; neither affecting nor affected by rest. Here we have the conflict of Church and State reproduced in the realm of knowledge; another application of the same principle. Again he is consistent to the same presupposition when he makes the earlier developments the criterion of the later; and the *depositum fidei* the supreme criterion of all—thus subjecting the present and future to the past. The inverse obtains in natural science, which can afford to discard its past theories or to judge them by their conformity to present views. For, in organic and psychological as distinguished from mechanical or dialectical developments, the earlier stage is explained and criticised by the later; the means by the end. The true criterion, namely, the final issue, lies hidden inaccessibly in the future. So far as present developments explain and find a use for what was inexplicable in the past they are presumably in the right direction; but who can say what present irregularity or evil may not find its justification in what is yet to come? Liberal theology lacks that definite, workable criterion which is furnished by an appeal to the past; it can only appeal to the criterion of an imperfectly determined spirit or law of development, if it is not to justify the whole existing state of things *en bloc*.

If Newman amends ‡ the almost purely quantitative conception of development implied in Vincent of Lerins: "Small are a baby's limbs, a youth's are larger," by suggesting that

* Ch. i., sec. i., n. 5. † P. 185. Edit. 1900. *Cf.* p. 355. ‡ P. 172.

there may be "considerable alteration of proportion and relation as time goes on," and that the butterfly is the development, though not the image, of the grub; yet this is but to make room for "a multitude of propositions . . . which gather round the inspired sentence of which they come,"* or for "doctrines, rites, and usages," which "have grown up round the Apostles Creed and have impenetrated its articles, claiming to be part of Christianity, and looking like those *additions*† which we are in search of."‡ The conception throughout is clearly that of an unchanging dogmatic nucleus round which "additional" propositions ever group themselves into a doctrinal system ever "the same," because its central beliefs are *actually*, its subsidiary beliefs *virtually* apostolical, *i. e.*, identical with the "deposit of faith."

Such is the daring scheme of the celebrated *Essay* which harmonizes as far as possible the dynamical conception of orderly growth and development with the more statical conception of an unchanging original deposit of faith supplemented by infallible and irreformable interpretations from time to time. Though at first viewed askance by many, it has since commended itself so universally that the more ancient and literal interpretation of the test of apostolicity is now hardly maintained anywhere in its purity, except perhaps in the petrified theology of the Greek Schismatical Church and among Protestant Bible Christians, if there be any left. The *disciplina arcani* rusts away quietly among other obsolete weapons of controversy. The growth of doctrine is a fact that in the Western world has become evident to all. We must either (with Protestantism) deny all apostolicity to these growths; or accept them as lawful developments, and as therefore virtually apostolic.

In the case of so subtle a dialectician as Newman, we cannot conclude at once that he is himself quite satisfied with a theory which he happens to be urging *ad hominem*, or that he is unaware of its difficulties and limitations. Thus, when he urges that the violent and unseemly modes of procedure which are sometimes alleged against Catholic orthodoxy of modern times were equally characteristic of the orthodoxy of the patristic age, and that courtesy and gentleness often seemed the monopoly of heterodoxy; or when § he replies to the

* P. 59. † Italics mine. ‡ P. 92. § Ch. vii. sect. 4.

charge against later Catholic theology of unreal and fantastic handling of texts by showing that respect for the letter and for the immediate sense of Scripture went oftenest with heresy, and that orthodoxy stood for the loose, mystical sense, all this is plainly *ad hominem* and is not a plea for violence or for inaccuracy. And so, too, as a whole, the *Essay* cannot be adduced as demonstrably representing Newman's inmost, still less his final, view, or as really contradicting the University Sermon which deals with the theory of doctrinal developments and not with its application to a particular controversy and its data. Great, however, as is the relief which the *Essay* offers to "what has now (even in 1845) become a necessary and an anxious problem,"* it raises or leaves unsolved some great difficulties.

As each department of thought and knowledge, so too (according to the prevalent evolutionary philosophy) knowledge *as a whole* grows from generation to generation into something qualitatively different; it is not only *more*, it is *other*. The collective mind of our day, it is said, is not that of savagery, plus that of barbarism, plus mediævalism, plus modernity;—as it were concentric circles framing one another, or stories of a house piled one on top of another, or wings and additions of different styles made to it at different periods and still persisting in their differences. The categories of the past have died and dissolved into those of the present; they do not and cannot coexist unchanged. Words and signs like dead monuments may survive, but their sense has perished to live again in something fuller or other. If this is not so, we must show that it is not so. We must show that the general mind does not grow in this organic fashion, but rather, as the scholastics teach, by working on certain permanently established categories, principles, and facts, the same for all men at all times, and by progressively building these up dialectically into an ever more complex and comprehensive system of knowledge; we must show that the development of doctrine, as described in the *Essay*, is simply a particular case of the general conditions, static and dynamic, of mental growth. If the first conceptions in which the Christian revelation was given us can grow out of all shape and recognition like letters cut on the bark of a young tree; if they are not

*P. 30.

immune from the law of progressive transformation; if the very subject-matter of our theology grows with the growth of the mind, how can it be used as a fixed standard and criterion of that growth? A building may grow, but if the building-materials also grow, the results will be like those of the croquet-party in *Alice's Adventures*.

Ultimately the question resolves itself into this: Does thought grow architecturally or biologically? If the former, then the problem arises: Does the "deposit of faith," and do the infallible definitions of the Church, bind us absolutely to the categories and thought-forms of the age in which they were framed. That they do, would seem to be indicated by the ceaseless polemic aforesaid between theology and profane philosophy, science, and history consequent on the indirect jurisdiction which the former claims over the whole realm of man's thought—a claim which would be unnecessary did theology hold these categories to be of but a relative and symbolic value which they could retain irrespective of the fluctuations of thought, and did it not treat them as finally assured, not as amendable results. If, as it seems, we are bound to them as of absolute value, as finally true for philosophy, science, and history, then we have a new brood of problems, for we must show that those of different ages are consistent with one another, and that those of all the ages together are still valid and furnish collectively a rule by which modern thought should be corrected. That is the difficulty on one side. On the other, if we deny that past forms are to be the criterion of present and stand by all the implications of that denial, we not only contradict tradition in a substantial point, but we shall find it hard in many ways to erect a secure barrier against liberal theology.* To find some *via media* between the

* In my former article I defined (and exemplified) "liberal theology" as that which prescinds entirely from miraculous revelation and professes to be simply the philosophy or natural science of man's universal religious experience. Needless to say it discards all belief in, or deference to, the teaching authority of the Church, and has therefore nothing whatever to do with what is sometimes called "Liberal Catholicism," which in this point is professedly Catholic; nor again with the older Protestantism, which holds on to the belief in a past miraculous revelation as the rule of present orthodoxy. This latter is Harnack's position so far as he appeals to an exceedingly dwindled nucleus of primitive Christian revelation as a doctrinal test; a nucleus which he does not regard as in process of ceaseless transformation along with the mind, but as gathering round it accretions and additions, which, whether legitimate or illegitimate, have no divine authorization. At times he leaves it doubtful whether he conceives the revelation of God's Fatherhood and man's brotherhood as communicated doctrinally to the mind, or as the infusion into the heart of a certain spirit or sentiment which spontaneously explains itself and its object to the understanding in that doctrine. This latter view would put him in a category apart.

Scylla and Charybdis of these pressing difficulties is the endeavor of those who follow in the footsteps of Newman. This article does not pretend to contribute directly towards a solution of the problem in question; but only indirectly, that is, by endeavoring to clear the issue as much as possible, to indicate the precise lie of Scylla on one side and Charybdis on the other.

Yet a difficulty stated is, in many cases, a difficulty solved. When we can rest neither on one horn of a dilemma nor on the other, we may be sure that we are victims of a fallacy of "imperfect disjunction." A reconciliation of an unchangeable body of primitive beliefs with a theory of development in no way prejudicial, either to unity of faith or to the laws of mental growth, is to be looked for close at hand in elementary principles common to all Christians, in the recognition that the Gospel was preached to the poor, to the non-scientific. But this would take me beyond the scope of the present article.

THE WEAVER.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THE cottage lay close by the narrow roadway, on the other side of which a mountain torrent, unprotected by wall or battlement, forced its way over boulders in a mad race to the sea. On its shelving banks Tom Garvey's blue-eyed children played all day and every day, and people used to wonder how Tom and his wife Biddy saved them from a watery grave, for the brook abounded in treacherous pools.

Tom was tall and fair, with genial blue eyes and a face that might be considered handsome were it not for the weak, receding chin. He was never busy, never in a hurry. He tilled his acre of land and grazed his cow along the road dykes in summer time when her usual pasture land was stopped for the growth of hay. Sometimes he did a day's work for a neighbor for hire or kindliness—generally the latter. He had always the kind word for young and old, always the spare time to stop for a chat, always the willing heart to do a neighborly act, and, in consequence, was much liked, if not too much respected.

Biddy, his wife, had been a beauty in her youth, and, as the mother of six noisy youngsters, was still comely. She had chosen Tom out of many admirers, although he possessed nothing he could legally call his own, for the cottage and three acres of land belonged to his elder brother. They were married by the parish priest one Sunday and the pound-offering made by Tom was borrowed from a neighbor. They returned to Tom's brother and made their home with him without even asking his leave. Paddy Garvey did not welcome them, neither did he resent the intrusion; the only evidence of feeling showed was a little pallor of the face and a tightening of the lips, as of one who did not quarrel with fate and bowed to the inevitable. Biddy noticed these things as she sat by the kitchen door and watched Paddy as he went on with the prepara-

tion of their modest evening meal, for he and Tom had lived alone in the cottage since their mother's death—the former doing the housework.

"I've brought home a housekeeper," said Tom at last, looking at his brother sheepishly.

"Aye!" ejaculated Paddy without ceasing his work.

"She'll be handy," went on Tom.

"You'll need some one handy when I'm gone," answered his brother. "An' some one more than that, I'm thinking," he went on in a tone slightly suggestive of bitterness.

Biddy flushed, but she took off her bonnet and mantle and sat down to the meal without an invitation. The three ate in silence and the monotonous tenor of their lives began.

The marriage was more than a nine days' wonder. People were never tired of praising Biddy—never wearied setting her up as a brilliant example. Nobody ever saw her at work, yet the cottage was always as neat as new pins, the children tidily and cleanly, if poorly, clad. She devoted a goodly part of each day, when weather permitted, pacing slowly up and down the roadway with fingers busy building up, stitch by stitch, abnormally long stockings. The inquisitive puzzled their brains as to the probable destination of these, since Tom could not possibly wear out as many as she knitted, and, so far as any one knew, she had no relations, near or otherwise.

Tom and Biddy were popularly supposed to be an ideal pair, and should have been ideally happy were it not for the gloomy presence of Paddy, and much pity was bestowed on the young pair for this dark cloud in their bright household, for Paddy Garvey was dark and sullen and silent. No one ever saw him smile since Biddy crossed his threshold, and he worked so hard that he never had any time for kindliness. He was by trade a weaver, and the bright, sunny cottage had one gloomy chamber set apart for his entire use, where bales of wool hung suspended from every beam over a big, ugly loom, in the midst of which Paddy sat, unwashed, unkempt, plying his shuttle as if impelled by an unseen power.

Sometimes the children peeped shyly in, but ran away again as they might at the cry of Bogie-Man, and, at such times, an observer, had there been any, might have seen a swift spasm of pain pass over the man's tired face. Occasionally Biddy came into his den with a cup of tea, a few pota-

toes, a bowl of milk, or some such scanty portion of their meal when he delayed joining them over-long, and laid them silently on a small table at his back. Often the neighbors called in with work for him and the will to tarry for a little mild gossip, but he usually cut them short, and they went away more convinced than ever that Tom and Biddy were much-enduring mortals. When their concern evinced itself in words, Biddy had a peculiar trick of sucking in her lips and looking at her husband with an expression that was not kin to love, and he had an adroit way of quickly changing the conversation, or rising suddenly with an ejaculation about some important business left undone through forgetfulness, which set more than one thinking. But curiosity remained unsatisfied. Biddy could close her lips to some purpose. She never spoke ill of Paddy, of her husband, of anybody. When she had no good to narrate, she held her peace. Tom laughed good-naturedly at everything, or joked facts away when they came persistently before him. Paddy remained grim, silent, unapproachable. It was only once a year, when the parish priest hunted him out to perform his Easter duties, that the neighbors caught a glimpse of a clean, uncomfortable man attired in best clothes of a very ancient pattern.

The strange trio had thus lived their lives about a dozen years, with little or no break in the monotony save the periodical arrival of a fair, blue-eyed child, when Biddy, entering the dark chamber one morning with the customary cup of tea, found the loom still and the dark figure absent. It took her several seconds to take in these facts, and her breath came a little quickly as she climbed the ladder stairway to peep into his attic bedroom. Not that she expected to see him there, for Paddy rarely lay abed after the sun, but, since he seldom went abroad, it was useless seeking him in the fields. The summer sun was fighting its way in at the small attic window, and lingered on the lowly bed and a still figure with pallid face which lay there. The eyes were wide open and sad, the mouth drooped, and the hands lay limp and inert on the quilt. Biddy's breath came quickly. "Paddy!" she said in an awed whisper.

"I couldn't help it, Biddy," answered a weak voice. "I set the kitchen in order, lighted the fire, fed the fowls, and then I turned in again. Biddy, do you know I am dyin'?"

The sad, patient eyes searched her face, lingering on its rounded curves and pouting red lips.

"Paddy!" she reiterated as the blood crept away from her cheeks and a mist swam before her eyes.

"'Tis thrue," he said. "Mortal man couldn't stand it, an' I've been givin' this year or two."

Biddy came close to the bedside, and, kneeling down, looked into the sick man's face saying: "I'll send for the doctor. Pat Donovan will get us a ticket, an', bein' a kind neighbor, he might call for him on his way to-morrow."

The sick man smiled answering: "Never mind the docthor, Biddy asthore; I'm thinkin' I won't be in his need to-morrow."

"Paddy," she said brokenly, "we didn't heed you much, but we'll be different when you are better again. The children—"

"Ah, yes; I was only an old crank, Biddy, an' you were a fair young colleen. Who could expect that you'd take me an' leave Tom?"

"I couldn't help likin' Tom best then, but if I had the time over again—"

"If you had, you'd have married Tom just the same, an' ye'd have let poor ould neglected Paddy work to fill the children's mouths."

"Don't," she moaned.

"'Tisn't that I mind goin'," he went on as if he had not heard, "for when a man goes around with a heart of lead, day in an' day out, 'tis bound to weigh him down at last; but I pity the children with a lazy father like Tom, although they always kept me far away from their little hearts, an' I pity the girl I gave my life for—"

Biddy's sobs broke into his speech, and he raised himself on one elbow with a painful effort, while, with the other hand, he gently stroked her head.

"I was the queer old man, to be sure," he went on half unheeding, "but the first day I ever saw you, when the boys gathered down in the kitchen for a dance an' you stood beside Tom, I thought the ould kitchen wasn't the same while you were in it—so bright like, as if the sun had come out suddenly after a dark mornin'. 'Twas rainin' hard, I remember, as ye ran in, but I didn't notice the rain or the darkness for the brightness that was all around you. I was the queer old man

for sure, to be askin' you to stop with me, when I knew from the first you had eyes only for Tom. Sure I carried him on my back when he was a little lad, an' when he fought with the other youngsters, as boys will, I beat them till they were black an' blue for darin' to lay hands on him. I was always more like his father than his brother, an' I never wanted a thing from him but the girl he wasn't man enough to work for, an'—"

"Don't say anything against Tom," Biddy interrupted, starting up. "He can't help being made as he is."

"Was I sayin' anything against him? I'm the queer old man, an' the sooner I lay my bones to rest beside my poor old mother, the better for all."

But Biddy was of an active mind, and did not believe in sympathetic words where deeds would serve better, so, without more ado, she retreated to the kitchen and bustled about the wants of the sick man. Tom was sent at once for the priest and doctor, while little Patsy, the eldest boy, was despatched to the village for such dainties as could be procured there.

"'Tis the way we didn't heed him enough," she said to the doctor, and the doctor laughed. The idea of any deeper meaning in her words did not filter through his mundane mind. According to his thought, a sufficiency of food and drink was enough to satisfy any man's needs; and if the sick man had not had a sufficiency in that way, it was surely his own fault, since trade was brisk and wages good in his line of life.

Yet for all the care and ministrations of physicians for body and soul, Paddy lay inert, slowly but surely bound for the land of shadows. The heart of the big, ugly loom in the dark chamber ceased to throb, and the bales of wool made uncanny shadows when the moonlight filtered through the uncurtained window. The children peeped in, and seeing the dark figure absent, whose will moved the uncanny thing to weave great bundles of flannel and frieze, they took to playing hide and seek between the beams and joists.

Paddy heard them as he lay still in his attic bed. Sometimes a shout of delight warmed his heart a little, but such manifestations of joy were quickly quelled by the mother, lest they might disturb him. It troubled him, for he had loved them in his slow, silent way for her sake, and he bade her leave them free, since childhood was a time of joy. He wished they would come up and share a little of their youthful gaiety

with him, but they never came further than half-way up the ladder stairway, when he would suddenly see two big round eyes and a fair curly head peeping over, only to disappear again as soon as his eyes turned in that direction. Why did they fear him? They had always held aloof from him. It was time he was going home.

"You are tired, Biddy," he said one day. "I never thought I would live to give you so much trouble."

The tears came up and stood in her eyes She knew now it was no use striving against the Reaper.

Paddy had entered the valley of shadows, and the neighbors, although they had been kind and sympathetic during his illness, could not but feel that Biddy and Tom would be happier when time had softened the sorrow that usually follows in the train of death. They did not know that Want came and sat an unwelcome visitor in Paddy's place at their board, for Biddy was ever one to keep her own counsel, and when they still came with bales of spun wool to be woven, thinking surely Tom worked the loom in his brother's place, she never let them know that, early in the morning and late at night, her own hands threw the shuttle that transformed their wool into good, sound flannel for rough wear.

"God rest his soul," she would say to herself as she arose early for her day's toil, and the same again as, wearied and over-burdened, she lay down for a brief rest.

CURA ANIMARUM.

BY VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

SEEING that a highly developed organism such as the Holy See, and a highly complicated phenomenon such as *Condemnation*, cannot fully be described from one point of view, but should be approached from every side, I will set down the thoughts raised in the mind of one who would describe himself as a loyal and tolerant Catholic, by the phenomenon of recent condemnations. To others may well be handed over the difficult task of analysing the human motives that sometimes play no mean *rôle* in the tragedy of condemned thinkers. The fact that even the Sacred Humanity of our Blessed Lord had its limitations prepares the Catholic for a broad-minded tolerance of the earthen vessels within which the Balm of Gilead is kept, if not always kept fresh. There will be, as there has been, no lack of writers to volunteer painstaking analyses of the human side—that is, the outside—of recent decisions. Neither will there be any want of cleverness and brilliancy in stating facts which even in their own unheightened obtrusiveness are likely to swerve over-sensitive minds from the substance of phenomena to their mere accompaniments. Yet, the loyal and tolerant Catholic view is not so often, nor so easily, put forward that a writer may undertake the task with no sense of responsibility.

To loyal Roman Catholics, Rome is not only the meeting-place, but the market-place, and still more the Metropolis of Souls. There are ten thousand other interests by the banks of the Tiber; because life, and especially spiritual life, is a synthesis of countless functions. The artistic, archeological, political interests are there unquestionable; nay, supreme; and, at least, so prominent that to some men Rome is an art gallery, to others a museum, to others a forum. To us, Catholic Rome is a *Sancta Sedes*, a Holy See; that is, something lasting, something holy; not that all its decisions stand, nor that all its acts are holy. It should not be viewed as a mere

Holy Office governed by a commission, but as a world-wide institution whose curve of motion is expressed by a scheme. This view of it makes it imperative to allow no difficulties of the subsidiary parts to beckon our attention away from the general organic function. Just as we may recognize that monarchies have been a blessing in spite of Nero, and republics, in spite of the Convention, so must we recognize that the Holy See has stood and stands for souls in spite of Julius II. and Alexander VI. With fluctuations in fervor she has been a not unfaithful steward of the commission to see that the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

This is her unique function. Sometimes she has seemed to coquet with monarchs as with Charlemagne, or with pagan civilization as during the Renaissance, or with other forms of merely worldly power, but her conscience has been smitten at last. The strokes of persecution or apostasy have always opened her eyes in time, and sometimes only just in time, to save her from an official treason to her divine mission. How often has she falsified all the calculating diplomacy of monarchs, who would bind her with golden fetters, by some scruple about the validity of a marriage or the orthodoxy of a formulary! When most fervent and most faithful to her divine commission her cry has been: "Da mihi animas! Non tua sed Te!" And on the whole she has been faithful to her commission. Though begetting and educating sons who could take the front rank in art, politics, philosophy, she has never yielded to the temptation to view these things as the end, or even as the chief means of her work. Even in her approval or condemnation of what has claimed her acceptance, her chief, if not her only, canon of criticism has been the "Cura Animarum." Though a custodian of the truth, it may not be a paradox to say that in approving or condemning she has been concerned about truth less than about goodness. She has looked less intently into the relations of theory to the mind than to the soul. By this I do not mean to say that she has sacrificed truth; she has but found the shortest way to it. Even in such seemingly abstract questions as those that formed the disputed frontier in her struggles with Arianism, Nestorianism, Monophysitism, she looked less to the mere abstract dogma of the occult relations between the Father and the Son, between the Infinite and the finite, than to the effect which these said

abstractions might have upon the fellaheen of Upper Egypt or the poor of Constantinople.

This is, perhaps, the reason why, to use the strong words of Newman, there came a time when the "divine dogma of our Lord's divinity" (as defined at Nicea by the Bishops) "was proclaimed, enforced, maintained, and, humanly speaking, preserved far more by the *Ecclesia Docta* than by the *Ecclesia Docens*," because the first formal decision had been drawn up less as the outcome of dialectics than as an adjustment to the inner needs of the human soul. The men whom she calls heresiarchs have arisen for the most part from the ranks of those who have had no very great anxiety for the needs and temptations of souls. They have troubled the world by their abstract questionings, which, lawful in their time and place, are too much allied to mere pagan intellectualism to stanch the soul's wounds or even quench the soul's thirst. Arius, Nestorius, Eutyches, Pelagius, are names of subtle thinkers whose conception of religion would liken it to the Republic of Plato, which could appeal only to the few who have education, wealth, and leisure, and not to the many poor, unlettered toilers, ignorant of abstractions, whose souls lie beyond the touch of all but divine realities.

Yet whilst maintaining that the Church's attitude towards opinion is determined by her maternal "Care of Souls," we must not be conceived as maintaining the paradox that dogmatic truths are verifiable by the voice of Conscience, as if the virgin birth were a dictate of the same inner tribunal that warns us "Thou shalt not steal." To be quite accurate, or as nearly accurate as the subject-matter will permit, we should say that the question of souls is not so much the reason as the motive of her decisions. Neither must we be taken to deny the fact that on the whole the pure, upright conscience has an insight into dogmatic truth, seeing that on the whole there is a very subtle, yet very real, relation between being and well-being, between what is and what is good, between what is likely to scandalize the "poor" and what is the will of him who preached the good tidings to the poor before all others.

This is at once the explanation and, if you will, the justification, of certain condemnations on the part of the Holy See. Long before any absolutely final or infallible decision is

arrived at, she takes care of souls by daily warnings. If writers are of such personal reverence and self-forgetfulness that even in their most unverifiable opinions they have the soul of faith, she usually considers them harmless to the faith of souls. Her long tradition of experience, her world-wide dealings with every class and nation, her absolute dependence upon the supernatural, the dangers that lurk for her in mere worldly aims, all urge and fit her to appraise men and things, writers and writings, in what she graciously calls the "balance of the sanctuary." Before a writer can lift himself from the scholastic level of his library or his lecture-hall, she has made a valuational judgment upon the effect which his work, it may be even his life's work, will have upon the poor of Christ. This should help the one who feels the pressure of her guidance and hears her warning call, to follow loyally in her wake or to walk frankly in her sight. It should make obedience if not easy, at least easier. It should convince the mind that the task of submission may be as much an outcome of apostolic zeal as is missionary work to the poor and to the heathen. It should help to withdraw the subject of vexation from the sphere of personal rights, where pain is most enkindled, into the higher sphere of obedience, responsibility, the care of souls, where pain is wrought by acceptance into merit, success, reward.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTERS OF EARTH.

"HE is not at all amusing," said Miss Graham. She had picked up the phrase from the Family during that fortnight. The word "amusing" was always in the mouth of the Family. "Is he or she amusing?" they asked, when they required a credential of character. "Was it amusing?" they asked, when one had climbed the Matterhorn or had been received by the Pope.

Miss Graham had been captured, captivated by the Family. It might be put to their credit that no one was too lowly to be caught within their net of captivation. They were an excessively amiable Family and a well-bred one. In their manner to her there had been no cognizance of the fact that she was a dependent of Lady Anne's, not particularly suitable or efficient, who but for her Ladyship's goodness of heart would be a derelict, high and dry, on the shores of life.

"He is not at all amusing," she said to Miss 'Stasia reassuringly, "but he is most estimable."

She knew what it was to break out in a cold sweat at the thought of a happening which might menace the rest and peace she had found in Mount Shandon. She imagined something of the same fear in Miss 'Stasia, who had not known Lady Anne as long, or as well, as she did. In her own mind she said to herself with a happy confidence that she and Miss 'Stasia were safe as long as they lived.

However, she had miscalculated Miss 'Stasia's profound capacity for selflessness. The little lady was rather disappointed than otherwise at the suggestion that Lord Dunlaverock might be too dull a person to capture her benefactress' heart.

"I don't know that Anne would require a—a—person to be amusing," she said. "I rather fancy that she would like a

serious person. She has so many interests that she has not the same necessity as other people have of being amused by their—friends."

Lady Anne herself drove over to meet Lord Dunlaverock at the little wayside station, which seemed to have been dropped down all alone in the wide, flat country, beribboned with streams that came down from all the mountains. Mount Shandon house and property occupied that wide plain. It was ringed half-way about by mountains. The railway, that was the way into the world, climbed a hill to a little mountain gorge to find its way out. Mount Shandon, with its long front and wings, turned its back to a mountain. From the front windows one might see across open country the blue or silver waters of a bay of a thousand islands. The house was on a height. The plain that stretched in front of it had been, so tradition said, at one time a great lake. The lake had drained itself, said the country people, into a subterranean river which carried its waters away to the sea.

It was April now and the hills were in alternate rain and sunshine. Above the Lonely Hill behind Mount Shandon the clouds banked themselves up stormily in gray black masses upon which the sun was shining. The rain-clouds formed and broke, sweeping down the mountain side in sheets of silver, Clouds wreathed themselves about the flanks of the mountains. leaving the purple cones clear in air. The larks were climbing so many invisible stairs to heaven that the air was full of a tangle of song. The salt sweetness of the sea was in the atmosphere, as well as the fragrance of the green things newly come alive, and the scent of hawthorn and lilac, early in bloom in the semi-tropical climate.

The rain was on Anne's cheek and hair. So always must he picture her. He came out of the little station to her where she sat with a firm hand on Patsy's rein. There was not a soul to see their meeting except the station master, who was looking inquisitively through the bars of the window that lit his office from the outside.

"Jump up," she said. "Patsy is pulling the arms out of me, or thinks he is. I didn't dare leave him to welcome you. For the same reason I didn't even bring Terry, who is very ornamental sitting on the back, but wouldn't be much use in an emergency. And how is every bit of you?"

The Irish brogue, the Irish speech, were music in his ears. Was it possible that only two months ago he had thought it strange, contrasting it with the soft voice which had once made him music? As he took his seat beside her, and Patsy went off in a straight flight like a bird's down the well-made, lonely road—it was a road of the famine days, made for endurance and little used—he sniffed the air appreciatively.

"There is still snow on the hills with us," he said; and the north wind comes in claps down my chimney and puffs the smoke out in my face"

"You should have the chimney rebuilt," she said, handling the reins in a way which was a delight to see, at once giving Patsy his head and yet ready to restrain him. "They've grown so used to the smoke here that they think it's something they have to bear, like sickness or death or the will of heaven. I'm putting in new fireplaces and chimneys for some of the worst of them. They won't know what's happened to them when they don't weep at the burning of green wood and get their complexions as well smoked as their bacon."

"There are a great many things I would wish to do," he said slowly, "both for myself and for my people. I am always hindered, as I told you, by lack of money."

"I know," she said with a sympathetic glance at him. "Amy Mellor told me—at least she said in my hearing—that it was very hard on you to get the title and an exhausted estate because grandpapa could refuse nothing to his daughters."

"I have no quarrel with Uncle Dunstan," he said. "Naturally he would think of his girls, not of one who was practically unknown to him."

It was on the tip of Lady Anne's tongue to say that Mrs. Mellor's speech had been made in generous defence of him when some of the Family had depreciated a Lord Dunlaverock who lived in the factor's house and neglected the graces of life—so different from the handsome, debonair papa, whose memory the Family were agreed to adore. However, she did not say it. Instead she turned and smiled at him.

"Do you know it is very kind of you to brighten our loneliness?" she said.

"I liked to come." The young man's honest blush went and came unnoticed. He bit awkwardly at the ends of a ragged moustache, which was a new growth since she had last

seen him. "Something rather remarkable has happened, about which I wanted to tell you. By the way, you don't propose to go through the village at this pace?"

"I shall pull up in good time, before I reach the village, because the children straggle beyond the village sometimes. What is it, Alastair?"

They called each other by their names, cousinly.

"It is—a very wonderful thing for me, if it turns out as I think. I've been looking for water in some land that was of little value because it had none. We had to sink pretty deep. What do you suppose we found?"

"What?"

"Coal, fire-clay, iron. No, that's not quite right. The seam of iron came first, then the clay, then the coal. We don't know how far the seams run. I must have expert advice, of course."

"And afterwards?" He was always too slow for Lady Anne.

"Afterwards? There will be the capitalist or capitalists to be found. Perhaps we shall float a company. I have not had time to think about it yet. I came to tell you."

"There will be no difficulty about the capitalist."

"I think not, with what we shall have to show him."

Patsy had slackened his pace now to a gentle trot. They had turned the corner of the road round by a little coppice, and could see the village before them, a straggling place of miserable houses. Dirty children were playing cheerfully in the village street, disputing its possession with the cocks and hens and pigs and goats. Their unabashed mothers came to the cabin doors to look after Lady Anne and Lord Dunlaverock and pronounce them "a fine couple."

"It isn't my property, you know," said Lady Anne, answering Dunlaverock's unspoken thought. "Indeed it is a No Man's Land. The spot where the village is built was originally common land. These people were originally squatters. They are dirty, careless, idle, even irreligious, although that's a strange thing in these parts. They'll never do anything herded together. If one could separate them now! The men will work hard enough in England, when they go over presently for the hay harvest; here—sure the land grows potatoes of itself, and there's always a few eggs to trade off for the fish

that comes when there's been a particularly good haul in the bay. There are always the children and their possibilities."

"And your schools."

"Yes; they'll learn things their parents never dreamt of. If I could get them out of the village on to the land! Why shouldn't the men work their own bit instead of going to England? And we might teach the girls something, even if the women wouldn't learn. Indeed the girls know something already. A good many of them are employed at the Convent at the Point, making lace and embroideries, carpet-weaving, spinning, doing many other things."

"You could make it a hive of industry if you only had the land."

"I propose to find the land."

"To buy it—where?"

"Not to buy it. To reclaim it. Look there!"

She pointed with her whip straight before her. The sun now was shining on Mount Shandon in the distance. It showed dimly through a haze of silver. At the back of it the Lonely Mountain stood up darkly purple, with the silver haze halfway up it sparkling and shifting. It was a vaporous world, in which things were never two minutes the same. The haze lifted higher. Mount Shandon's chimney-stacks and house-front came out of it. The lake in front was like a pearl in the sun. At the back of the house there was a great stretch of vivid emerald.

"Do you see that?" she asked. "There where it is so green?"

"The bog?"

"Yes, the bog. It is of no use to anybody as it is; it is so treacherous that even the cattle cannot find a spot for grazing. I look at Dooras Bog, and I see—houses and farms."

"You would be putting your money in—a bog."

"You mean that the bog would swallow it? Possibly; but it would give it up to me again. I intend to go very cautiously. There is a fall from the bog to where we stand. The ground falls all the way down to the sea. No one would say that drainage is impracticable. Anyhow I am going to do it—little by little; it may take me a lifetime to do it, but to add so much solid earth to the world, to make homes where there was only quaking bog land, would be a good record for a lifetime."

He looked at her, his face lighting up with a slow enthusiasm.

"It is worth doing," he said. "The question is whether it isn't too much. How far does the bog go?"

"Miles. It runs round the base of the Lonely Mountain and extends some way up the mountain itself. But I only intend to devote myself to my own particular portion of it. There is a mile of bog-land there between Mount Shandon and the Lonely Mountain. I see it the most productive portion of the estate."

"Ah!" his eye kindled. The hand to hand struggle with nature was something that appealed to him, to his brave, austere, combative spirit. "Why should there be bogs—in this country where they reclaim the very wilderness? You will go very slowly, little by little, Cousin Anne?"

"I shan't impoverish myself or the estate. I don't mean to be the last of my line. I am sure papa would have wished me to marry. I shall do nothing rash for the sake of those who come after me."

She said it with the most superb unconsciousness, smiling reassuringly at him the while, and he was able to rise to the height of her unconsciousness, answering gently, "Yes, Anne," with a tenderness that made the words sound far more tender than they were on the surface.

"Besides," she said, "there is another reason why I shall go slowly with the reclamation of the bog. I have other things to do with my money, although there is a good deal of it. And"—at this moment they drove up to the foot of Mount Shandon—"I want to be at least in part, and at this early stage of proceedings, your capitalist, Alastair."

He flushed up to the roots of his light red hair.

"I never thought of such a thing, Anne," he said. "You don't suppose I came to you for that? It is just at this preliminary stage of the proceedings, my dear cousin, that I shall not feel justified in accepting your offer, generous as it is. A little later, when we see our way better and are sure there is money in it—"

"Yet you encouraged me about the bog," she said reproachfully, as they went into the house together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOAN.

The people who were profoundly interested in Lady Anne's friendship with her cousin—and there were some half a dozen such people, exclusive of dependents and retainers, and the cheerful world of the villagers, who found the affairs of their betters as engrossing or more so than their own—might have been disappointed if they had known how severely practical were the discussions between the two.

Miss 'Stasia indeed had received quite a shock one morning when she had sat by an open window, below which Lord Dunlaverock and Lady Anne were walking up and down, up and down, while they waited for their horses to be brought round. She had felt herself obliged to move further into the room lest she should be guilty of eavesdropping, and as she stood up quietly, so as not to warn them of her presence, a phrase of Lady Anne's came to her ears.

"A light dressing with guano would be advisable," were the words.

What on earth was a light dressing with guano? Miss 'Stasia wondered with a vague uneasiness. She had an idea that guano was not a nice thing for a lady to talk about, and her anxiety on this score led her to consult Miss Graham. Not for worlds would she have revealed where or how she had heard it. She looked up from a book she was reading, when she and Miss Graham were alone together, and asked as though the question arose out of her reading:

"Can you tell me what is guano?"

"Oh, bone manure," Miss Graham answered.

Ah, she had known it was something evil-smelling and nasty. She must have seen it, smelt it, in the old days. To be sure Anne was always right. She was a true-blue Anne person, ever since Anne had come into the impoverished room at Mrs. Cronin's, bringing with her warmth and the scent of violets. She would be a true-blue Anne person till she died. But it hurt her as a disillusionment that Anne could be talking about such things with Lord Dunlaverock. In her days it had been very different. And she had rejoiced in the love affair

she had thought to see unfolding beneath her eyes. Lord Dunlaverock was courteous and deferential to her as he would have been in the presence of beauty, being a simple and chivalrous young man; and she was his friend. To think that he and Anne should have been talking about guano rather than the flowery things with which she had credited them.

Lord Dunlaverock could give no more than a week or so to this break away from his business. During that week a deal of business was talked. Lady Anne did not refer again to the question of putting some of her money into Lord Dunlaverock's mines that were to be. But she told him a good deal of how her money had been invested. Safe investments with moderate returns. The Colonel and Mr. Osborne had not been the persons to play ducks and drakes with her money. As the Colonel had said ruefully, they had left that to herself to do.

It did not seem strange to Dunlaverock that she should lay before him the statement of all she was possessed of and explain how the money was invested. After all he was her nearest male kin, the head of her mother's family. He went into matters with her in his quiet, painstaking way. Truth to tell he was somewhat amazed at the extent of his cousin's fortune, although it might easily have been a bigger one if the trustees had looked for eight and ten per cent rather than for the safety of three and five per cent.

Lady Anne was a little bit impatient about the caution which brought her the small, safe returns.

"If I want money," she said, "and to be sure I shall want money, I shall sell out there and then. Indeed I shall sell out in any case and transfer the money. One thing I did when I was in Dublin was to find a safe, respectable stockbroker. He is quite safe, Alastair. Mr. Gregg, our old family solicitor, recommended him. He can get me twice as much for my money as I am getting at present, even if he deals in only gilt-edged securities."

"I shall hear you talking of bulls and bears next," Lord Dunlaverock said with his slow smile. "You won't do anything without consulting Gregg, I suppose?"

"I expect I shall have to do a great many things without consulting Mr. Gregg, or his partner, Mr. Sinclair. You see I am come to man's estate, Cousin Alastair." She had never looked more bewitchingly soft and feminine. "I am come to

man's estate; papa trusted me or he would not have left everything to me. Uncle Hugh said that I should have been tied up till I was twenty-five or till my marriage. As though I shall have time to get married for years yet! He would have liked me to be tied up all my days. A lily-footed Chinese lady would have been more to Uncle Hugh's liking as a ward. But papa trusted me. He had been trusting me, you see, Alastair, all those years before he died; and although I was little I think he knew that the lessons had sunk in."

Lord Dunlaverock shook his head. He went a long way with his cousin, yet he felt that she ought to consult Gregg, or some man, about money matters. He felt a certain sympathy with Colonel Leonard'a attitude towards the heiress.

"You should consult some one, Anne," he said. "Your husband will expect to be consulted some day."

"I should tell him, of course, but—consult him—! You see, Alastair, I always have my mind made up. It would be horrible to consult him and then just take my own way in spite of him if he objected."

"Your husband will need to have large affairs of his own."

"Oh, I should like him to be immensely busy about his own affairs—unless he went heart and soul with me."

"Poor chap!" Dunlaverock said, with that faint glint across his rather careworn face which had made Lady Anne say that she really believed Alastair was acquiring a sense of humor.

The week gave no time to entertain Lord Dunlaverock. A dinner at the Leonard's, an afternoon call at the rectory, a drive of ten miles to see a new friend of Lady Anne's, a Mrs. Massey, who from her invalid's sofa was beneficence to half a country-side, exhausted the social events. For the rest, the property was pretty well driven over; there was a house to house visitation of the farmhouses, where the tenants were visibly excited, and the farmer would address himself as often to Lord Dunlaverock as to Lady Anne, plainly regarding him as the master in the future if not in the present.

Lord Dunlaverock did not seem to notice this attitude of mind, which half-amused, half-annoyed Lady Anne.

"For a people who are so very unromantic in their own marriages," she said impatiently to Mrs. Massey, "they are amazingly quick at scenting a love affair. A friendship between a man and woman is nowhere so impossible as in Ireland."

"Is it possible anywhere?" Mrs. Massey asked, softly cynical.

"It is possible to me, you unbelieving Ida," Lady Anne flashed at her.

"And your cousin?"

"Alastair thinks of me as another young man. I shouldn't be at all his ideal She would be something soft and dainty and fragrant and feminine like you. I am only *bon camarade* to him."

"My poor Anne, what pitfalls I see in your path through life!"

The conversation changed to other things. Lady Anne was sitting at Mrs. Massey's feet, learning from her the best way of doing her duty to the people whose well-being was so much in her hands. It sometimes occurred to her—indeed people had not been slow to tell her—that she was going further than her father had ever gone, ever would have gone, and she had answered that it was an inevitable law; people could not stand still, to stand still was to decay. There was one thing about Lady Anne in those days—she was always quite sure of herself. Mrs. Massey had suggested to her that a little human fallibility might be becoming. But Lady Anne was not to be discouraged. Her belief in herself was a part of her, like her superb physical health.

It came to the last day, the last hour of Lord Dunlaverock's stay. Lady Anne drove him to the station as she had fetched him from it, again dispensing with the services of Terry, the small groom. Patsy was a bit lame, and they had his sedate elder sister, Kitty, who was what Lady Anne called "a sweet goer," whom anybody might drive, and who went according to her driver's mood. They had started early to give Kitty her time, and give time for the interminable discussions, during which Kitty was frequently allowed to walk while a certain field, or a crop, or cattle were under inspection.

"It has been very pleasant, Alastair," Lady Anne said, after one of these pauses. "We have always so much to say to each other. I shall have to write reams to you. It is the community of interest that makes a friendship like ours possible. I suppose it is that which makes marriage successful in a surprising number of cases. Ida Massey says that when every other subject has exhausted its interest long ago there is the

unfailing interest of how to make ends meet. She says it explains the domesticity of the middle classes."

"I wish it would have the same effect on the upper classes," he said seriously. Cynicism always puzzled and depressed him.

"By the way, Alastair," she said, and she laid a hand on his arm, "I shall want to hear about your minerals. I have not been talking about it, but it has been much in my mind. If the expert reports favorably— "

"If he reports favorably?"

"You'll want money at once to go on, before you have found your capitalist."

"I shall raise it somehow."

"Take it from me when the expert has pronounced favorably. Ah, do, Alastair! I am not satisfied with two-and-a-half per cent on my money. Take what you want and pay me whatever you like. We are kinsfolk. Even if it were a risk —it will be no risk—couldn't I oblige a kinsman with a few loose thousands? You will be hampered at the beginning for want of money, till you have found your capitalist."

He had known the difficulties. They had been making him a little more haggard of late. Now—to be sure she had meant this when she had placed all her affairs open before him, when she had revealed to him the extent of her resources. To let her risk anything big was out of the question; but a few thousands, which it would not be beyond him to repay, that was another matter.

She was watching his face, eagerly and anxiously expectant. The reins were slack on Kitty's back in a way which would have invited disaster if it had been Kitty's brother. They were going down a sweet bit of road, with low hawthorn hedges all out in bloom and scenting the air intoxicatingly sweet. She was looking into his face with a soft appeal. He noticed the bloom on her cheek, the purple-black of the loose curls about her brow, the upward sweep of the lashes above the beautiful, honest eyes. His heart began to thump against his side.

"I think, Anne," he said with a measured deliberation, "that there are circumstances, conditions, under which a man might borrow money from a woman. We will call it borrow-

ing, since we are yet in the dark as to the capacities, the resources, of the mine."

"Yes"; she said with a little wonder that made her eyes dilate like a child's. "Yes; kinship or friendship would make it all right, Alastair; it will make it all right, won't it, between you and me, if you will call it a loan and not an investment?"

He leant closer to her, and his eyes grew ardent.

"I could take the money from my affianced wife," he said.

Something chilling fell on his ardor. She had looked away from him, and, leaning forward, caught up Kitty's reins.

"Don't, Alastair," she said, "don't talk of marriage. I am not ready for it. If I could think of it—"

"You would think of me?"

"Perhaps. I am very fond of you, Alastair, more—I believe in you. I think perhaps papa would have been pleased. But not yet; leave me free."

He drew himself back a little stiffly.

"I am not going to worry you, Anne. For the rest, perhaps I ought to be glad to be left swinging between earth and heaven, since you do not refuse me."

"I wish I could give you a better answer. But it is not so I have thought of my life. If I were married, marriage would take me away from other things; oh, yes; it must do that to a great extent. If you are in the mind to do it, ask me again, Alastair, when I am twenty-six."

"There will be other men," he said jealously.

"I shall not be thinking of them. I like you better than any man I have ever known, except of course papa."

He said to himself that he would have to make her love him best of all before he could win her. He divined in her the vestal who shrank as yet from love and marriage. Would it be his lot to bring her soul out of its fastnesses, to wake the woman, the wife in it? His heart burned within him at the task that she had set him.

"Is it to be a semi-engagement?" he asked.

"How do I know?" she answered turning away from him. "I like you better than any one else, except papa. Can't you be satisfied with that for the present?"

"For the present, yes"; he said soberly.

"And you will take the money?"

"Because it will be a bond between us I will take the money."

"Ah, that is a good Alastair, a kind cousin."

She smiled at him brightly. There were five good years before she need think of that shadowy bond; and when she must think of it, why, who could there be whom she would like better than Alastair?

CHAPTER IX.

AN ASSISTANT.

A good part of Lady Anne's dream was a reality, or on the way to become one. A strip of the bog had been reclaimed, as an earnest of the whole. Dooras Village was still as dirty, as improvident, as cheerfully unashamed as ever; the day of its redemption was still postponed, but it was coming. Meanwhile in the farmhouses and cottages on the Shandon estate wheels whirred and looms rattled. Girls stood on the doorstep in the evening sun working at their strips of embroidery and fine lace-making. It made an incredible difference when everything necessary for the existence of a usually large family had not to come out of the land and the men's labor.

All this is to say that Lady Anne was two years older than when she had made that intangible half-promise to her cousin. It was a promise of which he did not remind her when he came and went. He would not remind her of it till the time she herself had fixed, and she, at least, was not eager for the time to come. She was profoundly interested in the things she was doing. Of course she meant to marry, because papa would have wished it, and the line must not cease. But she put the concrete thought of it away with a certain impatience. It would mean such an interruption, such a distraction, and a permanent one.

By this time she had met many men of many classes, not one who stirred her pulses in the smallest degree, or menaced that half-bond with her cousin. A good many of the men she met would fain have come nearer. Apart from the fact that she was a great heiress, her charm increased with her years. She won hearts unconsciously by her bigness and softness, her frank, innocent ways, which had mind and will behind

them. She could not help people falling in love with her, but she had no coquetry. Her eyes met the eyes of men with the frank gaze of a boy in them. Some of them called her cold, some of them called her unawakened; she turned the best of them into friends; none of them was the worse for falling in love with her.

"The people are my children," she would say, "and what I am doing for them is my career."

At which her friend, Mrs. Massey, who had grown closer and dearer to her with time, would laugh softly and predict that the day would come when these would not suffice.

Even Mrs. Massey knew nothing of the semi-bond between Lady Anne and her cousin. Dunlaverock came and went at intervals. It seemed as if he had to come to talk things over with Anne. His mines had been no very brilliant success although the workings were still open. The yield of coal had been a negligible quantity. The seam of iron he was still working with indifferent results. The fire-clay was the only thing which had quite fulfilled expectations, and in the train of the fire-clay had come a new industry in the making of tiles and drain-pipes. Dunlaverock still believed both in the coal and the iron; but the capitalists had not come forward; and he had discovered, like many a man before him, how the earth will swallow a fortune before she will yield up one.

In the matter of the industries Lady Anne had not been content to go slowly. She had far outstripped Mrs. Massey in the extent and scope of her work. The Mount Shandon industries were beginning to get a name. When she had begun, she had found something of a dead-lock in many of the existing industries. So much of the lace and sprigged muslin had gone to America; now the new American tariff shut them out. There must be something to take their places.

She had talked it over with Ida Massey. She and her friend had driven together—it was astonishing how much Mrs. Massey managed to get about, considering her invalid state—to see "the most practical woman in Ireland," Mother Patrick of the Convent at the Point. Mrs. Massey had been wont to say of her that if she were made absolute King of Ireland for a year, the Irish question would be settled.

The Convent had now a flourishing factory attached to it, which brought prosperity to the surrounding country with

none of the drawbacks usually associated with a factory. It was giving employment to half the country-side, teaching them a trade, too, making tweeds, blankets, flannels, carpets, on a severely business basis. Mother Patrick believed in paying her workers according to their skill and industry; and there was no temptation for them to better themselves by transferring their services.

Lany Anne fell in love with the fresh-faced, capable-looking nun at once; and the attraction seemed mutual. To be sure Mother Patrick was ready to lend some of her workers in order to teach Lady Anne's people.

"We've no secrets here," she said. "It might be very nice if we had, but we haven't. And I quite agree with your Ladyship that the day for confining our industries to the making of luxuries is over. For the one person who requires Limerick lace, ten thousand require tweed and flannels."

Lady Anne hankered after just such another factory as Mother Patrick's, which was clean and fresh and airy, with a crucifix on the end wall of each of the long rooms. She glanced in the direction the nun indicated in one room where a sour-faced, elderly man was standing by a loom.

"You saw him?" said Mother Patrick, her face wrinkling and sparkling with the most delightful humor. "He's the blackest Orangeman ever came out of the North, but a capital workman. I had to pay for him, I can tell you, but he doesn't shirk his work and he's taught us all he knows. We're a bitter pill to him still, but he believes in me. At first he looked at me as if I were a snake, and I assure you I was proud when he told me one day that I was 'a gr-r-eat wumman in spite o' ma supeersteetions.' I've had a good many compliments paid me, and by notable people mind you, Lady Anne—even by royalty itself—but I never was as pleased with any of them as with that from Andrew MacNiece."

Later, when the factory on the edge of Dooras Village was spreading itself out long and low—Lady Anne could not have borne the ordinary factory building in the landscape, and this was made with many doors and windows to open on the lake-side, and was being planted with fuchsias and roses and hydrangeas and red-berried mountain ash all about it—Mrs. Massey protested to Mother Patrick against her friend's too-great absorption in her work.

"She is giving up everything else," she said. "I doubt that she has time to say her prayers. As for her social duties, why she has never performed any, and yet I'm sure her father's daughter ought to. Just imagine, Mother Patrick, she's never been presented! I want to take her to Dublin for the Castle season and present her. That poplin you've begun to make —I saw a piece in the loom the other day, white with golden lines in it like running water—I want her to have a presentation train of it. It ought to make poplin the fashion once more. Who designs your patterns for you?"

"That was, I believe, Hugh Randal's," Mother Patrick said. "Hugh is a clever fellow. He's wasted at what he's doing; but it was his father's business, and when the old man died he felt bound to return and take it up. I've got a book of his designs for lace somewhere—beautiful!—and he's practically untaught, or at least he taught himself. Hugh is the oddest mixture of the artist and the business man. To be sure the spirit bloweth where it listeth, especially in this strange country of ours."

"She ought to have some one to take things off her hands," Mrs. Massey went on, reverting to her complaint about Lady Anne. "I believe she could do more for the cause we all have at heart by going more into the world and advertising what we have to sell. That poplin on Anne's back, with her mother's Limerick lace, would bring you many orders, Mother Patrick, to say nothing of the good result to the other poplin manufacturers and their weavers. She ought to take it over to England too among her fine relations. The younger generation has a good many beauties among its members. Why should they not wear poplin, and show what Ireland can produce as against the rule of shoddy? She is at that building morning, noon, and night."

"Wait, dear!" Mother Patrick said with a thoughtful finger on her lip; "wait, I have an idea. Why shouldn't Lady Anne have Hugh Randal? He's thrown away where he is. Why, he's made for her!"

"What can he do besides designing lace?"

"All the things a man can do and a woman can't do, not even myself, though, to be sure, I'm tied up here, nor Lady Anne for all her energy. Hugh will go out in the world and create a demand for the things we make, and supply it. He'll

start agencies in London and Paris; he'll travel to America or anywhere else you like where there's an industrial exhibition, and he'll arrange for the things to be shown; he'll buy her machinery and come between her and the many people in the world who will think her Ladyship's industrial fad something arranged by Providence to put money in their pockets. There's no end to the things Hugh will do for her. Upon my word, I'm not sure that she can have Hugh. I believe I want him myself. I've a cute American acting as my agent, but, now I come to think of it, Hugh would be worth twenty of him. Hugh has imagination. He'll see the thing as you and I and her Ladyship see it—as a matter of hard cash, and nothing more. He'll go about with that new young man, Mr. Yeats', poems in one pocket and a drawing-book in the other. I believe the poetry helps him with the designs for carpets and embroideries and laces and damasks. After all, I don't think I can let you have Hugh."

"He sounds an ideal person. A judicious mixture of the romantic and the practical. You must give him to us, Mother Patrick."

"If I must, I must"; Mother Patrick fell to considering again. "Lady Anne must make it worth his while. He supports a mother and widowed sister and three small children belonging to the latter, by his shop, and he's engaged as well."

"He has a shop?"

"Didn't I say so? A tailor's shop in Ardnagowan. If her Ladyship made it worth his while he might get some one to manage the shop for him and devote himself to her interests."

"If he is all you say, he sounds very promising. Engaged too. That is a guarantee of steadiness. I hope he doesn't contemplate an immediate marriage. It would be against his doing all those fine things for Anne."

"Now, how can I tell you? Sure what have I to do with marrying and giving in marriage? I am sure Hugh will do the sensible thing. She's a little girl he had in as bookkeeper. Not a penny to bless herself with, of course. It's just like Hugh."

"I'd better get Lady Anne to come to see him. What's the address? 43 Castle Street? Thank you very much, Mother Patrick. I hope she will see it in a sensible way and consent

to give herself up to the world a bit more than she has done. You're not more out of it yourself."

"Indeed, then, I've often been told I'm a woman of the world," the nun said humorously. "And those who said it meant it for a compliment, too. I wonder whether it's the right thing for a nun to be?"

"You've the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," Mrs. Massey said laughing. "That's why poor business men have no chance against you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VOX SCIENTIÆ.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

I rule reality. At my desire
Mad forces meet, coeval powers disband;
Creation's secrets lie within my hand.
The dark dissolves and time and space retire,
Meek vassals unto me are ice and fire;
Unleashed the lightnings leap at my command;
Suns I have measured and star arches spanned,
And yet to unreached realms my feet aspire.
O dream-spent spirits of a yearning world!
Come, follow me whose forward course is strown
With triumphs, and whose heart is quick with youth;
Beyond the days a challenge I have hurled—
Courage! Though moveless stands the dumb unknown,
The silence is the shadow of God's Truth.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN CROATIA.

BY BEN HURST.

AMONG the various nationalities of conglomerate Austria, Croatia ranks foremost as a country of peace and loyalty, industry and conservatism. If one were asked to characterize briefly the distinctive feature of this Slav people, one could hardly fail to designate it as *intense Catholicity*. In an empire ostensibly Catholic, but including also Semitism, Calvinism, and Eastern schism, Croatia is the greatest stronghold of the Catholic faith. Like the Irish and the Bretons, the Croats have never allowed their national ambition to weaken the bonds that unite them to St. Peter's Chair.

The Serbs and the Croats are one race; their traditions and customs are identical; their language and their literature are the same. But the Croats use the Latin alphabet, while the Serbs retain the Cyrillic. The division between these neighboring and kindred peoples is less of creed than of allegiance. Doctrines are no barrier, say the Serbs, but they cannot submit to the jurisdiction of Rome. And they are distrustful of those who do; styling them traitors to the great cause of Panslavism, and foes to the Muscovite Mother of all Slav states, their natural protectress, Holy Russia.

No more thorough refutation of this, and its kindred charge of bigotry and fanaticism, can be found than the life of Croatia's greatest son, the late Bishop Strossmayer. His favorite motto, "All for Faith and Fatherland," in no wise hindered his adherence to the Croat proverb: "a brother is a brother, of whatever creed." His political policy tended to nothing less than the reunion of all Southern Slavs; and if the movement known as Illyrism—meaning the adoption of the name Illyria by all the Slav races between the Adriatic and the Black Seas, from the Alps to the Balkans—was finally abandoned, this was certainly not due to any want of energy or enthusiasm on the part of the Croats.

The ancient state of Croatia has always succeeded in pre-

serving its autonomy and its national characteristics. One is apt to forget that the Crown of St. Stephen includes Croatia as well as Hungary, and that the former is a potent factor in Transleithania. But if Cisleithania, with its numerous states of Austria, Bohemia, Galicia, Tyrol, Styria, Carinthia, Dalmatia, and others, presents a uniform spectacle of united interests working pacifically on the whole, it is otherwise with the dual kingdom of Transleithania, where the antagonism of Magyar and Croat bids fair to rival that which threatens to dissolve the union of Austria and Hungary. A prominent Croat has informed me that if Hungary persists in her unreasonable demands, and separation results, Croatia will at once range herself on the side of Austria and abandon her consort of centuries.

The Chrovates or Hrvats, as they style themselves, who first settled on the Illyrian coast, in the seventh century, never forget that their union with Hungary was not the result of conquest, but of a matrimonial alliance between the two reigning houses. Although they did not play a part in European history equal to that of their Slav cousins, the Czechs and the Poles, their independent state comprised a vast extent of territory from Zara to Bosna-Serai and, in the tenth century, they were masters of the Adriatic. Their union with Hungary at the end of the eleventh century, through the marriage of a Croat princess with King Ladislas' eldest son, was entered into on terms of perfect equality, and all attempts to treat Croatia as a province of Hungary have hitherto met with failure. In the heroic struggle against the invading Turks, Croatia was the outpost of Christian Europe, and as such bravely bore the brunt. Napoleon the Insatiable counted Croatia among the lands of his ephemeral empire under the name of the Duchy of Ragusa; but after his fall it was once more reintegrated with the Crown of St. Stephen, and shared Hungary's allegiance to the House of Hapsburg. In the terrible upheaval of 1848 Croatia ranged herself loyally on the side of Austria, and it was the timely aid of the Croatian troops, led by the Ban (Chief) of Croatia, Yellatchitch, that enabled Prince Windish-Graetz to repulse the Hungarian attack on Vienna. When peace was restored Croatia retained its parliament, while rebel Hungary was subjected to a dictatorship; but the disaster of Sadowa forced Austria to yield to the reclamations of the

Magyars, and the "Ausgleich" or Arrangement of 1867, seemingly favorable to the Croat nation, has proved quite the contrary.

When Croatia was called on by this Arrangement to resume her union with Hungary, the famous Deak presented a sheet of white paper to Bishop Strossmayer, chief of the Croat delegates, and said: "Bishop, write your conditions. They shall be final." The Bishop did so, in all good faith; but his confidence, and that of the millions for whom he signed, was misplaced. Fierce Magyarizing tendencies soon showed themselves, and the contract which, in so far as it was possible, guaranteed the rights of Croatia, was trampled upon. True, the parliament at Agram preserved its privileges with regard to the administration of justice, the control of public worship, and education; but through its retention of the railway communications, post and telegraph, the Magyar government exercises a vexatious pressure on the Croat population, forcing it to adopt the Magyar language, and refusing to employ any but Magyar officials throughout the provinces of Croatia. The Croatian delegates to the parliament in Budapest are too few to remedy matters, but a revision of the "Ausgleich," in 1873, obtained for Croatia a greater control of her finances, and the nomination of her Ban by the king instead of by the Hungarian ministry.

In spite of all adverse circumstances the little country, during the last half century, has advanced in intellectual culture and material prosperity to an unprecedented degree. The success of her endeavor to develop and advance without becoming absorbed in either the German or Magyar elements which predominate in the empire to which she belongs, has been mainly due to the extraordinary abilities and patriotism of one man. Indeed, the history of modern Croatia in her struggle for political freedom, for fair play, for the cultivation of her language, and the right to preserve untainted the traditional customs interwoven with her faith, is so closely connected with that of him whose death she mourns, calling him "her Moses and her Chrysostom, her Pericles and her Mæcenas, her Thomas à Kempis and her Michelangelo," that a sketch of the life of this Father of his Country, the late Bishop Strossmayer, will suffice to make us acquainted with the Croat nation, its attainments, and its aims.

Like the Norman settlers in Ireland who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," Bishop Strossmayer was, as his name shows, of German descent. His ancestors settled in Dalmatia in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and soon identified themselves with the people among whom they dwelt. The Bishop's parents were from a humble walk in life. His father was a cattle-dealer, and his mother altogether devoted to her household duties. She was a woman of rare personal beauty, and exceedingly religious. One of the Bishop's earliest recollections was a glimpse of her figure, in the dusk of dawn or twilight, kneeling before a picture of the Madonna. The Bishop had a twin-brother who died soon after birth, and as the parents were not sure of the child's identity the survivor was called by both names: Joseph-George (Yusef-Jurai); and thus he always signed himself, although double names are unusual among the Croats. At an early age his love of learning manifested itself. As soon as he could read he was to be found wandering with a book on the banks of the Drave, and when he had finished the normal school of his native Esseg, he begged his father to ask for his admission to the seminary of the adjoining town of Djakovo. Here his spirit of obedience and his mental capacities drew the attention of Bishop Sutchitch, who placed his name first on the list of students chosen to enter the Central College of Budapest. From this moment the young levite applied himself with ardor to the attainment of every excellence. He subjected his naturally vivacious temperament to severe discipline, and, sharing his superiors' conviction that the best guarantee of his salvation was his consecration to God's service, he determined to do his utmost to deserve it. The extraordinary talents which promised him a brilliant career in any walk of life, were to be devoted to the noblest; and he already longed for a field in which he could employ them for the glory of God and of the Church. His comrades seem to have looked on him as quite beyond themselves, and on the occasion of his severe illness one of them, a Hungarian (Count Ivan Ciraky), exclaimed: "There is no fear of Strossmayer's death. He must live, for he is born to be a bishop!"

After matriculating at Budapest, young Strossmayer hoped to be ordained without delay, but in this he was disappointed. On account of his youth and delicate health it was considered

advisable to postpone his admission to the priesthood; and he returned to his home in Esseg, where he remained for several months. It was during this period that Bishop Kukovitch chose him as a companion on a tour through his diocese. They traveled finally as far as Vienna. Strossmayer was the guest there of the Franciscan Fathers, for whose order he showed a marked partiality in after life. He profited by the leisure and opportunities now at his disposal, and made himself acquainted with the treasures of art and science contained in the museums of the Austrian capital. There were no railroads in those days, and the journey to and from Vienna gave him an opportunity to study the people's mode of life, their views and traditional customs.

At length came the day to which he had long looked forward, and of which he afterwards wrote:

"Saddened in soul, and corporally ailing, I had returned to my native place, fearing that I should not live to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. On this, as on so many other occasions, I was sustained and strengthened by the sympathy and encouragement of my spiritual superiors. For the goodness of Bishop Kukovitch I can never be grateful enough—his name is every day in my prayers—and I thank God that I had the privilege of returning to Canon Rastovich, at his golden jubilee, the service which he rendered to me on the day of my first Mass."

With ordination, peace of mind and health returned to the young priest, who entered with zeal on his new duties as curate in the parish of Peterwardein. After two years, however, the longing to pursue his studies led him to ask for removal to Vienna; but his departure was opposed by the Canon of Peterwardein, who did not wish to lose such an efficient aid. Strossmayer, unwilling to incur his displeasure, yielded for a time; but the impulse was too strong, and at last he set out for Djakovo to implore the Bishop to decide in his behalf. Bishop Kukovitch, however, received him coldly, saying that he had already heard of his "restlessness," and advised him to return on the morrow to Peterwardein. The young man withdrew sorrowfully, and spent the whole of the following night in prayer. In the morning he wrote in his private notebook:

"I have always loved to converse with my Creator in solitude, but never has my prayer been so consolatory as during

this past night. Blessed be the Savior, who, in spite of all present deceptions, means to work great things through me for the poor people around me."

That morning Strossmayer had hardly finished his thanksgiving after Mass when the Bishop sent for him. As he entered the reception-hall the Bishop advanced to meet him, smiling, with a letter in his hand. It was from the Imperial Chaplain in Vienna announcing the selection of young Strossmayer by the Emperor Ferdinand for admission to the Theological Institute of St. Augustine. Still under the impression of the past night, the young priest accepted his good friend's congratulations calmly; but then exclaimed, involuntarily, or as in a dream:

"Your Eminence! I am destined some day to be your successor!"

These apparently presumptuous words displeased the Bishop, who turned away in silence, not then foreseeing how earnestly he himself would work for their realization.

Strossmayer's brilliant record in the Institute of St. Augustine remains unparalleled to this day. Two years sufficed for the attainment of his degree of Doctor of Theology, and he was then recalled to Djakovo, where Bishop Kukovitch made him Director of the Seminary and Instructor in Christian Doctrine A little later he taught classes in natural science and mathematics, for which he had a particular aptitude; and many have regretted that his versatile capacities, solicited in different directions, hindered his specialization in these two branches. Nor was he allowed to remain long in Djakovo. At the request of Canon Feigerl, Bishop Kukovitch consented to part with him in order that he might fill the post of Director in the Augustinian Institute in Vienna, where he had so lately been a student.

For this important charge, neither before nor since confided to one so young, Strossmayer was selected, less for the sake of his brilliant talents, than for the exemplary holiness of his life. His appointment, at the same time, to the Court Chaplaincy was fully justified by the eloquence of his sermons and the deep religious principles and charitable instincts which he instilled into the breast of young Francis Joseph. His manifold avocations at the Court and the Institute did not exhaust Strossmayer's energy, and we find him, by special request,

lecturing on Canon law, in addition, at the Vienna University.

The terrible revolt of Hungary, in 1848, and the simultaneous outbreak of the Vienna mob, caused the Imperial family to fly to Inomost, and, after the savage murder of Count Latour, to Olmütz. The Institute of St. Augustine was then closed and the students despatched to their homes. Strossmayer remained in charge of the few who were not able to leave; but when the Palace itself was bombarded, and shells fell thickly on the roof of the adjoining building, he decided to conduct the students to the Franciscan Monastery for greater security. He led them safely through the tumultuous streets and then returned to save a sum of money which had been confided to him by Mayor Zenner at the beginning of the disturbances. The roof was burning when he reached the place where the money was secreted, and thrusting it hastily under his plastron, he groped his way back through the stifling smoke only to be met at the door by a hail of bullets. Darting through this unhurt, he escaped to a side street; but here he was chased by the rabble, who were led by a frenzied woman alternately beating a drum and calling on them to "catch and hang the priest." Once again God's protecting hand was held out over his servant, and he reached the monastery in safety.

For three days anarchy reigned in Vienna, until the junction of the Croat troops, led by the heroic Ban Yellatchitch, with those of the Imperial Army under Prince Windish-Graetz, enabled the latter to drive the Hungarians from their positions outside the city, and thus quench the rebellion within.

In the ferment of re-organization of Church and State which followed, Bishop Kukovitch realized that age and infirmity rendered him incapable of fulfiling the onerous tasks before him, and he begged to be relieved of his See. In a letter to the Emperor he indicated his protégé, Strossmayer, as best qualified to take his place. Apart from this, Strossmayer's nomination had been proposed by the Ban. When a final decision was made in Strossmayer's favor the news was received jubilantly by the Croats and Slovenes in Vienna.

The Slovenes, as nearly akin to the Croats in race and tongue as are the Scots to the Irish, now began to forego the spirit of rivalry that kept them apart. It was among the

Slovenes of Vienna that Strossmayer first undertook the crusade which has since resulted in the happy fusion of these two Slav peoples. This fact sufficiently indicates his life-long policy.

Thus, at the age of thirty-four, Joseph-George Strossmayer was appointed Bishop of the ancient and important diocese of Djakovo. However popular this appointment, and great the hope founded upon it, both have been surpassed by his actual services to the nation. In the words of his biographer, the Rev. M. Cepelitch: "If the Ban Yellatchitch had wrought no more for Croatia than to have given it a Strossmayer as leader, he had by this act alone earned its eternal gratitude."

It was on the occasion of his consecration that Strossmayer made the acquaintance of one who was to become his most intimate friend, the Papal Nuncio, Monseigneur Vialè Prela. This friendship, severed too soon by an untimely death, stood him in good stead through many dark hours.

His entrance into Djakovo was memorable; and was surpassed in grandeur only by the scene on the day of the consecration of the magnificent cathedral which he bestowed upon the town at a later date. In the purest Croat dialect the Bishop told his people that he was one with them in heart and tongue and national feeling. He did not hesitate to allude to the storms which had lately convulsed the State, and mentioning the holy word "freedom" told them that the first freedom to be sought was freedom from sin. "If you attain this, you need fear no oppression. . . . Imitate naught of what you see around you. Do not neglect your own beautiful Slav tongue, the inheritance of your heroic forefathers. Love your land, your customs, and your literature. We are neither Germans nor Magyars; we are proud to be Croats. Let us work together for the advancement of our country. Let us guard the purity of our creed and uphold the banner of the Slavs."

Thus did Bishop Strossmayer frankly state his programme and start on his career of active opposition to the pan-Germanism that threatened to spread throughout the empire under the specious name of superior civilization. On the following day, after the Mass, the capitular, in the name of the clergy, read a Latin address, to which the Bishop replied extempore with that marvelous command of the language which earned for him the title of the first Latin scholar in Europe.

During the first decade of his episcopate Strossmayer devoted himself mainly to the improvement of the schools in his diocese. He founded public libraries, and contributed largely to the distribution of cheap literature throughout the land. To those years also belongs his re-organization of the College of St. Jerome in Rome, which he placed on a footing of practical utility for Slavonic theological students.

After having built a primary school for boys entirely at his own expense, the Bishop likewise erected a convent, with hospital and girls' school attached, and invited the Sisters of Mercy in Vienna to found a community in Djakovo. From this nucleus branches have since spread throughout Croatia, where female religious orders were previously unknown.

The first public step which the Bishop took for the furtherance of the object dearest to his heart was to visit, in company with Cardinal Vialè Prela, the capital of Servia, and enter into friendly relations with the clergy of the schismatic church. This new departure, viewed with suspicion in Vienna, was denounced to the Pope by Austrian statesmen as "dangerous to the empire and derogatory to the Church." The endeavor to attribute unorthodox leanings and ambitious designs to the young prelate was, however, without effect, for in the following year he was appointed Primate of the Catholics in Servia. Henceforth he frequently celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel of the Austrian Legation in Belgrade, then, as now, the only place of Catholic worship in Servia.

On one occasion he traveled in the depths of winter to a mining district in Servia in order to dispense the consolations of religion to the Catholic miners. Strossmayer was the first Catholic Bishop to enter as such into the kingdom of Servia, and his conciliatory attitude towards the Servian clergy won their appreciation and good will. After a few years had passed we find him actually seated at a banquet given in his honor by the Metropolitan of Servia, and replying to a speech delivered by the Rector of the Belgrade High School, in which his services to the common literature of both countries were dwelt upon. No deception, however cruel, caused the Bishop to relinquish his hopes for the ultimate reconciliation of this schismatic with the true Church. The following extract from one of his Pastorals contains an exposition of his views:

"Let us love with a particular affection those of our breth-

ren who are not in full communion with us; for the glorious name of Catholic, which makes us one with men of all races and climes, as God and Jesus and Christianity are one, imposes on us the duty of loving our enemies, and, far more, those bound to us by ties of race and creed. Yes, thank God! we are united by the same creed, not merely similar, but almost identical; and, my children, let us be careful to dwell rather on the many points of belief we share in common, than on those few that divide us."

The Bishop caused a Mass to be offered for this intention once a month in the seminary of Djakovo, and it was the main incentive of his political workings, as exemplified by his discourses in the Parliament at Agram. The magnificent Cathedral of Djakovo, the creation of his brain and of his material sacrifices, is symbolical of the same. The structure, unique in design, is a bold combination of Gothic and Byzantine. The Bishop had studied the monuments of ecclesiastical architecture in Italy and Germany, and carefully hoarded the main part of his revenues for many years before he undertook to lay its foundation stone. When the last touch was given to the gilded cupola of the east wing he began the arduous task of decorating the interior. It was continued on similar lines. The principal painting, The Adoration of the Three Kings, represents a Croat kneeling to lay a bunch of ripe grapes at the feet of the Divine Child. Near him is a group of Slavonic, Dalmatian, and Herzegovian maidens in their respective national costumes. Finally, Bulgarian and Serbian shepherds unite in worshiping the Savior. Thus the Southern Slavs appear together in the finest picture in this monumental edifice. It is dedicated to St. Peter, and every detail was planned by the greatest Slav which the century has produced. No railing separates the altar from the nave in the Cathedral of Djakovo, and this, attributed by many to a desire of conciliating Eastern prejudices, was thus explained by the Bishop in his dedicatory sermon.

"In our land priests and people are inseparable. The humblest among you, youth of Croatia, may aspire to mount to this sacred altar. But remark its elevation! The priest is mediator between God and men. Never forget his awful dignity. Never forget the respect you owe to his sacred office."

His ardent striving for a Slav brotherhood could not fail to

excite hostile criticism both among Austrians and Magyars. The Emperor Francis Joseph, who had admitted him to the rank of member of his Privy Council, was induced by Hungarian pressure to censure publicly the Bishop's "overtures to Russia." When the Russian Church celebrated the millenium of Russia's conversion to Christianity, Bishop Strossmayer sent a telegram of sympathy and felicitation. This telegram raised a storm which reverberated throughout Europe. The Bishop was accused of fraternizing with schism and of wielding his authority to further the aims of Muscovite ambition—in short, of plotting to subvert the empire.

"Bishop," said the Emperor, at a public function where they met, "your telegram to Kiev has wounded many susceptibilities. Acknowledge that it was, to say the least, ill-advised."

"Sire," replied the Bishop calmly, "my conscience is quite at rest."

Rome was next called upon to administer a rebuke, or, at least, a paternal admonition. She did neither.

Hungarian politicians had their revenge at a later date when they succeeded in hindering Bishop Strossmayer's elevation to the archiepiscopate.

Meantime his appointment to the bishopric of Bosnia had given him a heavy charge. The Church in the newly-delivered provinces of Bosnia had suffered too long from Turkish oppression to revive at once under the control of Austria, to whose language the Serb population were strangers. Bishop Strossmayer decided to found a seminary exclusively for Bosnian students in Djakovo; but for this, as for so many of his generous undertakings, he did not escape blame. He was accused of exciting the Christians of Bosnia against their Mohammedan brethren—in the course of centuries of subjection to the infidel yoke many Bosnians had adopted Islamism—and Austria protested loudly against any interference with the creed whose liberty she had guaranteed. He had, besides, the sorrow of seeing his seminary closed in 1876, when the province was ceded to Magyar control.

Strossmayer's great soul inspired him to brave great responsibilities. In his own words: "The man who harbors the idea of a righteous enterprise must quail before no peril or difficulty in accomplishing it. Let him attack the obstacles

boldly, and work on to the end, confident in the Almighty's assistance to bring all to a successful issue.

The first great national foundation which his country owes to this munificent patron of art is the Academy of Agram, which is expressly designated as an academy for *all* Southern Slavs. In a memorable letter to the Ban of Croatia the Bishop explained his project and submitted a sum of $20,000 towards its realization. This was but one of many subsequent donations for the same object, and when he had defended it in the Parliament—for even here a hostile party opposed the foundation—the nation responded nobly by generous contributions. When the existence of the Academy was assured he undertook to provide a suitable building for its permanent establishment; and here too, leading the way by a princely donation, he saw the necessary funds quickly supplied by his enthusiastic compatriots.

Bishop Strossmayer next turned his attention to the completion of the National Croat University, whose foundation stone he had laid many years before. The necessity and utility of this institution were fiercely attacked in Parliament by the representatives of the Magyar element; and again the Bishop's eloquence was brought to bear in order to overrule opposition. He had given $12,000 towards the creation of this university, and now he undertook to collect the whole of the necessary sum. In a short time he succeeded, and had the joy of witnessing the realization of his second great aspiration for the youth of Croatia.

The wisdom of Strossmayer in guaranteeing to his countrymen the advantages of higher education in their own land, surrounded by the salutary influence of their pastors, rather than expose them to contact with heretical and Semitic prejudices, was made evident in 1892 when the Hungarian Parliament ratified the civil marriage bill. This iniquitous measure, introduced for the greater facility of mixed marriages in a land overridden with fanatical Jews, legalizes a marriage between any two persons who present themselves before the mayor of the district; and dissolves it, in like manner, without difficulty. It would not have pressed so sorely on Catholics, had it not been made obligatory even on those who, as hitherto, made marriage a religious ceremony, and considered that the sacrament dispensed with all civil formalities. The peo-

ple, Catholic Croats and Hungarians, and schismatic Serbs, who were first forced to comply with its rules, showed their contempt by appearing before the mayor in soiled or ragged clothes and openly deriding the contract. Many went to prison for insulting the "dignity of the law," and in some villages there were violent disturbances. Unlike the Parliament of Croatia, which consists of but one Chamber, the Magyar Parliament comprises a Lower and an Upper Chamber, the House of Magnats. Strossmayer had long since ceased to occupy his seat in the latter, but at the time of the passing of the Civil Marriage Act he worked actively to secure its defeat in the House of Magnats. Although this Act could not affect Croatia, he felt called upon to denounce an infringement of the Church's rights in a neighboring country professedly Catholic, and therefore a gross injustice to the Croats resident in Hungary. His campaign resulted in the defeat, on two different occasions, of the bill in the Upper House, and when at length it passed, the victory was obtained by only four votes.

I remember, at that time, listening to the pastoral addressed by the Bishop to his flock, and which expressed so vehemently his grief and indignation that the priest's voice faltered as he read, and many of the congregation were in tears. It was, indeed, incredible that pagan institutions should sully the greatest of the lands belonging to the Crown of St. Stephen, nor can I forget the lowering faces of the honest Croats around me. If Hungary had wished to alienate Croat sympathy, and put the greatest bar to her Magyarizing tendencies, she could have done nothing more effective than the passing of the Civil Marriage Act.

Strossmayer's life was as thickly bestrewn with sorrows and deceptions as with honors and triumphs. The bitterest trial of his career was the libellous pamphlet circulated throughout Europe, and even in America, containing a hostile criticism of the Catholic Church signed with his name.

This infamous document received its shadow of possibility from the fact that Strossmayer was an Inopportunist. The Bishop's attitude in this, as in every instance, testifies to his unfailing sincerity and conscientiousness. He feared aught that might tend to widen the breach between the Eastern and Western Churches; and, as Cardinal Manning afterwards declared, performed his duty as a true son of the Church. His dis-

course, pronounced in that assembly of holiness and learning, is a beautiful specimen of the purest classical Latin; but more beautiful still in the minds of all lovers of virtue are the sermons in which he expounded to his people the dogma of Papal Infallibility, to the promulgation of which he now gave his fullest and warmest support.

In 1871 the pamphlet which purported to give a report of the Bishop's speech at the Vatican Council was sown broadcast throughout Austria. To those who are even slightly acquainted with the Church's discipline, it was evident that the Bishop could not have retained his post after such violent diatribes against his superiors, even for the sake of preserving the Croat nation from a schism! The secession to the Greek Church of Croatia was an intention with which the Bishop's political opponents were fond of crediting him. The forged pamphlet was, however, welcomed with delight by the enemies of the faith, and translated into many tongues. In spite of Bishop Strossmayer's disclaimer, the Austrian liberal press continued to proclaim it genuine, and the Old Catholics of Germany employed it as their chief weapon at the Council of Constance in 1873. It was then that Bishop Ketteler came forward and declared that he had known Bishop Strossmayer intimately during their sojourn in Rome, but that never, either in public or in private, had he heard him express an opinion similar to those contained in the pamphlet. Silenced in Germany, the calumny still subsisted in England and America, and as late as 1889 we find the Bishop writing to the Bishop of Covington on the matter. Meanwhile Strossmayer had received a letter from a priest in America who had received the confession of the forger. The man, who had been an apostate, entreated Bishop Strossmayer's forgiveness, and died full of remorse.

In 1900 the venerable prelate celebrated the golden jubilee of his episcopate. His regular and active life had led him to a hale old age; at his death, in the beginning of 1905, he was the oldest bishop in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. His extraordinary vitality remained almost unimpaired during the last decade, and his interest in his educational foundations never waned. He had founded a chair for the old Slav tongue in the College of St. Jerome in Rome, and one of his latest acts was in reference to it. Pope John VIII. had accorded to the great Slav apostles, Cyril and Methodius, the right to use the

Slav liturgy, and it was largely due to Bishop Strossmayer's endeavors that Pope Leo XIII. issued the Bull, "Grande Munus," which confirms this right, and places the Slav tongue on a perfect equality with the Greek and Latin. Invited by the Bishop of Loreto to celebrate High Mass at the dedication of the new Cathedral in Loreto, Bishop Strossmayer gladly consented, and thus the first time the Holy Sacrifice was offered in this Church, which is under the patronage of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the liturgy was sung in the language of the Slav apostles.

On looking back over the long and fruitful life of the great Croat, one is forced to ask: How did this one man accomplish so many gigantic undertakings?

The ferment of 1848 had undoubtedly given a new impetus to national life everywhere; and the Croat people had just awakened to that sense of their own power which only required a competent leader to transform it into action. Bishop Strossmayer was that leader. But, although his training in hut and palace, and his eminent abilities, fitted him for the post of teacher and adviser, it was neither of these that won for him the unbounded sway he exercised over his compatriots. Their attachment and confidence, born of the faith which is their dearest heritage, were irresistibly drawn by the great spiritual force behind all the Bishop's acts. As member of the political councils and legislative assemblies in Vienna, Pest, and Agram, as Governor of the province of Vitir, as pastor of Croats, Serbs, and Bosnians, as leader of the great intellectual movement in modern Croatia, Bishop Strossmayer never worked for actual present results, but always with a view to the future and the hereafter. His extraordinary energy and perseverence in the performance of his self-allotted tasks arose from that keen sense of duty with which he had been permeated from childhood. Thus, persuaded that the talents with which God had endowed him were precious charges to be employed in his service, he feared nothing so much as the temptation of allowing them to rust. Hence, his political correspondence with Gladstone coincides with the time of his Latin poems in the honor of the Blessed Virgin; and his literary communications to several European universities did not interfere with his revision of the schoolbooks

in his diocese or his contributions to the series of instructive books issued by the Society of St. Jerome. During the erection of the Cathedral of Djakovo he visited it several times daily, studying the plans with the architect, and inspecting almost every stone. As a priest he was indefatigable; he had revived the custom of reading the Epistles and Gospels aloud in the Croat tongue; and he continued to preach until the infirmities of age, weakening his powerful and melodious voice, forced him to abandon the pulpit. The distribution of the Holy Eucharist was his dearest privilege; he often traveled to distant villages in order to celebrate Mass on a First Communion day. On these occasions he addressed the children familiarly; reminded them that Croat meant Catholic; that their attachment to their religion was the guarantee of their future as a nation; and gave them his blessing often with tears of emotion running down his cheeks.

Strossmayer has been accused of ambition—even of aspiring to the greatest of all dignities, the sceptre wielded so powerfully by his compatriot, Sixtus V.; but to those who knew him personally, as well as to those who study impartially the record of his life, it is plain that his zeal for the Church and his devotion to his own nation were the barriers to his elevation to the archiepiscopate.

One of the most edifying moments of his career was that in which he hastened to pay homage to his newly-appointed superior—his inferior in years, in services to the Church, and in mental qualifications. At the aged prelate's approach, the new Archbishop advanced to meet him and, in confusion, reversing the usual order, bent down to kiss his hand before Strossmayer could protest. Tears stood in the eyes of all present, and only the countenance of one remained serene. He, whom Hungarian statesmen thought to mortify, was well content to work in any capacity in the Lord's vineyard. The pallium which Leo XIII. soon after conferred on the Bishop of Djakovo, and a letter expressing the warmest appreciation of his services to the Church, sufficiently demonstrated the esteem in which he was held by the Head of Christendom. As an instance of the Bishop's conciliatory spirit, we may recall the following:

He had contributed largely to the erection of a new church

in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on Mount Tersatt, in Dalmatia, where the Holy House of Nazareth is supposed to have paused in its miraculous journey to Loreto. When invited to officiate at the dedication, however, he waived the honor in favor of one who was considered his great political rival, but who had ever remained his dear brother in Christ, Bishop Stadler, the upholder of the Austrian element in Bosnia.

It was Bishop Stadler who pronounced the funeral panegyric on the Bishop of Djakovo when he was laid to rest, in the Cathedral of his own foundation, amidst the tears of a nation and in the presence of numerous representatives from neighboring states and of envoys from several crowned heads of Europe.

The orator took for his text the motto of the deceased prelate, the motto to which he had so faithfully adhered: "*All for Faith and Fatherland*," and showed that this valiant son of the Church had accomplished so much, because he was essentially, and beyond all else, a man of prayer.

"I have always loved, beyond any human converse, that which solitude procured me face to face with my Creator."

BRUGES.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

BRUGES, a city "from whose towers (to borrow the words of Matthew Arnold) still breathe the enchantments of the Middle Ages," can boast high antiquity, an eventful history, great prosperity, and importance in the past. From a very early date, probably from the time of the Romans, there stood, about nine miles west of Ghent, a fortified camp or castle on a small oblong-shaped island, formed by the confluence of the river Boterbeke with the Roya, and a broad moat connecting the two streams, in the northwest corner of Flanders. This lonely, desolate spot, hemmed in by forest and marsh, was little more than a dismal waste. Cæsar mentions it as a barren, unhealthy land, and Eumenius says of it that the land seemed to float on the ocean, and when trodden on quaked underfoot. Its name of Brugge, or Bruggestock, was perhaps taken from the brugge, or heather and undergrowth which surrounded it, or from the brigge (bridge) whereby it was approached. Some chroniclers say that the fort was erected in the fourth century to protect the bridge, the ancient seal of the city being a castle and bridge. Hard by the fort, on the mainland, was a small sanctuary, supposed to have been built by St. Eligius in the seventh century; tradition asserts that on the site of that chapel St. Saviour's Church now stands.

Towards the close of the year 630, as is recorded in a life of St. Amand, Bishop of Bourges, by one of his disciples (Boll. Acta SS. vi. Feb.) that prelate, having journeyed to Rome, was praying before the tomb of the Apostles, when suddenly he heard the voice of St. Peter, bidding him return to Gaul, where he must preach the Gospel. So impressed was he by the reality of the command, that he instantly set out for the North, and presently reached Sens. There he was told that there was a country beyond the Scheldt called Gand, where

dwelt a wild people who had forgotten God and worshipped trees; so rude was this land, and so fierce its inhabitants, that no missionary dare venture thither. "This must be the field," quoth Amand, "which St. Peter would have me till," and, with a small band of followers, he landed on the further side of the Scheldt. The newcomers were received with unmistakable signs of hostility by the settlers around the fortress of Brugge; the saint himself was seized and plunged into the river. This so terrified his companions that they fled in dismay; but Amand fearlessly continued the work he had begun, and in course of time won the confidence of the people, many of whom he baptized, and whose idol temples he destroyed. For thirty years he remained in that district, teaching and preaching and enduring all manner of hardships. Presently he was joined by other missionaries. Churches and monasteries were built, the land was brought under cultivation, villages and small towns were formed. Several of these towns in the neighborhood of Bruges claim as their founder one or other of the missionaries who at that time evangelized the country. In the eighth century St. Boniface and St. Walburga are said to have visited Bruges, the former founding a church in honor of our Lady, the latter the parish church which bears her name. Already in the seventh century Bruges had a civic organization of its own, and appears to have been a place of some importance.

Charlemagne secured the tranquillity of Germany by subduing the Saxons. Some of these Saxons, however, settled in Flanders. This accounts for the difference of language in the northern and southern provinces; in the former Flemish, in the latter Walloon is the vernacular. The early governors of Flanders, appointed by Charlemagne and his successors, bore the title of Forester, because they had charge of the vast forests about Bruges. They had also to defend the coast against the Normans, who made descents, ravaged the country, and left a trail marked by the ashes of towns and villages, the ruins of churches and monasteries. So much were these ferocious pirates dreaded that the Brugeois added a petition to their litany: "From the fury of the Northmen deliver us, O Lord." The title of Forester was changed to that of Count on the appointment of Baldwin Bras-de-fer, who carried off and married the fair Judith, daughter of the King of France.

He was the first of the long line of Counts of Flanders, whose power was gradually augmented as Bruges, their chief town, extended its limits and increased its commerce. Thither Emma, the widow of Canute, went to live when driven from England. Entering as an exile, she quitted it later in triumph when her son, Hardicanute, who had joined her at Bruges, was elected King of England.

In the eleventh century Arwulf, Bishop of Soissons, was sent to preach to the Flemings, and to convert the then Count. Arwulf was the means of transforming him from a cruel, warlike ruler to a peaceful, devout Christian. The Bishop's labors and those of the monks of the Benedictine Abbey of Oudenburg, which he founded and where he died, completed the civilization and evangelization of Flanders. During the rule of Charles the Good a famine desolated the land. The Count daily fed a hundred destitute poor in Bruges; and on being reproached for this liberality, answered: "I know how needy are the poor and how selfish the high born." He was murdered while kneeling in the Church of St. Donatus; his body was left lying in the desecrated edifice until one of his servants wrapped it in a winding sheet and placed four candles round it. The assassin was hurled to death from the Church tower.

During the reign of Thierry of Alsace, who for forty years ruled well and wisely, St. Bernard came to Bruges preaching the crusade. "Worn with fasting and mortification," says an ancient writer, "pale, seeming scarcely to live, the saint's appearance moved men almost as much as his words." Count Thierry more than once took up the sword of the crusader; on his return from one of these expeditions he brought to Bruges a treasure which has had no little influence on the artistic and religious development of this city, which for centuries has attracted and still attracts to it thousands of pious pilgrims. When Thierry was about to leave Jerusalem, his brother-in-law, Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, gave him, as a guerdon because of the valor he had displayed, a crystal vial in which was a crimson fluid, said by tradition to be some drops of the Precious Blood of Christ, collected by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus when they washed the blood-stained body before laying it in the sepulchre. Thierry received, on his knees, the sacred relic, which was closed by gold stoppers; but he said a rough

soldier like himself was unworthy to be the bearer of so sacred a treasure. So he hung the silver chain attached to it round the neck of his chaplain, Abbot Leo of St. Omer, who had accompanied him to Palestine. The Abbot never parted with it night or day until, on the evening of April 7, 1150, he reached the gates of Bruges. News of the treasure having reached the city, crowds came out to meet him, and with solemn pomp the relic was transferred to the custody of the Court chaplains, four of whom were appointed to guard it, after it had been deposited, in the presence of the Count and all the magnates of Bruges, in the chapel of St. Basil, which Baldwin of the Iron Hand had built. The earlier history of this precious relic is veiled in mystery, but from the day when it was brought to Bruges its story is unbroken.

Count Thierry was away on another and a last expedition to the Holy Land when St. Thomas of Canterbury, forced to fly from England in consequence of having resisted the king's encroachments on the rights of the Church, landed in disguise near Bruges, and placed himself under the protection of the Count's son, Philip, who was governing Flanders during his father's absence. The King of England sent letters demanding that the Archbishop should be given up, but no heed was paid to them. Philip was then building a Church at Crépy, and the fugitive Archbishop asked to what saint he intended to dedicate it? Philip answered: "To the first martyr." "The first of those who were martyred or of those who shall be?" rejoined Thomas with a significant smile. The Church was not yet finished when the Archbishop was murdered in the cathedral of Canterbury, and to him it was dedicated. Many traditions connected with the saint linger in the vicinity of Bruges.

In 1203 Count Baldwin IX., with the chivalry of Flanders, assembled in the Church of St. Donatus at Bruges to receive the cross before starting on the fourth crusade. The Bishop of Tournay presided at the ceremony; taking a linen cross embroidered with gold, he fastened it on the Count's right shoulder, saying: "Take this sign of the cross in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in memory of the Passion and Death of Christ." Baldwin was elected Emperor of Constantinople, where he died, leaving only two young daughters as his heirs. King Philip Augustus, of France,

availed himself of this opportunity to invade Flanders, and take possession of Bruges. The carnage was terrible; a thousand dwellings were burnt and acres of fertile crops consumed before the French retired, in consequence of the destruction of their fleet. The people of Bruges detested the overlordship of France, and were faithful to their own Counts; they were involved in constant struggles in order to maintain their rights and privileges and to prevent annexation to France.

On one occasion the inhabitants of Bruges rose up against the French who occupied the city, cutting down all who could not pronounce the fatal shibboleth: *Schilt ende vriendt;* Flanders for the lion. All the day the slaughter went on. Villani says the streets and squares were so encumbered with corpses, that three days were required to remove the dead for burial without the walls. This was called the Bruges Matins. The King of France sent an army to avenge his fallen soldiers; it was met by the Flemish army, stalwart peasants wielding heavy clubs. The marshy ground proved fatal to the armor-clad knights, and the French army was completely routed. This, the most memorable battle in Flemish history, was called the Battle of the Golden Spurs, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle, four thousand, some say. On that day the flower of French chivalry perished; seven hundred spurs were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame, and as the cavaliers of that day wore only one spur, this testifies to the death of at least seven hundred gallant knights.

Another historic fight was that of Minnewater (lac d'amour). When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal to carry the waters of the river Lys to their own city, they were attacked by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been injured by the formation of the canal. The assailants gained the day and entered Bruges in triumph; but the fighting was soon suppressed and peace restored.

These and other contests did not, however, impede the growth and prosperity of Bruges. As the head of the Hanseatic league it was a centre of commerce and industry. The merchants of North and South met in its markets, and the produce of the North was exchanged for that of Southern Europe and distant India. The principal source of wealth was

the skill of the legions of weavers; England supplied wool which, in the populous villages of Flanders, was woven into fabrics for all lands, of varied texture and coloring. The heavy market-dues belonged to two noble families who were bound to protect the traders against pirates and robbers.

Bruges was also famous for her guilds and corporations of foreign merchants—trade guilds for the most part, though some were military. The most powerful guild was that of the masons, while the carpenters claimed precedence, as formerly the houses were entirely constructed of wood. It was under the patronage of St. Joseph. These guilds took part in all pageants and municipal displays, which were often of great magnificence. Our own poet Longfellow says, when to his imagination the shadowy phantoms of the past seemed to walk the earth again at Bruges:

"I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease"

A chronicler of the Middle Ages describes the inhabitants of Bruges as "tall, refined of features, fair in complexion, frugal and sober, and rich in dress." In fact, so splendid was the attire of the citizens that when Philip the Fair, King of France, visited Flanders with his Queen, she was so astonished at the display of wealth, and the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "I thought I alone was queen, but behold hundreds here. It appears that the burghers are all princes, since their wives are arrayed like queens and princesses." Again we read that in the fifteenth century, when an alliance was formed with England, on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Charles the Bold with Princess Margaret of York, all the leading citizens of Bruges went out to meet the Duke and his bride at Holy Cross gate, and do homage to the princess, offering her wine and wax. Minstrels were posted in the turrets of the gate, who sang sweetly as she passed, and

there were grand rejoicings for many days, tournaments and banquets. At the palace were two figures of archers; from the bolt of the crossbow of one flowed red wine, from the end of the arrow of the other, white wine, wherewith to regale the crowd. The fair of Bruges, lasting six weeks, was a matter of European celebrity.

It is recorded that when, in 1351, the burgomasters of Bruges and Ghent went to Paris, to pay homage to King John, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but being invited to a banquet they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to show their displeasure at this want of regard for their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and sat upon them. On rising from table, they left the cloaks behind; when reminded of this, Simon van Eertrycke, Burgomaster of Bruges, replied: "We are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner." And when Louis XI., while Dauphin, having quarreled with his father, took refuge at the court of the Duke of Flanders, the latter desired to impress the future King of France with the greatness and might and wealth of the Low Countries. Consequently, when he and his guest came in sight of Bruges, the nobles and magnates, with eight hundred merchants, clad in robes of silk and velvet, went to meet the prince with torches and shouts of greeting. Louis, who was not famed for courage, was alarmed at this noisy reception and turned pale with apprehension. But the sight of such opulence and prosperity excited his avarice, and he, when King, endeavored, though vainly, to annex Flanders to France.

The grandest of all the pageants was the yearly procession, in May, of the relic of the Precious Blood. The first procession was in 1303. The circuit made in old times was from the Chapel of St. Basil, whence it started at ten o'clock, to the ramparts and back round the town The bells of all the churches announced the start of the procession, which was preceded by a body of horsemen to clear the way. These were followed by trumpeters, blowing silver trumpets decked with costly embroidery; then came the city magnates and magistrates in gala dress, the trade guilds with their deans and chaplains, the members of noble confraternities, the municipal authorities with the great standard, a black lion on a gold

ground, the clergy, religious and secular, prelates from all parts, musicians and singers, thurifers in a cloud of incense; lastly the relic borne between two priests, and followed by a crowd of devout persons.*

The burghers of Bruges on two occasions all but lost their much-prized treasure. During the troubles with Ghent, in the days of Philip Van Artevelde, the relic was one May day being carried in procession round the ramparts, when a band of soldiers was encountered. During the confusion some one cried out: "The Ghenters are upon us!" A panic ensued; the clergy hurried away with the relic, and when order was restored it was missing. For some days no one knew where it was, until one morning, a Béguine, going to wash some linen in the stream that ran through the convent grounds, saw something shining at the bottom of the water. It was the reliquary which one of the fugitives, not knowing where to hide it, had thrown into the stream. Again, during the troublous times at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when Calvinism was triumphant, and churches and monasteries were sacked, it was through the prudence of an individual, one of the wardens of St. Basil's Chapel, that the relic was saved from falling into the hands of the heretics. He secretly conveyed it to his own house and concealed it in a cellar until the storm had passed. For twenty five years, at the period of the French Revolution, from 1795–1820, the treasure was hidden in the houses of various citizens to preserve it from Jacobin fanaticism.

There were many monastic institutions in Bruges during the Middle Ages. The oldest was the abbey of Eeckhout (Canons regular of St. Augustine), so called because it was built in an oak wood which fringed the left bank of the Roya. No vestige of it now remains. The Carmelites came to Bruges in 1265, thanks to the piety of Margaret of Constantinople, the younger daughter of Baldwin, the Emperor of Constantinople. There was also the great Abbey of St. Clare, founded in 1270; the Black, or nursing Sisters; and two centuries later the far-famed Grey Sisters. The Carmelite nuns of Sion came in 1487. The Béguinage, instituted in the thirteenth century, still subsists. It is a spot where peace and tranquillity reign

* This procession still takes place yearly on the first Monday after the 2d of May.

supreme; far from the busy world, it is given to be the abode of pious women devoted to the service of God, and consists of a number of houses encircling a court, or green, planted with elms. Each Béguine inhabits a separate house with her servant; all are subject to a superior, and take vows of obedience and chastity; they are, however, free at the end of each year to go back to the world, if they so desire. Formerly this spot was surrounded by fertile vineyards, as the name still attached to that quarter, *Place de la Vigne*, testifies.

The most striking feature in Bruges is the belfry, and the melodious carillon of its bells. Of this Longfellow sings:

"In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.
Still most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes, ring the melancholy chimes."

The belfry has stood from time immemorial; originally it was of stone, surmounted by a bell-tower of wood. It was the symbol and home of the city's liberties. In 1280 it was burnt down for the first time; all the charters and early records were reduced to ashes, only the stone walls of the tower part were left standing. When rebuilt, a spire was added with a figure of St. Michael; this was struck by lightning soon after, and when it was restored, the lion of Flanders took the place of the Archangel. From the balcony over the arched gateway public proclamations are read out. Two watchmen are there day and night to give notice of the outbreak of fire in any part of the city, by ringing the alarm bell.

It must not be thought that only trade and commerce flourished in Bruges in the Middle Ages. Architects and artists, painters and musicians, wood carvers and workers in brass, all found students and patrons among the proud nobles and wealthy burghers. The names of Van Ecyk, Hans Memling, Albert Durer, David, may bementioned among the great artists who, if not natives, were for a considerable time denizens of the city, and whose works may still be seen there.

Until the thirteenth century the houses were constructed of wood; brick or stone being used for the first time in the erection of the ecclesiastical buildings of that period. The beautiful façade of Notre Dame, with its delicate tracery of windows and arches, elegant turrets and carved stone work; the grand old Hotel de Ville, from the balcony of which the Flemish rulers were proclaimed, the picturesque gabled fronts of the old houses, these yet remain to tell of past glories. Dante on his travels visited Bruges; it is one of the four Flemish cities mentioned in his Purgatorio. His description of the dykes *tra Guzzante e Bruggia* corresponds exactly with the topographical conditions of that vicinity. Caxton spent a great part of his thirty-six years residence on the continent at Bruges. Six of the earliest specimens of the newly-found art were printed there, and when he sailed from its port on his return to England, he carried with him a freight more valuable than gold, the first printing-press. Erasmus declared Bruges to be: "A most famous city, possessed of men of learning, and many who, if not learned, are quick-witted and sound in jugdment. I am tempted," he says, "to live at Bruges, if I can find snug quarters there and agreeable company."

Bruges had reached the zenith of its prosperity; its rise had been slow, but its decline was swift. In the sixteenth century, under its Spanish rulers, it fell into great misery; pauperism prevailed, the once busy marts were comparatively deserted, the warehouses were empty, the quays without ships. Wars, civil and religious, contributed in great measure to this altered state of things; still more, the discovery of America and the opening of a new road to India. Commerce sought new paths and ports; moreover, Bruges lost access to the sea, through the decrease of water in the Zwijn. That estuary, never very deep, could no longer float vessels drawing much water, and ships of two hundred tons could no longer penetrate into the town. Calvinists overran the Low Countries; armed burghers at the closed gates saved the churches from pillage, for the people of Bruges remained staunch Catholics, although the authorities allowed Anabaptists and Calvinists to preach their new doctrines. For six years the party of William of Orange was in power, during which time William caused the Franciscan friars to be whipped and banished, the

Catholic leaders to be arrested, the bishop cast into prison, and the public exercise of the Catholic religion prohibited. The altar pieces were daubed with whitewash, the chapel of St. Basil robbed of its gold and silver vessels; the costly shrine adorned with precious stones shared a like fate, the relic itself being hidden in the house of a private individual until the storm of fanaticism passed over. When the submission of the city was accepted, peace was restored by Alexander Farnese, the Prince of Parma. No estimate can be formed of what ecclesiastical art and literature lost by the havoc of the so-called Reformation.

On the Catholic revival in Europe three new houses of religious men were founded in Bruges; one of these being a Jesuit College. The year after the great plague of London (1665), the same scourge fell on Bruges. It is said that no fewer than 20,000 of its inhabitants perished. The clergy who visited the pestilence-stricken had to carry in their hand a red wand, called *peste-stok*, to warn passersby to avoid them.

A wave of persecution once more swept over Bruges at the time of the French Revolution. The church of Notre Dame was almost demolished; the pavement torn up, the stained glass broken, the beautiful flamboyant stalls which lined the choir carried away; every kind of havoc was done, only bare walls left standing. As we have said, the precious relic was concealed for a quarter of a century; until then it had been exposed for veneration every Friday. When tranquillity again prevailed, the venerable edifice was restored.

Through the causes we have mentioned, the population of Bruges was reduced, in the early part of the last century, to 43,000, Now, as the poet Wordsworth says:

"In Bruges' town is many a street
Whence busy life has fled;
Where without hurry noiseless feet
The grass grown pavement tread."

But a halo of past glory still lingers round the ancient city, and despite its small, though increasing, population, it covers a considerable area. Its ramparts are five miles round, and only the leisurely visitor can know it as it deserves to be

known. The meditative stroller will ever discover fresh beauties; new points of view from which the three striking and dissimilar spires of the belfry, the cathedral, and Notre Dame are seen at their best; silent canals along which the swans sail stately amid the water lilies; grassy quays and wonderful old houses with crow-stepped gables, inscribed with far-off dates in beaten iron. As he leans over some ancient bridge beneath the shade of convent or *Godshuise*, and listens to the carillon sounding high in air afar off, he may think that the supposed melancholy of "Bruges le morte" has been somewhat exaggerated. For Bruges has recently begun to feel a revival of commercial ambition. Not satisfied to sit "stately and sad" amid canals that mirror her thrice-famous spires, she is desirous to become once more a busy centre of trade. She is, in fact, once more cutting her way to the sea, access to which she lost four or five centuries ago. Besides, in these days of easy locomotion, pilgrims in increasing numbers flock to adore the sacred relic which it is her pride to possess. The processions take place with the same solemnity as of old, and are concluded with a most impressive ceremony. The blessing with the holy relic is given from a temporary altar erected on the Bourg to the assembled multitude, the drums of the massed bands sounding at the moment of benediction, and the soldiers standing with drawn swords.

ABBOT GASQUET'S NEW BOOK.

BY ETHELRED TAUNTON.

SOME few years ago in England, at a clerical meeting, a prominent ecclesiastic read a paper upon what he was pleased to call "The Catholic Presentment of History." I have always been at a loss to know exactly what is meant by such a term. I know what history means; and I know, alas! too well, how it has been prostituted by parties for the sake of gaining controversial victories. I have read so called Catholic histories; I have read also what are known as Protestant histories. History is truth; and truth needs no qualification. Of course a Catholic should understand certain matters and their real meaning in a way that a non-Catholic writer cannot be expected to know; so the former will be able to detect tendencies and trace effects back to their real causes. Beyond this, as a mere investigator of facts and criticiser of documents, there is nothing on the score of religion that gives the advantage to the Catholic over the non-Catholic.

I am speaking plainly. When one writer, timid and forgetting that human nature is the same everywhere and at all times, hides or glosses over what is unpleasant, he presents just as much a distorted picture of the truth as does the blatant and virulent opponent of the Church who gloats over the failings and shortcomings of Catholics, and holds them up as the sum of all history. The suppression of truth suggests falsehood; and bad effects are bound to ensue from such immorality. It is a fatal policy to set before the world the spiritual aspect of the Church as the sole one. She has as well a human side—a very human side—which must be taken into full consideration. The true idea of the Church, that is, of the Church as she really is, can only be gained by an adequate comprehension of both aspects. To hide one hinders our vision of the other. A day will come when the truth will out; perhaps it will be rudely forced upon us by an enemy instead of

a friend. Is there not always a danger of reaction, as from a shock, when we find that things are not what they seem, and that we have been deceived by those whom we trusted as guides and teachers of truth? And this may go far further than to human things only. But, thank God, there is a better spirit abroad; though the danger is always present. Cardinal Manning, towards the end of his life, apprehended this truth. He spoke to Leo XIII., in 1883, of the timidity of certain historians. "If the Evangelists," said he, "did not conceal the sin of Peter and the fall of Judas, neither ought we to conceal the sins of bishops and of other personages." "There are some," he also remarked, "who would like to leave all such matters out of the Gospels as not being for 'edification.'" As though real spiritual life can be built up on falsehood instead of on God's truth! Another English cardinal, Newman, makes weighty remarks on the matter: "Here another great subject opens upon us, when I ought to be bringing these remarks to an end. I mean the endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal; facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put on memorable acts, because they are thought not edifying, whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses, are the greatest" (*Historical Sketches*, II., p. 231).

There is no need, of course, that history should be a mere gathering of scandals, or that these should be dealt with for scandal's sake. But when a period in history cannot be understood without dealing plainly with events painful to vanity or *esprit de corps*, when a disastrous effect cannot be explained without probing the cause to the bottom (probing is always painful to the probed and often to the prober), then I say, in the name of the God of Truth, go on fearlessly. The result will be more wholesome, and will tend to a radical cure of a disease far better than hiding up a festering sore which affects the whole body.

Some five or six years ago I was brought face to face with certain historical problems in our own history. Why was the English hierarchy allowed to lapse, and why did the English people finally turn against the faith of their forefathers? Most writers had burked the question, and were evidently afraid to deal with it. The matter was attracting attention outside the Church as an important part of English history that required

investigation. It was judged better that a Catholic and a priest should be first in the field and show that we were not afraid of facing the truth, however disagreeable it might be. Besides a Catholic who simply aimed at telling the truth would be able to draw attention to what would, naturally enough, not strike a non-Catholic writer. The work fell to me; and I was able to show that, whatever were the faults of a few disobedient men who were by no means representatives, the Church was in no ways compromised. Of course my work did not find favor in certain quarters. I never expected that it would; although it was written without *animus*, and with no other end except to free the Church from a false accusation. I try always to be tolerant of other people's opinions. I don't suppose I am forgiven yet for doing what I meant and think to be a true service to the Church; and for some years I was a very well-abused man.

But the cause of truth must go on. We cannot prevent enquiry; and it is but ordinary policy that we should take a share in the work. The Right Reverend Abbot Gasquet has just brought out one of those illuminative books* which have made his name honored as a trustworthy and solid historian. *Henry III. and the Church* is a work conceived and executed in strict conformity with the principles enunciated above. The Abbot is no controversial historian; he is simply an investigator, scrupulous and painstaking, of the facts of the past. Minimizing and exaggeration he leaves to others who want to score a point over an opponent. He writes with that only impartiality that becomes a historian, *viz.*, a bias in favor of truth. By the way, there is no more foolish cuckoo cry than that of "partiality," which is so often raised against a writer whose sole aim is to set forth, without fear or favor, what he, by due labor, finds to be the truth. Smugness disturbed by truth is ever ready to raise the cry of "partiality" and to prate and pose about the "judicious impartiality" that becomes a historian. One worthy of the name of a historian does not venture to formulate an opinion until he has the whole case before him; and often the general reader only sees a very small portion of the reasons that have weighed with the author when formulating his conclusions. The "partiality" is gen-

* *Henry the Third and the Church.* By Abbot Gasquet, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. London, 1905: George Bell & Sons.

erally on the side of the reader, who is vexed to find that his preconceived notions are challenged.

The subject of Abbot Gasquet's new work is most important, both as regards the ecclesiastical as well as the secular history of England. No one has hitherto attempted it with any thoroughness. It bristles with difficulties. Lingard gives but a sketch; and he does not see the wider influences at work, nor the great object lesson the story gives. On the other hand Dean Stephens, of Winchester, to take a late book, in the second volume of his *History of the Church of England* (with its natural limitations, an excellent series) does not, being an Anglican, see the true nature of many of the *phenomena* with which he has to deal. His picture, therefore, is often out of focus. Abbot Gasquet, in his introduction, touches upon the difficulty experienced by such writers of history: "Many people come to history to find evidence for something they wish to prove, and their eyes consequently magnify what they expect to see, whilst probably, quite unconsciously, they obscure or diminish or discount what does not accord with their preconceived notions. If this be true with regard to facts, all the more certainly is it the case with respect to inferences or deductions which have to be drawn from them, in order to explain their existence or to point their moral. Every one who has made the endeavor will recognize how difficult it is accurately to determine the sense of even one document, and what stern self-discipline is requisite as the first condition of every critical inquiry or historical investigation."

The reign of Henry III. of England shows some most extraordinary aspects of the relations between the Church and State. Let me briefly sketch them.

England, as the sole country in Europe that was directly evangelized by Rome, was always considered by the Holy See to be connected with her in a special way. As the political world changed and the Feudal idea was engrafted on Latin society by the northerners, so did the Church come under that influence; and a relationship between the head and the members, which was indeed of the very essence of the Church, received a striking development. The primacy of the Pope became accentuated as that of the over-lord, first over the bishops and clergy and then over the laity. The mind of Europe,

after the fatal millenary was safely passed, was more than ever possessed with the idea of unity. It was found at work on all sides; in law, in State, in Church, in art, in sciences. The divine unity of the Church, which was following the laws of a natural development, found its counterpart in the unity of the Christian state under the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. This empire was a direct creation of the Church. When Popes crowned the successors of Charles the Great on that red porphyry slab which, to day, is seen near the great door of St. Peter's, the highest secular officer in Christendom received his power from the Pope; and thereby acknowledged him as over-lord. Thus it was not considered, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, to be unbecoming the regal prerogative, for Kings to declare themselves tributaries of the Holy See and put themselves and their realms under the direct protection of the Popes. Modern Europe was then, and for long after, in the state of formation, and a strong moral head was needed to preserve the rights of the smaller nations from the overwhelming power of the more energetic races. At this period Spain and Portugal were already tributaries of the Pope, and found the policy useful. Henry II. of England, when in need of assistance, did not hesitate, in 1173, to acknowledge the feudatory dependence of England on the Holy See, although William of Normandy had proudly, in the moment of conquest, rejected any such idea. John Lackland, two years before *Magna Charta* was wrested from him, and when his barons, disgusted with his treachery, had invited over the French, thought it better to be feudatory of the Pope, thousands of miles away, than yield to his turbulent barons at home. So on the 15th of May, 1213, at Dover, John yielded to Pandulph, the legate of Innocent III., "the entire kingdoms of England and Ireland and all their rights," etc., "with the common consent" of his barons, that is, of those who remained faithful to him. On the same day he did homage to the legate of his over-lord, acknowledging that both England and Ireland now formed a part of the patrimony of St. Peter, and that he and his heirs held them "of the lord Pope and his successors." "The act of submission was acquiesced in," says the Abbot, "for the sake of peace. That it was approved by any one is extremely doubtful; as indeed how could it be?"

The result, however, of this submission was to bring relief to John from the threatened deposition at the hands of the French King. "To the clergy and barons, also, the King's action brought relief from the pressure of the papal interdict which now for a long time had seriously affected all classes of society, and the punitive effect of which was felt in every parish and every home throughout the country." How John played fast and loose, both with the Pope and with his barons, need not be told here. He deceived every one as the advantage of the moment suggested; and he succeeded in creating mutual distrust.

But when he died, the 16th of October, 1216, the legate Gualo, who five months previously had been sent to protect the interests of John against his barons, found the destinies of England fallen into the hands of a youth of ten years. Gualo secured the crown to the rightful heir and received from the royal lad the act of homage "to the Holy Roman Church and the Pope" for the kingdoms of England and Ireland. If Henry III., the new King, was feudatory to the Holy See it was obligatory on the Pope, as over-lord, to defend the rights of the new prince. Gualo, acting under instructions of Pope Honorius III., undertook, with William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, the management of the kingdom during the minority of Henry, and by slow degrees recalled the recalcitrant barons back to their allegiance. How faithfully the Popes observed their part of the contract, and how zealously and effectually their various legates worked for the pacification of the kingdom, will be found set forth in the Abbot's pages. The net result was this. England retained its place as a nation. Had it not been for the papal forethought and protection, England might, and in all probability would, have become a feudatory State under the French Crown, or it may be, even an outlying part of the German Empire. Indeed, as late as the Council of Constance, in 1417, the French endeavored to maintain that rightly England was not a country apart, but that legally it was an integral portion of Germany. If in the making of the nations England was saved, it was in some measure at least because, as the late Lord Acton once declared, the union of this country with the papal system "tended to increase considerably the national power and national greatness."

But there is another side to the story, and this the Abbot approaches with fearlessness. If the Popes saved England as a nation, a price had to be paid for it; and the paying of a price opens the door to endless disputes and misunderstandings. If the question of money caused scandal and much bitter feeling, nevertheless it set into clear light the wonderful understanding that our fathers had of the true nature of the spiritual side of the Church. For in the relations between Church and State, three provinces must be distinguished, if we wish to understand the situation properly; there is the purely spiritual, the purely temporal, and a third which lies between the two. Of this last the boundaries were ever shifting; and hence encroachments by either party were possible. The State made claims on this debatable ground, and the Church resisted them; on the other hand, she also insisted, often logically, on an extension of her claims. But the point which the Abbot brings out so clearly, and this is one of the most valuable portions of the book, is the same that he set forth in *The Eve of the Reformation, viz.*, the disputes that existed between the Holy See and England never touched, in the smallest degree, the spiritual rights; they were only concerned with those mixed claims included in the debatable land between the two great provinces of the Spiritual and Temporal. Moreover, even in the midst of the dispute, there was discernible, in Englishmen, a distinct bias in favor of the Church; for the principle invoked against the Pope was not so much that of Justice as of Equity. The *Summum jus* was recognized; even if the consequent *Summa injuria* made men smart and cry out and be indignant. The position was this: If England were a feudatory kingdom she had obligations towards the Holy See. If the Pope protected her, she was bound to help her over-lord in his necessities, both in those that arose from his labors for the common good of Christendom as well as those which were of more peculiar advantage to England.

Now during the reign of Henry III. the Popes "organized the opposition to the infidel, who at one time threatened to overrun all the Christian countries of Western Europe which had been slowly built up on the ruins of the Roman Empire. Then the Latin West had to defend the Latin East, and this

seemed naturally to devolve upon the Popes; whilst the invasions of the Tartars, and the frequent wars with the Hohenstaufen, demanded constant vigilance and expenditure of much money on the part of the head of Christendom. It is admitted, I believe, that it was to carry out these public duties and benefits to the world that the Popes were obliged so constantly to appeal to the generosity of their spiritual children whose temporal quarrels they were really fighting. It was not out of a passion for wealth, nor indeed to gratify any love of personal splendor, that the mediæval Popes made those unpopular demands for money, about which much will have to be said in the following pages." Thus writes the Abbot.

Not only, then, had the Popes to defend Christendom against outsiders, but they had to contend against enemies at home. Sometimes entirely dispossessed by their enemies, they were at critical periods of history actually reduced to great straits in the government of the Church and Christendom. If now the Pope depends upon the free-will offerings of the devoted flock; then, when the churches of the various nations were rich, it was thought fit and just that they should contribute of that abundance to the necessities of the Common Father. The theory was right; the difficulty arose from the application. That the Pope, as having the supreme dominion over the goods of the Church, had the right not only to levy taxes, but also to dispose of ecclesiastical property anywhere, was an axiom recognized by canonists then as it is allowed today. For only he who gives force to the rights of individuals can decide when these rights must give place to the more imperious claims of the common weal. *Salus populi suprema lex* is a principle that obtains both in ecclesiastical as well as in civil affairs of life. On this principle, then, the Popes levied heavy taxes upon English churches, and rewarded, often their only means of rewarding, faithful servants by appointing them to English benefices, overriding, for the time, the ecclesiastically conferred rights of patrons. Much harm was undoubtedly done to religion in England when the Pope appointed to bishoprics, canonries, parishes, and other benefices, foreigners who neither knew the native language nor worked in the place whence they derived their incomes.

The position became intolerable; and bitter were the com-

plaints from clergy and laity. Like his father, Henry, when he had emancipated himself from the tutorship of legates, used to play clergy and laity one against the other, and both against the Pope when occasion served. Doubtless also there was much unnecessary friction caused by the methods of the Papal collectors, which were often overbearing and sometimes not without suspicion of private greed. The country was drained of its resources. The Papal exactions came in some years to a sum greater than that raised by the King for all civil purposes. The goose that laid the golden eggs was being slowly killed. Yet throughout "not only was there no attack made upon the spiritual supremacy of the Popes, but that supremacy over the Church universal was assumed in every document emanating from England; and this spiritual supremacy was constantly asserted to have been established by Christ himself." This is remarkable and shows that in the thirteenth century Englishmen had the sense not to argue from the abuse against the use.

Among the many figures that come before us in this noteworthy book, two are remarkable, perhaps, above others: St. Louis of France and St. Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter who, standing as he did for freedom against the invasion of undesirable aliens, was canonized by popular acclamation immediately after his death, could not cope with the situation both ecclesiastical and civil. He was not made of the stuff of a Becket or of a Langton. But he eventually knew himself; a rare virtue even in a saint. After some six years he gave up the struggle and fled the kingdom. He was one of those men who could not understand opposition to what appeared to him to be right and reasonable. Hence, unfortunately, he was perpetually at logger-heads with every one with whom he had to deal.

"It is not unreasonable," says the Abbot with considerable acumen, "to see in St. Edmund's previous career one cause at least conducive to that attitude of mind which led to misunderstandings with those with whom in later life he had to do. He was a student whose training had not previously brought him much into contact with his fellow-men, and a professor whose authority had been rightly accepted without question by his disciples. Because of this mental training, it is more than

likely that he was unable or found it difficult to make allowances for that deviation from strict law and principle which every practical ruler of men has to admit as a working hypothesis. The word of a superior is not always in practice a law to his subjects as that of a professor rightly is to his students; and the man who has been buried in books and used to teaching in the schools is apt to expect more of mathematical precision in obedience, from those over whom he may afterwards be placed by providence, than in real life is usually accorded." St. Edmund, I may add, is a saint, not on account of the weakness of his character, but for the personal sanctity which marked his life, for his upright character and fearless devotion to his duty as he saw it. One meets with a similar case in St. Thomas à Becket; though the influences partook more of the personal and were at the other extreme of the pole. The history of "the blissful martyr" still awaits a courageous pen.

St. Louis showed in his dealings with Pope Innocent IV. a fearless front when urging that Pontiff to put a stop to grievances. "He had long held his tongue (he says) for fear that he might scandalize others who had not the good of the Church at heart, as he was known to have, since every one recognized him as the most Christian prince and a devoted son of the Church. Since, however, their grievances, so far from diminishing, seemed rather to increase, he felt that he ought no longer to keep silence. He consequently sent his representative to the Holy Father in order to call his serious, personal attention to them. The French people, he declared, were all agreed on the matter; not only were the nobles and others astonished that he, as King, had endured the matter so long; but it was abundantly clear that the nation, as a whole, was fast losing that devotion which it had been wont to have for the Roman Church. In fact he might say that already it was well-nigh extinct, and not merely extinct but turned into real hatred and rancor." St. Louis could and did speak plainly. Moreover, when necessity arose he could, without any injury to his sanctity, act strongly. In these two saints we see the weaker man giving up the struggle, and the stronger resisting.

I must now conclude this outline of some of the features of a remarkable book. Abbot Gasquet has entered one more

claim for our gratitude by this masterly work. The stern self-discipline of which he speaks, makes itself felt upon every page. He contents himself with giving, wherever possible, the very words of the personages with whom he is concerned. His authorities are of the very highest. They are either that of the very actors themselves, or of eye-witnesses who are trustworthy chroniclers and in immediate relations with those about whom they write. The narrative is, therefore, based on documents of the very first quality. The two historians, who lived in the days of Henry III. and were the independent chroniclers of contemporaneous English history, were Roger of Wendover, and Matthew Paris, both of them, like their illustrious brother-historian of to day, English Black Monks of St. Benedict. Somehow or other it seems that this great Order has always been drawn to history rather than to the speculative sciences. Perhaps it is the practicality of St. Benedict's spirit that has directed the tendency. The monks *did;* they left dreaming to others whose ideal was perhaps less immediate and less clearly adapted to the direct needs of humanity. Whatever the cause, Benedictine names are written prominently on the list of historical authors; and to-day such a book as this, along with the others from the same pen, shows that the name of Gasquet takes equal rank with any other of his brethren.

THE ROSE OF MAY.

BY A. W. CORPE.

WHILE the character of Hamlet has been the subject of countless commentaries, that of Ophelia has not, I think, received its due share of attention; and in such attention as it has received, the estimate formed of it has not seldom been biassed by extraneous or mistaken considerations. Unhappy in her love, unhappy in her short after-life, unhappy in her death, her misfortunes did not end there. Though the crowner had sat on her and found it "Christian burial," in the eye of the Church she was a "peace-parted" soul; no requiem might be sung—that were to profane the service of the dead—and it was only by special favor that she was laid in consecrated ground and allowed her virgin crants and maiden strewments and the bringing home of bell and burial. Since then her reputation has been at the mercy of the commentators who have found her, if loving and tender, weak and untrue to her love, and with whom even her honor has not been above suspicion.

Goethe, who has so strangely discovered the key to Hamlet, but who in reality very imperfectly apprehended the character, makes his Wilhelm say: "The whole being of Ophelia floats in sweet and ripe sensation. Kindness for the Prince, *to whose hand she may aspire*, flows so spontaneously that both father and brother are afraid; both give her warning harshly and directly. Decorum, like the thin lawn upon her bosom, cannot hide the soft, still movements of her heart; it, on the contrary, betrays them. Her fancy is *smit;* her silent modesty breathes amiable desire; and if the friendly goddess Opportunity should shake the tree its fruit would fall."

"And then," Aurelia says in reply, "when she beholds herself forsaken, cast away, despised; when all is inverted in the soul of her crazed lover, and the highest changes the lowest, and instead of the sweet cup of love, he offers her the bitter cup of woe."

"Her heart breaks," Wilhelm continues, "the whole structure of her being is loosened from its joinings; her father's

death strikes fiercely against it; and the fair edifice altogether crumbles into fragments." And further on Wilhelm says: "Silently she lived within herself, yet she scarce concealed her wishes, her longing; the tones of desire were in secret ringing through her soul, and how often may she have attempted, like an unskilful nurse, to lull her senses to repose with songs which only kept them more awake. But at last, when her self-command is altogether gone, when the secrets of her heart are hovering on her tongue, that tongue betrays her; and in the innocence of insanity she solaces herself, unmindful of King or Queen, with the echo of her well-beloved songs, 'To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day' and 'By Gis and by St. Charity.'"

To which Aurelia replies: "I must admit your position of Ophelia to be just. I cannot now misunderstand the object of the poet. I must pity, though, as you paint her, I should rather pity than sympathize with her."

Gervinus, while not disposed to go quite so far, says: "Hamlet's conversation with her is equivocal. . . . This has infested her imagination with sensuous images and inspired her in her quiet modesty with amorous passions; this is apparent in the songs she sings in her delirium, and in the significant flowers she distributes, as clearly as anything so hidden in its nature can and may be unveiled. . . . She lends herself to the snare placed for her all-sensitive lover, who sees himself abandoned and betrayed by all; when she has seen him in his distraction, she gives him back his gifts, which affects the irritable man in this condition like a farewell act. Her real madness punished the feigned insanity of Hamlet, which gave the first shock to her mind."

An eminent modern authority says: "Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but the reverse of heroic; she fails Hamlet in his need, and thus, in her turn, becoming the sufferer, gives way under the pressure of her afflictions. We do not honor, we commiserate her."

It needs hardly be said that widely different views have been entertained by many able judges, but these are cited as typical examples of the opinions that have been expressed by critics of the highest consideration. These characters have become so real to us, that we are in danger of regarding them as actual personalities, and filling up the outline of the text

from our own imagination, instead of going to the text to elucidate the poet's meaning. I will invite the reader to go through the part of Ophelia with this purpose in view.

At the opening of the play we find Ophelia, the daughter and, as we are led to infer, the only and motherless daughter of Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain, the object of attentions on the part of Hamlet, the heir to the throne of Denmark. Hamlet is represented as of engaging person and manners, and in every way qualified to win her affections, and notwithstanding the chronology of the first gravedigger, evidently not past early manhood. His addresses, notwithstanding their difference in station, have been perfectly respectful. Ophelia has every confidence in his honor and has received presents from him.

Laertes, Polonius' son, is about to sail for England, and Ophelia first appears upon the stage as Laertes is taking leave of her. There is something engaging in the first sentence she utters; in reply to Laertes' request to let him hear from her, "Do you doubt that?" Laertes then goes on to mention Hamlet, who has evidently been already the subject of conversation between them. He bids her not to regard his attentions, "the trifling of his favor," as anything more than a passing fancy. "No more but so?" is the quiet response with which (as Lowell remarks) Shakespeare tells us that Ophelia's heart is bursting. Laertes proceeds to point out that Hamlet is not his own master in the matter of marriage, and, not unkindly, but without much delicacy, cautions her to be on her guard. She takes his counsel in good part, giving him a little hint in return as to the difference between preaching and practice. Presently he takes his leave, bidding her remember what he has said, to which she replies: "'Tis in my memory locked and you yourself shall keep the key of it." Polonius, who has entered shortly before, asks what it was Laertes had been saying to her. She answers with a slight reserve: "So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet." He then proceeds, in a manner coarse and almost brutal under the circumstances, and only to be excused on account of his unworthy suspicions:

> 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
> Given private time to you; and you yourself
> Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

. . . I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

He hath, my lord, made many tenders of his affection to me.

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl.

. . . . . .

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
. . . Tender yourself more dearly;
Or . . . you'll tender me a fool.

My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion.

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

And hast given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.

Then he proceeds to lay his commands upon her:

From this time, daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley.

And then more strictly:

This for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you.

I shall obey, my lord.

After her brother's caution and her father's suspicions, what could she in modesty do but obey?

The next view we have of Ophelia is after the interview with Hamlet in her closet; before considering this it is necessary to take note of Hamlet's position.

Hamlet on his first introduction to the spectator is represented as moodily brooding over his father's death and his mother's o'er-hasty marriage, and dreamily meditating upon, though not actually contemplating, suicide. It is while in this condition that he encounters the alteration in Ophelia's behavior to him in pursuance of her father's injunction.

> As you did command
> I did repel his letters and denied
> His access to me.

He is piqued and irritated by her behavior; he would naturally consider that a young lady in Ophelia's position would be honored by his attentions, and he knew that she had previously regarded him with favor. He would easily guess, even if he did not gather it from Ophelia herself, that this was in consequence of her father's injunction, and would suspect a motive, which would arouse his indignation, not only against Polonius, but against the poor girl herself, for yielding to them. Close upon this follows the shock of the preternatural visitation, with the terrible burden of revenge laid upon him. At the first shock of the communication made to him, he is conscious that his mind is so disturbed that he may at any moment be betrayed into eccentricity of conduct, and, as Charles Lamb expresses it, he thinks his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.

It is a remarkable instance of the irony of things that this false scent, which effected so little for Hamlet's purpose in the play, should have been so potent a cause of misconception ever since. Because Hamlet had said that he might see fit to put on an antic diposition, and he was manifestly feigning in his scene with Polonius, therefore it has been supposed that in his most dreadful paroxysms, and in the face of his express affirmation to the contrary, he must be feigning.

Dr. Conolly, who has made an interesting study of Hamlet from a professional point of view, treats this as a common symptom in mental disorder. It is by no means infrequent, he says, when disease is only incipient that the patient has an uneasy consciousness; he suspects that he is suspected and anxiously accounts for his oddities, sometimes challenging inquiry, sometimes declaring that, in doing extravagant things,

he has only been pretending to be eccentric. However, the question of Hamlet's condition, except so far as it affects Ophelia, is apart from the present question. His state of mind, after the ghost leaves him, is clearly enough described in his pathetic soliloquy:

> Remember thee!
> Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
> Yea, from the table of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
> . . . . . .
> That youth and observation copied there.

He had been separated by her repulse from the only being he loved; now he feels that love, marriage, happiness in this world are not for him; his terrible task has absorbed all his energies and left no room for any softer emotions. He will pay her, who was his love, a last farewell.

It is difficult to understand how in the affecting scene described by Ophelia, any one can ever have supposed Hamlet to be feigning; for Ophelia the scene is real enough; she is alarmed, and on Polonius suggesting that Hamlet is mad for love of her, doubtfully acquiesces. Ultimately Polonius decides to bring the matter before the King, to whom, and to the Queen, Hamlet's recently changed manner had occasioned great concern. He accordingly goes to the castle and lays the case before the King and Queen, and the issue of this conference is that a meeting shall be brought about, as if by accident, between Hamlet and Ophelia, of which the King and Polonius shall be unseen spectators, and hereupon ensues the difficult scene of Act III.

Casuists have amused themselves with speculating as to what circumstances render deception justifiable. I believe all are agreed that such a course is not only justifiable but right and proper, when practised upon a sick man, with the object of relieving him. It was obviously necessary that Ophelia should join in the scheme, and, whatever the motive of the others, her motive was sincere and honorable. She now knows that no objection will be made to her marriage with Hamlet, on account of their difference in rank, and she avows, with modest simplicity, her affection for him and hopes for his recovery.

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Madam, I wish it may.

It has been much debated whether at any time during this scene Hamlet suspects that he is being overheard. It is evident in the soliloquy he believes that he is alone; but it is possible that he detected some constraint in Ophelia's manner, which caused him to doubt, and he knew from their own confession that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had been set upon him; there is, however, no such indication in the text, and it is difficult to conceive that Hamlet could in his right mind so wantonly and cruelly insult the girl he had loved, merely for the sake of mystifying the King or whoever might be listening. It seems more natural to suppose that, irritated by Ophelia's offering to return his presents, one of his mad fits seized him, and that he lost all self-control and spoke at random. We know that another such fit seized him in the scene with Laertes in the churchyard. "This is mere madness," said the Queen on that occasion, "and thus awhile the fit will work on him." And when Hamlet again met Laertes, before the fencing, he himself says:

What I have done
. . . I now proclaim was madness.

But we are rather concerned with Ophelia's behavior in this trying scene. She has entered into her father's scheme with the hope that she may be the means of restoring Hamlet by inviting him to renew his attentions to her, and she now knows that she would be acceptable to the King and Queen as a daughter-in-law. At their last interview he had bidden her a strange farewell, and she will test his sincerity by returning his presents. His first words to her show him to be in one of his moods.

Good my lord
How does your honor for this many a day?

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you now, receive them.

No, no; I never gave you aught.

My honored lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Then it is Hamlet bursts out:

Ha, ha! are you honest?
. . . Are you fair?

Words which affect us almost as a personal affront to ourselves. Ophelia can only reply by startled exclamations.

After some wild language, he breaks off:

I did love you once.

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

You should not have believed me
. . . I loved you not.

I was the more deceived.

Hamlet again talks wildly and again suddenly breaks off:

Where's your father?

At home, my lord.

Of course this was an untruth, and, if deception is never justifiable, may be condemned by those moralists who do not live in glass houses. But what was she to do? Could she betray her father? No doubt a less truthful person would have found a ready equivocation, but she is not practised in that art.

Probably this question of Hamlet's was merely a bow at a venture; if he had suspected any one was listening, he would have taken it to be the King, as in the case of the interview with the Queen after the play.

If Hamlet had known Polonius was listening, he would certainly have taxed Ophelia with lying, but as it is, he accepts her answer.

Ophelia, with "love's fine wit," perceives only too clearly the state of the case; she has now no doubt, and all her fond hopes forsake her.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy; O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

A few hours later, on the very same day, Hamlet again meets Ophelia; apparently he has no recollection of what has so recently passed between them; he speaks to her as if nothing had happened; but now, for the first time, he makes use of equivocal expressions in talking to her. It has been sought to account for this, by reference to the manners of the period, and no doubt contemporary instances of such language are to be met with; but, as Gervinus remarks, neither Romeo, nor Bassanio, nor even Proteus, has spoken so with their beloved ones. This has an important bearing to be referred to Ophelia's songs; for the present it is sufficient to note the quiet unobservance with which she puts his allusions aside.

An interval occurs before we again encounter Ophelia—and then it is not Ophelia we see. Hamlet has slain her father in mistake for the King, and in order not to excite public attention to the manner of his death, he has been buried in an obscure fashion and not according to his rank and dignity, and Hamlet himself has been sent away to England. The calamity of her father's death coming upon the top of her other troubles has overwhelmed her; her reason has given way and she has sunk into the most hopeless and pitiable of the ills that flesh is heir to, when life has become nothing but a jumbled and distorted memory. There is no need to recall the affecting scene in which she sings her snatches of songs, distributes flowers, and utters enigmatical sayings; it is only

necessary to refer to one of the ballads, which the poet, with consummate art, has introduced among her songs. If there is one characteristic of mental derangement more constant than another it is the impairment of the sense of decency. This is the explanation of Hamlet's equivocal talk. Shakespeare makes Lear say: "An ounce of civil good apothecary to sweeten my imagination." "The foul fluid," is a constant allusion of Edgar's during his assumption of madness, and without assuming anything as to the connection between demoniacal possession and lunacy, it may not be out of place to refer to the frequent description of the devils as unclean spirits. Sir Edward Strachey has pointed out how, in mental derangement, delicate and refined women will use language so coarse that it is difficult to guess where they can ever have even heard such words, and reminds us that such a nurse as Juliet's would be quite sufficient to account for all that falls from Ophelia's lips. It is moreover certain that the recording tablets of the brain, as Æschylus calls them, may unconsciously receive impressions which may remain latent like the invisible picture on the photographic plate, ready to flash into consciousness when the occasion arrives. Is it possible that this saddest trait of Ophelia's malady has been so misunderstood, as to give rise to a suspicion of her honor?

Surely Coleridge's is the truer insight: "Note the conjunction here of these two thoughts, that had never subsisted in disjunction, the love for Hamlet and her filial love; with the guileless floating on the surface of her pure imagination, of the cautions so lately expressed, and the fears not too delicately avowed, by her father and brother, concerning the dangers to which her honor lay exposed. Thought, affliction, passion, murder itself she turns to prettiness."

The Queen tells us the manner of her death and her gentle words at the grave almost dispose us to forgive her for her part in the tragedy.

Such is Shakespeare's Ophelia, a creation in which he seems to have combined the purity and innocence of Miranda and the gentle tenderness of Julia with the indefinable grace which comes of patient suffering and resignation. Truly Hamlet spoke wiser than he was aware of, when he said: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Current Events.

Russia.

In Russia, since the last notes were made, what has for some time been the normal course of unsettlement still exists. Not, however, in so aggravated a form. Only one high official has been assassinated ; nor have so many hundreds of the people been shot by the orders of the Little Father. Peace, however, is far from reigning; nor will, or in fact should, it reign until fundamental changes of government, such as to make life bearable, have been made. How necessary it is that there should be a change may be judged by the simple fact that in the single year 1903 no fewer than 4,867 persons were arbitrarily arrested for holding political opinions, and sent without any trial to long imprisonment or to various forms of exile in different parts of Siberia. This was done in spite of the fact that in 1896 a Ukase had been issued which seemed to abolish all arbitrary arrest for political offences or political opinions. It is not to be wondered at that a more substantial security for life and freedom is now found necessary than the word of the supreme ruler.

The hope that such security will be realized is made brighter than ever before by the long-expected manifesto issued by the Tsar on August 19. In this manifesto the Tsar declares that "the time is come to summon elected representatives from the whole of Russia to take a constant and active part in the elaboration of the laws, attaching for this purpose to the higher State institutions a special consultative body entrusted with the preliminary elaboration and discussion of measures and the examination of the State Budget. While preserving the fundamental law regarding autocratic power, we have deemed it well to form a Lower House of Assembly and to approve the regulations for elections to this Lower House, extending the validity of these laws to the whole territory of the empire," with some exceptions.

The manifesto excludes Finland from any of these concessions and declares that, with regard to that province, the Tsar will take special measures. The general Assembly is to meet not later than the middle of January, 1906.

The manifesto sets forth at great length the provisions for the Constitution. The members of this State Council will be elected by the people for the term of five years. This National Duma, or Lower Council, may be dissolved at any time by the Tsar and new elections ordered at his will. The Council shall have authority—but only advisory authority—to consider new laws or modifications of old ones; to examine and to give its opinion on the different State budgets; to examine the official report of the comptroller of the Empire; to consider the construction of railways by the State and also the organization of stock companies that involve exceptions from the present laws; and also to consider matters which an Imperial decree submits to them for debate. This Council may initiate bills and may pass on bills submitted to it by the ministers and chiefs of departments and the secretary of the Empire. Its sessions are not to be open to the public; but representatives of the press are to be admitted to all save closed sessions. The President of the Council must exercise censorship over all press reports. Bills that have been passed by this State Council go then to the Council of the Empire. The results in each Council are to be submitted to the Tsar.

Such are in brief outline the long looked-for concessions which have been granted to Russia by the Imperial manifesto to the Russian people. It is in no way the grant of a Constitution. For its validity and stability it depends on the will of the Tsar and his successors. Their autocratic power is expressly reserved, both in general and in particular. The power of perfecting the organization of the Lower House and to make changes in it, is declared to belong entirely to the Emperor.

Although the manifesto was published only a few days ago, its principal provisions have been known and discussed for many weeks and at a Congress held at Moscow, of representatives of the *Zemstvos* and *Dumas* of the Empire, the scheme (as it then was) met with almost unanimous condemnation, as being merely an extension of the present hated bureaucratic system. Many of these representatives were in favor of making a revolutionary appeal to the people. Better counsels, however, prevailed; the wise decision was taken to make the utmost use of the concessions which were expected, as a means for the attainment of further and greater concessions. This they did

because they feared that the Russian people might be upon the point of holding a position of power and influence to which they had never been accustomed, and that there were others besides themselves who had it in their power to appeal to them. In fact, there are many who think with Count Tolstoy, that all political changes are of no use for the amelioration of the immense majority of men. Kings and emperors, noblemen and gentlemen, may have been guilty of oppression and of acting unjustly; but, after all, in their oppression there was something of the grand and the magnificent; but the oppression of the class beneath the upper class, that is, the so-called middle class, to whom political changes have given power in many countries, is as great and infinitely more sordid and humiliating, and therefore less tolerable. The Russian people, ninety per cent of whom are peasants, have been brought up to venerate, love, and trust the Tsar, and have but little regard for any one else, least of all for the doctors, professors, merchants, landed proprietors, and the classes who are mainly represented in the *Zemstvos*. What the peasants want is the land, and if they can get that, each one enough for his own wants, Parliaments and political changes of every kind are, in their eyes, of no account. For their well-being, temporal and eternal, they would place greater trust in the Little Father than in parliamentary representatives. If ninety per cent of the Russian people could be brought to be contented with their lot, the Tsar might well have thought that he could defy the rest—the so-called intellectuals. The manifesto, however, has settled this question. A step has been taken towards a Parliament. It is too early to form a judgment as to results.

Germany.

The German Emperor has been the chief centre of interest, not only in his own domains, but throughout the length and breadth of Europe. His diplomatic victory over France, which resulted in the fall of M. Delcassé, has not induced him to relax his activity. That victory was not entirely due to himself. If the French had stood as a unit in support of the minister's policy, their plan for the peaceful penetration of Morocco would not have been frustrated.

M. Delcassé's fall was due, to a great extent, to the dislike felt for him by the Socialists, represented by M. Jaurès. The Socialists are averse to war and stand in special dread of a war with Germany, and to this dread M. Delcassé was sacrificed. The German Socialists have the same aversion to war, and were willing to unite with the French in a peace demonstration to be held in Berlin. M. Jaurès was invited to address this meeting. Common sense, and some little feeling of gratitude for his services to peace, should have made him welcome. The very opposite happened; Prince Bülow wrote to the German ambassador in Paris to request M. Jaurès not to go to Berlin. The Prince said that M. Jaurès was a very excellent man, holding many opinions of which he highly approved; but that the German Socialists, who are by far the most numerous of the German parties, having some three million votes, were so very unpatriotic that they would use M. Jaurès' presence in Berlin for the purpose of their campaign against the State and against national interests. The result of this action has been to bring prominently into notice the aims of the international Social Democracy, and into favorable notice, too. The prospects of peace being preserved are far better when there are, as in Germany, millions of the German working classes, who form the backbone of German industry and also of the army, bent upon peace and out of sympathy with any policy of aggression.

But the visit of the Emperor to the Tsar has been the all-absorbing subject ever since it took place, and the speculations concerning it would fill many pages. Did the Tsar invite the Kaiser or the Kaiser the Tsar? What was the real significance of the meeting? Was it aimed at the alliance between France and Russia? Had the Emperor in view the formation of a a league against Japan, the revival of the Triple Alliance of 1894 of Russia, Germany, and France? Or was the visit merely an act of personal friendship on the part of the two monarchs? Were the internal troubles of Russia the main subject of discussion? Did the Emperor urge the Tsar to continue the war, or was his influence exerted in favor of peace? Or perhaps it was the affairs of Norway and Sweden which were the chief subject of discussion. The European newspapers have devoted columns upon columns to the discussions of those questions without, we fear, imparting any real knowledge.

The interview, of course, was important. Our fear is that it will not have done much to promote the well-being of the world. We cannot forget that it is to the advice of the Emperor that the present war is due, for it was he who prevailed upon the Tsar to occupy Port Arthur. The results of the present interview will be revealed by the impending events.

It is not to the Tsar alone that the German Emperor has paid visits. King Oscar of Sweden and King Christian of Denmark have been likewise honored. Concerning these visits, also, rumor has been busy. Much has been written, but very little is known. It is worthy of note, however, how great is the influence which, in the somewhat decayed condition of Parliaments at the present time, is being exerted by the different rulers. Emperors, Kings, Presidents, are very busy and seem to be taking their places at the head of affairs and to be supplanting their ministers, even in countries which give but little power to the head of the State.

It cannot be doubted that the feeling against England is growing stronger and stronger in Germany; in fact, it is said on good authority that it is as intense as it was during the Boer War. This was shown when it was announced that a British Fleet was going to cruise in the Baltic. In Berlin this was interpreted as a political demonstration intended to counterbalance the impression created by the activity of German squadrons in those waters. As a matter of fact, the cruise had been arranged three or four months ago. Some of the German papers argued for the Baltic being declared a *mare clausum* like the Black Sea. Most of the papers, however, declined to go this length. The British cruise, however, will prove a strong argument for an increase of the German navy.

It may be thought that too much attention is being paid to the German Emperor for, after all, he is but a single unit of the many on the surface of the globe. Yet even in these days, in which the people are supposed to rule, the fate of the many is dependent upon the will of the few; and among these few the Kaiser has a very great power for good or for ill, and a very distinct personality. He is determined not merely to reign but to rule. Prince Bismarck's fall was due to this determination; every subsequent Chancellor holds his office upon this condition; and if Prince Bülow has any distinction, it is that he recognizes this fact more fully than his

predecessors. The German Constitution gives to the Emperor very ample powers, the bare enumeration of which would occupy too much of our space, and the Emperor is, like most other officials, not unwilling to enlarge those powers and to violate the spirit and often the letter of the Constitution in order to have his own way. In order to understand his foreign policy, it must be borne in mind that Germany is, as it were, in a vice between France and Russia. To escape from this situation the Triple Alliance was formed. Further efforts for the same object were made by the endeavor to raise up for France other enemies. Jules Ferry was encouraged to annex Tunis. Russian schemes in Central Asia were encouraged in order that the possible enemy on the other side might become involved with Great Britain. The recent defeat of Russia in its conflict with Japan has formed a deliverance earnestly desired, indeed, but not, we believe, directly promoted by the Kaiser. One arm of the "vice" has been destroyed. But through the *entente* which has been brought about between France and England a new danger to German predominance had arisen. This the Emperor endeavored to render abortive by his proceedings in Morocco. His object was to detach France, to isolate her; even, some say, to render Paris dependent upon Berlin. Distrust and suspicion of England were insinuated by German agents. England, it was said, was using France as a cat's paw to work her will upon Germany. That England is the enemy of Germany seems now to be taken for granted throughout Europe. The question for France was to which side should she attach herself. There was a period of hesitation; nor can it be said with perfect confidence that that period is over. But signs are not wanting that the decision has been made. Nay, it may be shrewdly surmised that the *entente cordiale* will harden into a definite alliance between France and England, to which the Emperor's opposition will have distinctly contributed. The fêtes at Brest on the occasion of the visit of the British fleet bore evidence of the most hearty good will on the part of the French people and of the French government. The interests alike of France and England point in the same direction. England has it in her power, by means of her fleet, to free the army of France so that it may not have any care for the defence of the coast-line; and the services of the British Fleets in

other ways would render England a valuable ally in a defensive war. Whether or no an alliance is to be formed, there cannot be any reasonable doubt about the solidity of the *entente*.

The affairs of France have been so closely intermixed with those of Germany that there is but little left to mention. Anxiety is beginning to be felt on account of the delay of Germany in giving particulars with reference to the Conference about Morocco. Even after the concessions which France has made, it is feared that further trouble will arise. The concessions granted to a German firm, and the rumored issue of a loan to the Sultan by German bankers, seem to indicate a wish to take advantage of the present situation in a way which would be a violation of the terms agreed upon between the various powers.

Austria-Hungary.

In the Hungarian dominions the conflict between the Fejervary Ministry and the coalition majority is being continued throughout the country. Parliament having been prorogued, we do not hear of those scenes which attract the attention of the newspaper reader. The contest has taken the form of the "passive resistance" which has been so widely resorted to in England by those who object to the Education Act. This resistance to the tax collector is defended on the ground that the Ministry has no right to govern after it has been defeated in both Houses of Parliament, even after the Crown has refused to accept its resignation. "In the present circumstance it is the duty of every one to withhold all public services from an unconstitutional government." This is the declaration of a manifesto issued by the managing Committee of the Coalition. The Government threatens to dismiss the local officials if they refuse to perform the duty of collecting the taxes. In this event the Committee promises to compensate them on the restoration of normal conditions. It is the government and its supporters that will have to pay the penalty in the end. How soon this end will come cannot be predicted; but the decisive conflict cannot long be delayed.

Italy.

Italian politicians are enjoying a vacation, Parliament having adjourned. We hope the study which it deserves is being given to the Encyclical addressed by the Pope to the Italian bishops. It can scarcely be doubted that it involves a new departure and that the Catholics of Italy will be called upon by their bishops to work for the well-being of their country, in order "to reintroduce Jesus Christ into the family, into the school, into society"; "to co-operate for the material and civil welfare of the nation." "The Church," the Pope declares, "in the long course of her history, has always and in every case clearly proved that she possesses a wonderful power of adaptation to the changeable conditions of human society, so that saving always the integrity and immutability of the faith and morals, and saving equally her sacred rights, she easily adapts and accommodates herself to all that is contingent and accidental to the changes of the times and to the new exigencies of society."

Spain.

Spain is now under the rule of the Liberals and looking forward to a general election. The party in power carefully organizes these elections, as carefully as our fellow-citizens in the Southern States; nor is there any secret about it. In fact, for many years by mutual arrangement Liberals and Conservatives alternately governed the country, the one making way for the other, with the greatest equanimity and in the spirit of the most perfect fair play. This seems a truly enviable method, were it not that, as the recent war showed, both also seemed to have been equally ready to neglect their real duties. The King is on the point of adding one more to the long list of royal visits. He will this time be the guest of the German Emperor.

Sweden.

The Committee appointed by the Swedish Riksdag have made their Report as to the method to be adopted by Sweden in view of the action of the Norwegian Storthing in declaring the Dissolution of the Union. Sweden, of course, could not accept the action of Norway as final, from a legal point of view, however willing it might be to

accept it as practically decisive. The Committee was appointed to find a means of making the dissolution legal. This can only be done with the consent of the King of Sweden and of the Swedish Riksdag. This consent the Committee recommends should be given should the dissolution really be the will of the Norwegian people, provided four conditions are fulfilled. In order to ascertain the will of the Norwegians, the Committee recommended that the question should be put before them categorically, either by means of an election of a new Storthing or by a direct vote in the form of a *referendum*. The Norwegians did not stand upon their dignity and declare that their will had already been declared by the vote of the Storthing. The *referendum* was adopted, and with practical unanimity the will of the people that the Union should be dissolved has been manifested.

The other conditions are, we presume, practically accepted, for, if there had been serious objection to any one of them it would not have been worth while to have had a *referendum*. The most important of these conditions is that a zone on either side of the southern frontier line shall be established in which no forts or fortified positions shall be allowed. We may in all probability look upon the separation as an accomplished fact. It is a strong proof of the power which the idea of nationality holds over the mind. There was no oppression, nor any material grievance, of a substantial character at all events. Norway's rights as an independent nation seem to have been fully recognized, except in the matter of a distinct consular service; and even this point the Swedes were willing to discuss. But Norway would not tolerate the mere appearance of dependence on the Swedish Minister and Parliament. Now she has to stand alone, a small nation of some two millions of people. Taxation almost certainly will be increased. What form of government she will adopt depends upon the good will of European princes. While among the Norwegians there are those who prefer the republican form of government, the majority are in favor of a monarchy. The country is, however, so democratic in its customs and whole spirit that few princes will be desirous of so empty a title. Other reasons may render it impossible for them to find a King. And so, perhaps, one more Republic may be added to the list.

New Books.

GLENANAAR.
By Sheehan.

Just as a successful race horse must, as a consequence of his past triumphs, submit to the penalty of carrying extra weight in subsequent entries, so the author who has already made his mark must expect to satisfy a severer standard than that applied to the *débutant*. Hence one picks up the latest production of the pen to which we owe *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, with high expectations and in a somewhat exacting mood. Perhaps, to continue the slang of the turf, Canon Sheehan may have contrived to lower his penal weight somewhat by his more recent performance; for—but our concern is with *Glenanaar*,* not with *A Spoiled Priest*. How runs the story?

Towards the end of the nineteenth century there arrived in a Munster village, a "Yank," gorgeous in broadcloth and jewelry. He was cold, taciturn, with an air of supercilious aloofness and mystery that proved impenetrable even to Irish curiosity. Naturally nobody liked him, not even the parish priest, who is the relator in *Glenanaar*. Soon, however, circumstances so dictated that the "stand-offish" middle-aged Yankee should take part in a local hurling match; when he proved himself a past master in the dangerous game, and incurred some injuries that confined him to the hospital. There he made the acquaintance of the parish priest, now his admirer. Confidences arise, and the priest learns that the stranger is Terence Casey, who, twenty years before, had achieved fame as a hurler, still celebrated in many a local ballad. Assuming that Casey has returned to look for an Irish wife, his Reverence endeavors to bring about a meeting between Casey and a widow, Mrs. Leonard, whom time and adversity have not deprived of all the virtues and graces that, in years gone by, belonged to the village belle, Nora Curtin. This well-meaning plan fails, for Casey refuses to disclose to the public his identity, and the widow will not see the stranger. But the priest's efforts result in bringing forth Casey's story, or rather the story of Casey's parents and grandparents. And here, in the third chap-

* *Glenanaar*. A Story of Irish Life. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ter, is sounded the *motif* of the piece, brought out with striking force by Canon Sheehan. It is the fierce, unquenchable hatred and abhorrence which the Irish peasant bears towards the loathsome wretch whose trail is over every page of Irish history, the informer.

The narrator carries us back to the notorious Doneraile conspiracy, in the early years of the century, through which a large number of innocent and estimable farmers were brought to the gallows on the evidence of a band of perjurers. Others, who had been in equal danger, escaped through the dramatic intervention of Daniel O'Connell, then rising into fame. Among the latter was Edmond Connors—as Canon Sheehan presents him—one of nature's noblemen, clad in brogues and frieze. About the time of the trial, a girl infant is abandoned by her mother at Connor's threshold; he has the child brought into his family, although he, and he alone, knows that the little one is the child of the archinformer in the Doneraile conspiracy, Cloumper Daly. Through many chapters, in which we find some delightful sketches of Irish life, the events are told which occur in the years that develop the foundling into a winsome girl, beloved of old Connors and of his family. But gradually the damning secret of the girl's parentage leaks out. Hate of the informer is carried out to cruel and murderous measures against herself and her chivalrous protector. Finally, after many trials, Nodlag, that is her name, marries, and gives birth to Terence Casey, who grows to manhood, ignorant of the stain upon his lineage, and sharing in fullest measure the general hate for the informers. But at length he learns the truth, that he is the son of Cloumper Daly's daughter. Driven to madness, he reviles and abandons his gentle mother; breaks with his sweetheart, Nora Curtin, whom he loves too much to make her a sharer of his disgrace; and flees to America, to return, after many years, at the opening of the tale. The rest is soon told. Faithful to his ideal, he offers to make his old love his wife; but when she refuses, he transfers his attentions to her daughter, who realizes much better than the care-worn widow the picture that for years, through mining camp and crowded city, he had carried in his heart of the girl that he had left in tearful woe under the hawthorn twenty years before.

The book abounds in exquisite sketches of various features in Irish life, lit up with that thorough insight into the per-

plexing depths and cross-currents of Irish nature and that tender pathos and delicate humor which is Canon Sheehan's own. Only on reflection does one notice a certain tameness and absence of force when the author deals with the fiercer passions and strong, dramatic situations. The part of the book, and it is the greater part, in which Nodlag figures is charming. But its excellence injures the novel as a whole. For afterwards the interest dwindles. After her, we refuse to care very much about Mrs. Leonard. Notwithstanding some clever dialogues and adroit presentations of the changes wrought by the present Gaelic movement, Casey's final courtship, with the substitution of the daughter for the mother, is an anti-climax. Canon Sheehan has suffered from his wealth of imagination, and, by condensing into one story materials that should have served to set forth two, has injured the unity of his creation. But we have still to thank him for a story which, if not so good as it might have been, is yet very good. The reader who will begin at Chapter III., and close the book at Chapter XXIII., will have enjoyed a tale not unworthy of a place alongside those of Carleton.

May we impute to the incorrigible typographer the appearance, more than once, of the meaningless phrase "the ould dart" in Canon Sheehan's pages? Misled by a faulty current pronunciation, our manufacturers of the stage Irishman, who are probably unacquainted with the almost obsolete word "airt" (point of the compass, quarter of the world), have used that blundering form instead of the true expression "the ould airt," equivalent to "the old country."

ST. COLUMBANUS.
By Abbe Martin.

One of the latest volumes* in the well-known French series of Lives of the Saints is devoted to Columbanus, the Irish monastic legislator and founder of the celebrated monastery of Bobbio in Northern Italy. Columbanus is one of the grandest figures in religious history, and has many a lesson for our own time. He was one of that vast multitude of Irishmen who flocked to the cloister in the centuries immediately following St. Patrick, and so distinguished themselves for holiness and learning as to win for their country the title which Ireland will cherish forever, "the

* *St. Columban (540-615).* Par l'Abbé E. Martin. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

island of saints and scholars." Departing from Erin with a company of monks Columbanus traversed France and part of Germany, founding monasteries as memorials of his labors at Luxeuil and other places, until he settled in Bobbio, the last and most famous of his religious houses. For his monks Columbanus wrote a Rule which was widely adopted in the monasteries of the West, becoming, indeed, so extensively followed, that for a time it was an open question whether Benedict or Columbanus would be recognized as the chief monastic legislator of Europe. But Columbanus' Rule was too austere to predominate over the gentler and wiser code of the great patriarch of Monte Cassino. It might have been tolerable to the fierce Irish temperament of those heroic days, but, in the nature of things, it was not capable of providing a permanent basis for the cenobitical life, which, like every other life, must make some concessions to human limitations. Columbanus made none; and neither old age nor sickness was a reason for exempting any of his monks from the rigid prescriptions of his Rule, or from the lashes on the bare back that were the penalty of infringing them.

But of more practical importance for us is the private character of Columbanus. Herein it is that he is needed as a model for us. He was brave; and along with his eminent sanctity he possessed a fearlessness in expressing his opinions, whether to kings or popes, for which the world would be better if it prevailed to-day. Pusillanimity in presence of the great, and silence in presence of abuses—how many disasters in Church and State have they not caused! How many are they still destined to cause! May the magnificent figure of this old Irish monk do something to inspire in us an apostolic intrepidity when conscience says that we ought to act and to speak! May his sublime words, "*si tollis libertatem, tollis dignitatem*," "if you destroy a man's liberty, you destroy his dignity," ring loud in modern ears and summon modern men to higher paths! Read this man's life and learn the lesson of it, is our counsel. We need it, and it will do us good. As for the Abbé Martin's execution of his task, it is very creditably done indeed. He gives us an excellent picture of the times, and is evidently in love with the great character of whom he writes. Perhaps we could wish for somewhat wider information as to the historic importance of Columbanus' Rule, and of his great foundation,

Bobbio; but, considering that this volume is restricted to less than two hundred pages, we must admit that it contains about as much, both as to matter and spirit, as we could reasonably expect.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.
By Abbe Hemmer.

We venture to say that the Catholics of France, clerical and lay, will receive no advice better worth following, in their present and approaching trials, than is contained in M. l'Abbé Hemmer's recent brochure.* M. Hemmer looks the breaking of the Concordat straight in the face as an inevitable event, and turns his attention to the consequent difficulties which the Church in France must meet, and in what spirit it ought to meet them. He is no lover of the Concordat. It has deprived the French clergy of liberty. It has made them mere functionaries. It has paralyzed their free action and their personal initiative. It has obscured their sacred character as priests with the rags of state officialism. But on the other hand, says M. Hemmer, let us not be blind to the dark days in store for French Catholicity when the final separation comes. Granted that priests and bishops will then be free, many of them will also be brought to utmost penury. Already it is common for the thrifty peasant to grumble at paying marriage or burial fees once or twice in a lifetime. How shall he be trained to contribute constantly, when his pastor's support is left completely to his generosity? Hard times will fall upon many a diocese, and probably more than one curé, shut up in some mountain hamlet or scattered village, will have added to the grievous burden of friendless loneliness which is now his portion, the sharper pains of hunger. But, says our author, if the French clergy meet the situation wisely, the time of suffering will be foreshortened, and out of misery will come greater good. If, however, they meet it unwisely, the road ahead will end in ruin.

How shall the Church of France face her crisis with prudence? The Abbé Hemmer gives this answer. In the first place lay co-operation must be earnestly cultivated and loyally and squarely accepted. We Americans are so happily situated

* *Politique Religieuse et Séparation.* Par l'Abbé Hippolyte Hemmer. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

in this respect that we wonder at the need of such a recommendation. But we must remember that in France priest and people unfortunately are not so near together as we see them here. In fact a large number of French ecclesiastics are terrified at the thought of a live laity. They would actually prefer them dead. This type of the cleric shudders to day at the ghost of *laicisme*, as a few years ago every individual hair upon his head stood up before the spectre of *Américanisme*. And of course if this feeble, futile, feminine folly keeps up and spreads about, it will be sad for Catholicity in France. But it cannot keep up nor spread about. The inherent sanity of human nature must prevent it. In the second place, says this brilliant little book, the clergy must beware of becoming a caste with narrow little interests of their own, and with an ignorant *mépris* of all other human concerns. Vigorous social activity and an earnest mingling with their flocks in every legitimate exercise of zeal and good will, should be the programme of priests and bishops from now on. In the third place the French Catholics are warned against forming a political party, as some of them have proposed doing. Prosperity for the Church will come from saving souls with single-minded disinterestedness, not from fiddling with politics. That will lead to destruction. And finally, says our author, liberty must be protected. Fairness in the election of bishops, due recourse for those who suffer from the exaggerations of authority, openness, honor, and candor in ecclesiastical affairs, must be guaranteed in order to ensure the well-being of the Church and to win to its support the public respect and benevolence of which it is now deprived.

All honor to brave and loyal men like M. Hemmer, who thus give utterance to the silent thoughts of many thousands! To such men great credit will be due when final success comes after many reverses. For final success must come. We cannot doubt it, even though we are unable to forget the mournful history of French Catholicity for the past three-quarters of a century. Now that the ultimate disaster threatens, we are sure that the vast resources of faith and piety within the Church in France, will provide a refuge from it, and will furnish a foundation for better days to come.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.
By Vicomte de Meaux.

The Vicomte de Meaux has written an interesting and valuable volume* on the history of France, from the close of the Franco-Prussian war to 1877. While the work consists of *souvenirs*, personal recollections, and such matters of public policy as the author himself had a share in, nevertheless it gives us a pretty full account of French government during those six years, for the reason that the Vicomte de Meaux was one of the foremost figures in France under the presidencies of Thiers and MacMahon, and was intimately connected with every interest, foreign or domestic, which then preoccupied his country. No need to say what momentous years those were for France. Years they were in which the ancient nation, from which so much of modern civilization has come, emerged from one great disaster only to plunge headlong into another and a greater. With a rapidity which made the world wonder, and caused her victorious enemy to fear, France recovered from the shock of her humiliating defeat by Germany, rearranged her finances, reorganized her army, and bore herself with as much dignity as a new republic as ever she had boasted as an ancient monarchy. It was renascence, new life, and every lover of democracy rejoiced. But the shadow of death was on her even from the beginning; and it was the shadow of the blackest and most hopeless of deaths, the death of faith, and with faith, of purity and every other foundation of a State.

It is unutterably sorrowful to behold the beginnings of that religious persecution which has brought France so low. There was no sign of it at first. The national assembly of 1871 opened with prayer, and ordered public prayers for the country's restoration. The great Bishop of Orleans, Dupanloup, was a member of the assembly, and was listened to with a feeling nearer to love than mere respect. It seemed as though the nation had fixed its eyes Godward, and was destined to have its bruises healed by the oil and wine of her traditional Catholicity. But then came the dreadful cleavage between the people and their faith. The cry of clericalism was raised and exploited by cunning demagogues; the claim that the Church was scheming for the monarchy and hostile to the republic was

* *Souvenirs Politiques—1871–1877.* Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

dinned systematically into the ears of the electorate, until suspicion turned to hatred, and hatred to a savage resolution to destroy. And the misery is that Catholics laid themselves open to such attacks. They did hold aloof from their country's interests; they attempted unwisely to fling France into the Italian quarrel, although they knew that the instant a French army set foot upon the march for Pius IX.'s relief, Germany would fling her irresistible battalions across the frontier and complete the ruin half accomplished at Metz, Sedan, and before the fortifications of Paris; and finally, these Catholics, for whose folly it is hard to find a fitting epithet, turned upon their own brethren and struck down the hands that were strongest to save them. The mischief, the havoc that an intemperate press can bring about, and that unwise leaders, episcopal, sacerdotal, and lay, can carry to the point of irreparable disaster, may be seen with sorrowful vividness in the France of the seventies and eighties. May all the rest of the world, may France herself, profit by the lesson!

All this M. le Vicomte tells quietly, modestly, and with some degree of completeness. His attitude throughout is very noble. He grieves for the blunders of his own party; and he is burdened with sorrow at seeing how terrible is the issue which has been reached under Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, and Rouvier. His work is a real contribution to a great period of modern history.

INFALLIBILITY.
By Paul Viollet.

Our readers may remember that several months ago we gave a favorable notice of M. Paul Viollet's pamphlet on the limits of Papal Infallibility and on the authority of the Syllabus. The author of that treatise, a veteran professor of Canon Law, was led to undertake his task by the conviction, which thousands share with him, that many people are kept from the Catholic Church because they have an unduly exaggerated idea of the authority of the Church's rulers. His purpose was to set such people right. And so he wrote his little work, which is a mine of erudition and is loyally Catholic throughout. He was attacked of course. The best of men will differ in matters of theology; it is a science famous for its "*controvertiturs.*" And now he issues another pamphlet* in answer to his critics.

* *Infaillibilité et Syllabus. Réponse aux "Études."* Par Paul Viollet. Paris: Roger et Chernoviz.

Those who read the earlier work will find this supplement thereto nowise unworthy of it. In a few fruitful pages he discusses the meaning of "theological certainty"; infallibility in the canonizing of saints; and the meaning and authority of two or three articles of the Syllabus. There are here too a keenness of dialectic and an easy command of theological erudition which mark the genuine scholar and the thoroughly trained student. We heartily recommend the treatise, and express our hope that we shall hear more of M. Viollet. He is evidently one of those rare men whose pen is capable of doing vastly more than it has yet accomplished.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.
By Abbe Fremont.

The sixth volume* of a series of works in defense of Christianity, all written, we believe, by the Abbé Georges Frémont, deals with the fundamental question of the divinity of Christ. We hardly need to speak either of the momentous and timely nature of such a subject, or of the profound scholarship which one who attempts it must possess in these days of ours. The old treatment, enclosed within a few pages of the tract *De Verbo Incarnato*, is insufficient now, and must be supplemented by accurate and painstaking information regarding the methods and conclusions of the higher criticism of the New Testament. M. Frémont has some appreciation of this fact; and consequently, when compared with certain others of our manuals, his work wears a look of modernity. He endeavors to take into consideration the new learning which has confronted apologetics with fresh problems, and he gives frequent citations from the *Libres-Penseurs* of the day. Everybody, by the way, according to the good Abbé, is a *libre-penseur* who has any opinions different from Bacuez and Vigouroux's *Manuel Biblique*. Woe upon us if we dare to talk about "redactions," or if we venture to hold that Mark's Gospel is prior to the others. *Libres-penseurs* will be our tag in such a case. The only consolation left us is the reflection that nearly all Catholic critics hold many of the opinions thus branded, and we who are of like sympathies, may faintly hope that they know as much about it as the Abbé Frémont.

There is some serious work in this volume, we are glad to

* *La Divinité du Christ.* Par l'Abbé G. Frémont. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

say, and it is marked by an edifying earnestness to do good to the great cause of Christian truth. Our best wishes for success must attend a purpose so exalted. But we cannot refrain from observing that the pious author has something still to learn before he can win distinction with his present theme. This we say with respectful deference to the *arguments irrésistibles* which he tells us he can furnish, and to the twenty-five or thirty years of study which he informs us, over and over, he has devoted to his task. We fear that not enough of that long period was given to the study of the authors whom he sets out to overthrow. In the discussion of such subjects as the synoptic and Joannine problems, the meaning of *Filius Dei*, and the testimony of St. Paul, the Abbé Frémont hardly displays the critical erudition and acumen which these matters demand.

As to the tone of the work, it is dignified enough until the Abbé Loisy is mentioned, whereupon it descends to abuse. Whatever other censures M. Frémont might have been able to pass upon M. Loisy, he made a grave mistake in selecting Loisy's scholarship as the object of his sarcasm. That scholarship is too deep and varied and too widely recognized to be injured by unfounded charges. Some other line of attack would have displayed better the Abbé Frémont's prudence. However, let us once more recognize that much in this volume is sound and strong, and that it is, taken all in all, a creditable essay in Christian apologetics.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW. The expectations formed concerning the *New York Review*,* high though they were, have been more than fulfilled by the initial number. In point of literary excellence the *Review* will stand comparison with the very best of the great secular magazines; and the excellence of its matter will prove a revelation to those who have been led to believe that the Catholic Church has ceased to produce enlightened thinkers and scholars.

The most striking, and encouraging feature of the *Review* is that the entire contents, articles, book reviews, editorial notes, Scriptural studies, breathe one and the same spirit. This fact is all the more remarkable because, as we have learned, this unanimity is not the result of any previous un-

* *The New York Review.* Vol. I., No. 1. New York: St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers.

derstanding, consultation, or editorial direction. The intellectual attitude unmistakably manifested throughout the number is a cheerful willingness to welcome the legitimate claims of the modern mind, and regard it as a potential ally to the cause of Catholic truth. It has become almost a truism among us that the Church's great need, to-day, is a genius who would do for our age what St. Thomas did for his, which was to bring our theological system into harmony with the advances gained in secular knowledge. But no commanding intellect like that of the great Dominican has been vouchsafed to the Church in these later days. Indeed, the vast growth of the sciences forbids the possibility that, ever again, one single mind, within the compass of a lifetime, should be equal to forming the synthesis of science and theology. The task must be achieved by many men working, under one co-ordinating principle, along many distinct lines. The composition of the *New York Review*, with its contributions from America, England, and France, affords consoling evidence that everywhere there is a strong movement in progress towards the desired end. The Spirit of God is agitating the waters for the healing of the nations. Hitherto the movement has suffered for want of an organ for its adequate expression in the English tongue. The English-speaking world has to thank the Archbishop of New York for conferring on it the blessing of which it stood in need. Let but the *New York Review* realize, as everything indicates it will, the splendid promise of its initial number, and Archbishop Farley will have the satisfaction of knowing, not merely that he has built himself a monument *ære perennius*, but that he has done an inestimable service to the Church in every land where our language is spoken. We offer to the learned editor and his able assistants our warmest congratulations, and our sincerest good wishes for their continued success.

HOMERIC STUDY.
By Fr. Browne.

The Reverend Henry Browne, S.J., of University College, Dublin, has published a handbook to Homer* which deserves the highest commendation. It deals with judiciously selected topics concerning which the student needs to be informed, and in

* *Handbook of Homeric Study.* By Henry Browne, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

treating them combines the thoroughness of specialized scholarship with a happy manner of popular presentation. We all remember what we wanted to know as our reading in Homer progressed: Who was this Homer; or who were these Homers? How did the cycle of poems come down to us? Who were the people and what their customs, among whom the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* arose? And what is the philosophy of Homer's poetic and grammatical peculiarities? All these questions Father Browne answers simply and eruditely. He is acquainted with the best works in the recent English and German literature of Greek philology; and he has a happy aptitude in addressing himself to a student's mind such as only long experience in the classroom could give. The use of a manual like this will transform the study of Homer from a dull to a fascinating exercise. Marvelous it is how some teachers can lead their students through the classics as though it were through the Sahara; never a word on the history of the author; on the customs of his age; on the literary problems involved; on anything beyond a bovine plodding from word to word which leaves the wealth of the original unappreciated, and our English vernacular wounded grievously in the house of its friends. It will be to Father Browne's credit that he will be the means of relieving so scandalous a situation and of surrounding Homeric study with the pleasure and profit which should always accompany it. We may mention in conclusion that Father Browne strongly maintains that the Homeric poems are not the work of one man, but that the period of their composition extended through several generations.

SAINTLY WOMEN. By Dunbar.

It was a happy thought that led to the writing of this *Dictionary of Saintly Women*,* by Agnes B. C. Dunbar; a work in two volumes, of which we have just received the first, consisting of biographical sketches of women who are honored as saints. It is written with ardent sympathy and with a highly respectable erudition. It would appear that the author is an advanced Anglican, although it is possible that she is a Catholic. A few phrases, very few indeed, however, indicate a falling short from the traditional Catholic spirit; as when she says that St. Ger-

* *A Dictionary of Saintly Women.* By Agnes B. C. Dunbar. London: G. Bell & Sons.

trude relied more on the Savior's grace than on the indulgences of the Church. Slips of this sort, as we said, are very rare. Substantially the work is Catholic in spirit, and it makes profitable and edifying reading. When completed it will be a valuable addition to hagiography. It is a slight blemish that Mother Augusta Theodosia Drane is referred to as Mrs. Drane.

ELIZABETH SETON.
By Sadlier.

The present volume * is a worthy memorial of the centenary of Elizabeth Seton's conversion to the Catholic Faith. The life and work of this heroic and saintly woman are familiar, or should be familiar, to every Catholic in the land. From the beginning, absolute and unerring faithfulness to the will of God was the greatest and most constant desire of her soul. Even when she went much into society, she never neglected her rigorous examination of conscience. To know God's will—this was her hunger and her thirst. When that will led her, through a veritable crucifixion of spirit, to the Catholic Church, Elizabeth Seton followed it heroically, even though it cost her poverty, helplessness, and social ostracism, and persecution by her family. She saw nothing then of her wonderful after work, which we see and know now.

Widowed and left alone with her children, she started a school in New York City, but her pupils were taken away because she was a Catholic. Later she went to Baltimore and there laid the foundations of the community of the American Sisters of Charity, which afterwards, from Emmitsburg, was to establish houses throughout the entire United States. These early days were days of suffering, of distress, and doubt; but the struggle, the pain, and the sacrifice, the hunger, and the cold, are all to be blessed because, like the darkened background, they bring out in pure, strong light the soul of this wonderful, saintly woman, whose work has done so much for the inspiration of others, the welfare of country, the glory of the Church, and the glory of God.

The lessons of her exceptional life are manifold. A wife, a mother, a religious; faithful and devoted, she was watchful, tender, and resigned, she was self-denying, holy, and thoroughly

* *Elizabeth Seton, Foundress of the American Sisters of Charity.* Her Life and Work. By Agnes Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

spiritual. To the reader her life is a personal inspiration; an inspiration, not only in the sense that he is moved to imitate the virtues which she displayed so continuously and so eminently, but an inspiration also in this, that in Mother Seton, in the bishops and priests of her day, the Church in America has a noble history, that God is with it in his holy purposes, obscure though they may be, and that the present generation, with the same spirit of complete sacrifice, the same abundance of hope, should take up and enrich the inheritance.

The author's work, though it forms but a small volume, is done quite thoroughly. It is evidently the fruit of much conscientious labor and of great love, for the spirit of exactness and enthusiasm characterizes it. The volume is a worthy tribute to a most worthy woman.

The author of this volume of poems * has not chosen high and lofty themes that might have led her into the obscure and the indefinite. The subjects of her poems are simple; and their treatment simple also; yet their poetry is not trite nor commonplace. Her work is sweet and musical, and the author evidences a measure of poetic insight and of easy writing. And because of this the volume deserves a worthier title than the empty, alliterative one which has been given to it.

The Daily Review † is such an exceptional newspaper, and puts forth such worthy aims, that we willingly give it here a word of praise and encouragement. This daily newspaper is a courageous movement in favor of white journalism. It prints in condensed form all the important news of the world that it is necessary or edifying for one to know; and for the reader is a saving both of morals and of time. It excludes all unbecoming advertising, such as liquor, tobacco, or indecent and suggestive matter. *The Daily Review* is a distinct and hopeful departure and we wish it all success.

* *Friendship's Fragrant Fancies.* By Catherine Moriarty. New York: Dodge Publishing Company.

† *The Chicago Daily Review*, 1322 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. $1 a year.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (15 July): The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., treats of the complicity of St Pius V. in the Ridolfi conspiracy. He challenges the unqualified statement of the late Lord Acton that "Pius commissioned an assassin to take Queen Elizabeth's life." Further, in dealing with Cardinal Wolsey, the divorce of Henry VIII., also in considering the question of the premeditation of St. Bartholomew's massacre, the writer differs from the opinion of Lord Acton. Father Thurston, while granting to the Cambridge professor an extremely wide knowledge of facts and acquaintance with the opinions of others, denies him the supreme requisite of the true historian, *viz.*, an unbiased, judicial quality of mind. ——Communication from Rome acquaints us with the death of the Rev. Mgr. Mooney, Rector of the Irish College.

(22 July): Recently there were published in the *Journal Official* two decrees suppressing no fewer than 126 convents and schools belonging to the Ursulines, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and others.——The memorable controversy on Plainsong is closed in this number.——Three Biographies, each superlatively interesting, are now in course of preparation. They are the lives of Cardinals Newman, Manning, and Vaughan.

(29 July): Rev. Father Thurston, S.J., endeavors to bring to light a further striking example of the extravagance of the late Lord Acton's anti-Roman bias. He offers a refutation of the latter's statement that St. Charles Borromeo, together with St. Pius V., sanctioned the assassination of heretical rulers.

The Month (Aug.): Rev. J. A. Pollen deplores the fact that Catholic students of English history are so dependent on Protestant manuals, and that we are so behindhand in advanced histories, and in reference books. The remedy does not seem to be easy. For says the writer: "To judge from our very slow progress in providing

handbooks of Catholic Theology, of Scripture, of Church History, we may well say that the practical difficulties are very great." Assuming, however, that the right men and the means can be secured, Fr. Pollen submits a plan for the compilation of a Dictionary of English History, supplementary to the ordinary text-books, and adapted to the use of Catholic teachers and advanced students. He favors a scheme of co-operation, the contributors taking up the subject one from another in such a way as to present a more or less continuous story. He, further, offers suggestions as to the nature of the work, as to the standard of scholarship to be maintained, and as to the list of topics.——In commenting on Professor Bury's *Life of St. Patrick and His Place in History*, J. S. Shepherd praises the author's genius for deep research and his spirit of impartiality. He disagrees, however, with some of the professor's conclusions; notably those regarding the saint's birthplace, the place of his captivity, and his destination after his escape from bondage.

Le Correspondant (10 July): With fairness and reserve Mgr. Batiffol praises the efforts of the Anglican clergy in biblical criticism. He cites the numerous endeavors of prominent scholars in that body for a clearer appreciation of the truths hidden in the Old and New Testaments. Among those whom he deems especially worthy of mention are Hastings, for his *Dictionary of the Bible*, and Cheyne, for his *Encyclopædia Biblica*. But the writer thinks that this criticism of the Bible has, in some cases, gone to extremes. For instance, he considers the efforts of Cheyne to explain the two verses of Samuel (xxvii. 10 and xxx. 29) mentioning the Jeramehelites, to be on the verge of falsehood. Not only are some of these High Church scholars hypercritical, but at times they are rather intemperate. Canon Henson, who was accused of denying the fact of the Resurrection; Rev. Mr. Beeby, censured for his denial of the Virginal Conception of our Lord; and Mr. Mallock, who defended them in the *Nineteenth Century* of September, 1904, are scored for intemperance.——F. de Witt-Guizot describes the actual

situation of the laboring classes in the United States, shows the relations of capital with these classes, and finally the part played by the public in these relations. (25 July): Now that the discussion over the separation of Church and State has been closed, many opinions are given regarding the future welfare of the Church. Abbé Sicard seems to have gloomy presentiments. When, from 1792 to 1807, the support of the clergy depended upon the people, the Church in France, he says, was in sad condition. Priests were poorly paid, some even dying from want. The French peasant demanded a priest, but because of his deep spirit of economy, not to say avarice, he allowed the servant of God to die from hunger. In 1804 the State came to the clergy's aid, but only partly relieved them. In 1807 the support of the Church again passed into the hands of the government and the priests were saved from hunger. Soon the State will cease to pay the clergy. Will history repeat itself, or have the French Catholics learned a lesson from fifteen years' experience?——F. Pascal considers it a bad sign when patriotism is lacking in the primary schools. Such is the case in France. The schools, he says, are being invaded with socialistic and anarchical teachings, destroying both love of country and love of God. He suggests, as a remedy, that a little more religious teaching be tried.——France has lately witnessed the formation of syndicates of farmers, and of syndicates having a purely socialistic and revolutionary character. Max Turmann explains their growth and their actual development, and proposes remedies for the establishment of peace in the troubled parts of the country.——Marc Hélys gives an account of the origin, organization, and great results of the Japanese Red Cross Society.

La Revue Apologétique (16 July): Henry Mainde sketches the life of Cardinal Wiseman.——C. de Kirwan writes a lengthy article in praise of Abbé Fontaine's book, *Infiltrations Protestantes.*

Revue Bénédictine (July): D. Germain Morin presents a critical study of some unedited fragments of ancient Gallican antiphonary which he thinks formed part of a liturgy in

use in France before the introduction of the Roman. ——Dom Chapman contributes another of his biblical articles, that is both interesting and suggestive. The article is entitled "The Testimony of John the Presbyter on the Subject of St. Mark and St. Luke." The writer arouses attention to the fact that the author of the fourth Gospel was evidently striving to harmonize St. Mark and St. Luke. Some of the conclusions to be drawn, if the writer's thesis is accepted, are: that the Presbyter spoken of in the fragment of Papias is the Presbyter John; that this John is the author of the fourth Gospel; that Luke followed Mark; and finally that great importance was attached to the exactitude of historic details in the time of Presbyter John.——D. René Ancel brings to a close his study of the politics of Cardinal Charles Carafa.

La Quinzaine (1 July): Those who are interested in pedagogy will do well to read the leading article of this number. "Womanly Patience in Education" is the theme; Louis Arnould the author. He gives his idea of the virtue of patience and of its necessity in dealing with children. The obstacles that try the patience of the mother or teacher are pointed out. Concrete examples are given to illustrate his subject. The first mentioned is Miss Anne Sullivan, the well-known instructor of Helen Keller.——An extensive review of M. Brunetière's latest work is begun in this number by Joseph Wilbois. First he analyzes the book, then discusses the theses advanced therein. To show the importance of this new book of apologetics, the reviewer points out the prominence of positivistic philosophy in recent times. The system of metaphysics evolved from positivism is sharply criticised, as is also Comte's attempt to reduce religion to the religion of Humanity. Then follows a further criticism of Comte, in which the fallacies of his philosophy and the ludicrousness of his religion are strongly set forth.

(16 July): M. Wilbois' review of *Sur les Chemins de la Croyance* is concluded in this number. The religious tendencies of contemporary positivism are taken up here,

the reviewer noting particularly their effects on contemporary Catholicity. Two objections are stated in criticism of M. Brunetière—the first is that he regards the Church too much as an external corporation, the second that, like his former leader, Comte, he tends to make religion purely social. In conclusion M. Wilbois commmends M. Brunetière for the work he has done, and expresses the hope that the remaining volumes may soon appear.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne: An obituary notice of the Abbé Denis by Père Laberthonnière—who has become editor of *Les Annales*—tells how the deceased (who died on the 14th of June, at the age of forty-five years) practically re-created *Les Annales* during the ten years of his editorship, enlarging its scope and opening it to the living thought of the day.——An article by the Abbé Denis is devoted to an apology for Catholicism against Sabatier, Harnack, and Réville.——A. Brisson devotes several pages to a discussson of the view held by some Catholics, namely, that Christ foreknew his death only as "*une éventualité*," and that part of the human infirmity taken upon himself was the lack of special light concerning the result of his work and his death.

Studi Religiosi (May–June): An anonymous article comments on the extraordinary number of pamphlets now issuing in Rome from Catholic sources urging various reforms, some of which are very drastic, in the conduct of the Roman Curia and its *entourage*. One of the latest of these significant publications is from the pen of a Roman prelate, who maintains the following positions: 1. The Roman Curia has wrested to it altogether too much power; so much, in fact, that it has destroyed all personal initiative in a great number of bishops and priests; 2. Several religious orders have utterly abandoned their primitive monastic ideals, and are now grasping at places of power in the government of the Church, bringing with them all the prejudices and narrow views which characterize such close corporations; 3. Communities of women ought not to be bound by

strict cloister and should not take perpetual vows; 4. Superstitious popular devotions should be suppressed; 5. The Breviary should be radically reformed; 6. Much of our theology makes of it the Don Quixote of sciences, battling with age-worn weapons against dead enemies; 7. The Index should be checked from precipitous condemnations.——E. Buonainti gives a careful outline of M. Blondel's philosophy of action.——F. De Sarlo discusses the place of spirituality in the recent psychological Congress.——S. G. criticises the recent attempts to disprove the Virgin-Birth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Henry the Third and the Church. By Abbot Gasquet, D.D. 1905. Pp. xvi.-446. Price $3.

ROGER ET CHERNOVIZ, Paris:
Infaillibilité et Syllabus. Response aux "Etudes." Article de M. l'Abbé Bouvier, Numero du 20 Jonvier, 1905. By Paul Viollet. Pp. 59.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. THE ETHNOLOGICAL SURVEY, Manilla, P. I.:
The Bontoc Igorot. By Albert Earnest Jenks. Pp. 266. Paper.

STORMONT & JACKSON, Washington, D. C.:
The Pioneer Forecaster of Hurricane. By the Rev. Walter M. Drum, S.J. Pp. 29. Paper.

JOHN LANE, New York and London:
The Life and Letters of Robert Stephen Hawker, sometimes Vicar of Morwenstow. By his son-in-law, C. E. Byles. With numerous illustrations, including lithographs by Ley Pethybridge and Reproductions from Portraits, Photographs, etc. Pp. xxvii.-689. Price $5 net.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:
What About Hypnotism? By a Priest. Pp. 22. Paper. *Some Martyrs of Corea.* By Cardinal Wiseman. Pp. 13. Paper.

CARY & CO., London:
Downside Masses. By R. R. Terry. (No. 1) For Four Voices. (No. 2) Simple Mass for Four Voices. (No. 3) Mass for Four Voices. (No. 4) Viadanas Mass for Four Mixed Voices. (No. 5) Hasleis Mass. (No. 6) Mass Quinti Toni. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

WELLS, GARDNER & CO., DARTON & CO. LTD., London, Eng.:
The Truth of Christianity. By W. H. Turton, D.S.O. Pp. 529.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Shermerville, Ill.:
St. Michael's Almanac, for the year 1906. Pp. 112. Paper. English and German.

CATHOLIC PROTECTORY, Arlington, N. J.:
Introductory History of Ireland. By an Irish Priest. Pp. 39.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:
The Messianic Hope in the New Testament. By Shailer Mathews, D.D. Pp. 338. Price $2.50.

THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING SOCIETY, New York:
The American Family. A Sociological Problem. By Frank H. Hagar, A.B. Pp. viii.-196.

SANDS & CO., Edinburgh:
Joan of Arc. By Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. Pp. 106.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MANY even among the intelligent and instructed, imagine that they can indulge with impunity in the indiscriminate reading of all kinds of literature, but it is a grave mistake, says Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, in his recent pastoral. Slowly perhaps, and insensibly, but not less certainly, will an injurious effect be produced. The body is not more certainly affected by the food upon which it has been nourished than the mind by the thoughts to which it has long been habituated. But if injurious effects may be produced on minds that are mature and judgments that have been regulated by experience, how much more certainly will they be produced on the impressionable, unsuspecting, inexperienced minds of youth. Here arises the very grave obligation by which the heads of families are bound to exercise care, vigilance, and judgment in excluding from their homes all literature which might be injurious to those under their care. Suspicion in this matter is laudable; over-confidence may be ruinous.

Nor is it enough to guard youth against doubtful or injurious literature. They should be supplied with sound, solid, wholesome reading—reading which will furnish both instruction and amusement without prejudice to either innocence or edification.

* * *

We take the following passage from the notable pastoral letter by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., and at the same time strongly commend the pamphlet to our readers. It is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, and only costs ten cents; yet it is a whole volume of good, practical, Catholic reading:

What shall we say of the efficacy of good books upon family life and thought! When we speak of books we do not mean to restrict them to religious and devotional works. No; we include all healthy literature. In our day everybody reads. Periodicals, pamphlets, and newspapers are the literature of the millions. It is the daily newspaper, however, that enjoys the largest patronage. We must have the news warm, at our breakfast table every morning. No doubt, a newspaper is a potent factor for good or for evil; and America publishes some excellent secular newspapers, which may safely be introduced into the family. Our religious weeklies are performing a very beneficial work, and should receive a more generous support. Every Catholic family should subscribe for a Catholic newspaper and a Catholic magazine, possess a small library of religious books, and such other works as will instruct and interest.

But, what about those purveyors of uncleanness, the vulgar sheets reeking with narratives so largely read by all classes? Reprove them for their vileness, and the reply is: "We print the news." Yes, they do, and *such news;* and *such advertisements!* Let us recall the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "But all uncleanness . . . let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints; or obscenity, or foolish talking, or scurrility, which is to no purpose" *(Eph. v. 3, 4).*

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude. They educate in crime, destroy purity; in a word, sow immorality. They are so many foul demons entering the family for its defilement and ruin. Perhaps the most terrible indictment that can be brought against America is that the public demand for the filth supplied by the "yellow journals" is so great as to render rich and prosperous the unscrupulous editors, writers, and publishers who cater to debased appetites.

We desire to employ all the power of our holy office to stem this flood of corruption, and we, therefore, most earnestly beseech parents to banish all such newspapers and books from their firesides. O fathers and mothers, never permit them to contaminate your homes!

* * *

The people of Vienna are going to give wholesome literature its chance. According to the *Academy*, that city has of late been terribly afflicted with cheap sensational printed matter, with the result that suicide is increasingly frequent and Hooliganism stalks abroad. Whereupon the Viennese have established a society for the encouragement of decent literature through the offering of substantial prizes for healthy novels. The idea is not simply to give authors an incentive, but to make a special appeal to the public. The prize-winning novels will be put on the market at so cheap a price that the unhealthy authors will be unable to compete, but will be compelled, like the rivals of the Standard Oil combination, to shut up shop. The *Academy* hopes for the best, but there is much to justify the surmise that the public which buys sensational fiction buys it because it prefers it, and not from any abstract desire to lay out money to the best advantage. The consumption of good or bad literature can never be arbitrarily fixed. The gradual education of the public is all that we can rely upon to work improvement in the matter, and this process is not only slow, but, at the best, is bound to leave a large area of ignorance, especially among those who, by the agency of secular education, are deprived of the Christian ideals upon which civilization is founded.

* * *

Professor W. F. P. Stockley, M.A., prepared a very suggestive outline for a study of the religious belief of Shakespeare by request of the management of the Champlain Summer-School. Some of our Reading Circles may profit by the following synopsis and bibliography:

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE.—The subject of Shakespeare's Plays, and their Consequent Limitations.—What is Assumed, in Religion and in Morals, if not Expressed.—The Variety of Life, the Humor of Life, the Facts, and the Difficulties.—The Triumphs of Evil.—The Absolute Good.—No Bar in the Plays to Further Knowledge by Revelation.—The Scepticism of Hamlet and of Lear.—The Supernatural and the Fancies of the Midsummer Night's Dream and the Tempest.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CHURCH.—The Age of Elizabeth, and the First Generation under the New Religion.—The Advantage of Catholic Insight in Feeling with and Understanding these Circumstances.—Shakespeare's Treatment of Anti-Catholic Passages in Older Plays.—The Spirit of Shakespeare's

Contemporaries.—His attitude Towards Clerical and Monastic Life, and towards Catholic Observances.—The Papacy and King John and Henry VIII.—The Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Church.—Coleridge's Judgment, Taine's, and Dowden's.—Puritanism Within the Church and Without.—The Effects of the Break Up of Western Christendom. Shakespeare's Use of the Bible.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—Carter.—Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant.

Pym Yeatman.—The Gentle Shakespeare. The Roxburghe Press, 3 Victoria Street, Westminster.

H. S. Bowden.—The Religion of Shakespeare. Burns & Oates, Orchard Street, London.

Edward Dowden.—Shakespeare, his Mind and Art. C. Kegan Paul, London.

W. S. Lilly.—Studies in Religion and Literature. Chapman & Hall, London.

Charles Wordsworth.—Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible. Eden, Remington & Co., London.

G. Wilkes.—Shakespeare From an American Point of View. Sampson, Son.

Sidney Lee.—Life of Shakespeare. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Histories of England.—Froude, Gairdner, Gasquet, Tessop, F. G. Lee, etc.

Karl Elze.—William Shakespeare. (Translated.) George Bell, London.

W. J. Birch.—The Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare. London, 1848.

A Cosmopolite.—Shakespeare, Was he a Christian? London, 1862.

Edinburgh Review, January, 1866.—Was Shakespeare a Roman Catholic?

Chateaubriand.—*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise* (1. 195).

Reichensperger.—William Shakespeare, insbesondere sein Verhältniss zum Mittelalter und zur Gegenwart. Münster, 1872.

Flir.—Briefe über Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Ebrard.—Das Verhältniss Shakespeare's zum Christenthum. Erlanger, 1870.

Holinshed's Chronicles.

American Catholic Quarterly Review, October, 1879.—Shakespeare's Religious Convictions, by Dr. Harper, brother of the late Father Harper, S.J.

In conjunction with the Catholic Club of New York City, the Champlain Summer-School arranged an extension course of lectures on Some Women of Shakespeare, by Dr. James J. Walsh, Ph.D., LL.D. A synopsis is here given:

WOMEN OF THE GREAT POETS.—Shakespeare has many heroines, but no heroes. Ruskin says: "No men who stand in unmarred greatness." This is not surprising in the light of constant traditions among the great poets. Homer's women stand out almost as supremely as Shakespeare's. The women characters of the great Greek dramatist are the prototypes of Shakespeare's women. Dante's Beatrice, the first modern type of the poetic ideal of woman's position in life.

A WOMAN WHO LOVED.—The story of Romeus and Juliet before

Shakespeare treated it. The English dramatist's adaptation. The purpose of the story according to Arthur Brooke, Shakespeare's change of that purpose. The added characters, the nurse and Mercutio, their relation to the plot, and their significance. Juliet's age and the youth of Shakespeare's heroines. His sense of their responsibility in life. The speech Shakespeare came back to rewrite.

AN INTELLECTUAL WOMAN.—The original story of the Jew of Venice. Shakespeare's modifications. Two centuries' interpretation of the play and the modern change of view. Shakespeare's works so close to the heart of nature that it stands either interpretation. Portia as Shakespeare's idea of a woman of the Renaissance. Her cleverness, intellectual acumen, and ready wit. The men bright women love and Bassanio's contrasting commonplaceness. Truth of Portia's character to tradition of Renaissance women. The mercy speech as the expression of feminine ethical ideas.

A WOMAN WHO WON.—Shakespeare's maturity when life looked all happy and the three great comedies represented his feelings. "As you like it." The Forest of Arden and Shakespeare's mother. Rosalind the favorite character of the dramatist. Love finds a way to right all wrongs. The cynic and the lovers. Only nature's trials remain in life for those who read its lessons aright.

A WOMAN WHO FAILED.—An old mediæval story and the eternal problem of man's destiny and the significance of life. Ophelia's place in the web of fate at Elsinore. The homemaker's tragedy. Hamlet's love for Ophelia. Her entrance just after the expression of the climax of despairing thought in Hamlet's soliloquy. Her little lie and its consequences. The inevitable, unmitigated tragedy. Ophelia's death and the art and truth to life of Shakespeare's development of the characters and of the plot in which they were so hopelessly involved.

A WOMAN WHO LOST.—All human life a tragedy in its incompleteness. The real tragedy of life and its significance. Clytemnestra as a great prototype of Lady Macbeth. Ambition and love. Ethical ideals and success in life. Woman's place in the ethical sphere. Superstition and its influence. Macbeth's contrasted weakness in spite of the grim determination that makes him more cruel.

A WOMAN SAINT.—The play of Henry VIII. as the best possible compendium of the history of the times. Some questions of authorship and Shakespeare's part in it. No doubt of his creation of the character of Queen Katherine. The simple, truthful history that seems to require no art for the telling of the story. The beautiful character depicted. Shakespeare's knowledge of women and the portrayal of Katherine's antitype in Cleopatra, the woman with power for evil. Katherine's deathbed scene and the sublime forgiveness.

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Not long ago the Holy Father received in private audience a very distinguished Irishman in the person of Sir Francis Cruise, of Dublin, on whom he has recently conferred the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great. A mere accident has prevented Sir Francis from being an American, for in his youth he lived for several years in the United States. He returned to Ireland, how-

ever, and, in the course of a long life, grew to be one of the most famous physicians in the country. But he did not allow the cares of his profession to absorb all his energy. When a mere boy a relative presented him with a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, and from that day to this he has been a student of this most wonderful book, and of the other works of its author, Thomas à Kempis. While he was still a young man, a great contest was being waged as to the authorship of the *Imitation*. Learned prelates and other scholars had filled volume after volume with arguments in favor of À Kempis, or of Gerson, or of Gersen, and the issue was still undecided. Sir Francis entered with zest on a complete study of the subject, examined the most ancient manuscripts, consulted the most learned writers on the subject, visited the birthplace and the monastery of Thomas à Kempis—and then wrote his book. To-day there is hardly a single authority of weight but admits that À Kempis is the author of what has been well described as the most perfect of books, except the Scriptures. The people of Kempen, the town whose chief glory is the fact that it gave birth to Thomas à Kempis, have named one of their streets after Dr. Cruise. Meanwhile this busy Irish doctor was engaged in a new English translation of the *Imitation*. It has been published within the past year by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, and is now printed by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, so that it bids fair to become the favorite version throughout Ireland and America. Pius X. conferred the Knighthood of St. Gregory on Sir Francis, as a reward for his zeal and learning, and in receiving him in audience blessed him and his family most effusively, and told him that it was now recognized that his works were indispensable for all students of the life and writings of Thomas à Kempis.

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Aubrey de Vere was a Catholic writer of prose and poetry who should be better known among our Reading Circles. At least one quotation from his writings could be presented at every meeting for the coming year. His claim to recognition is thus presented by Miss Jeanette L. Gilder in a notice of his *Memoir:*

One of the most interesting men of letters in London was the late Aubrey de Vere. He was a poet by temperament rather than by his acomplishment in the way of poetry. His verses were refined and scholarly, but they were not epoch-making; and, though he published several volumes in the course of his long, interesting life, it is not as a poet, but as a friend of poets and men of letters that he will be best known.

He was such a delightful man, such a gentleman, that his friendship was eagerly sought and highly prized by men and women of the highest standing in England. He was an Irishman and a Catholic, but he lived the most of his life in London and he began as a Protestant.

Ever since Mr. de Vere's death we have been expecting a "memoir" containing his letters to and from the well-known people whom he had known so intimately. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. publish the *Memoir*, based on his unpublished diaries and correspondence, and edited by his literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Mr. de Vere published a volume of *Recollections* before his death, but he was so modest that he kept himself in the background, and yet it was his own personality that his readers wanted to get at.

Sara Coleridge, the daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, said of Mr. de Vere: I have lived among poets a great deal and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet and one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament I never knew or met with. But he was more modest about his own attainments than most poets, and therefore one really gets more of the man in these memoirs than in the book that he wrote with his own hand. Wordsworth was his friend, and it was Wordsworth who influenced his poetry, but his verse did not have all the qualities of his master.

There is no gossip in Mr. de Vere's letters—he was not of the gossiping nature—but there is much intimate talk in his diaries of his friends among men and women of letters. With Tennyson he was very intimate and saw him in all circumstances. For instance, he records in his diary in 1845:

I called on Alfred Tennyson and found him at first much out of spirits. He cheered up soon and read me some beautiful elegies, complaining much of some writer in *Fraser's Magazine* who had spoken of the "foolish facility" of Tennysonian poetry. I went to the House of Commons and heard a good speech from Sir G. Grey—went back to Tennyson, who "crooned" out his magnificent elegies till one in the morning.

April 18—Sat with Alfred Tennyson, who read MS. poetry to Tom Taylor and me. Walked with him to his lawyer's; came back and listened to the "University of Women" Had talk with him on various subjects, and walked with him to Moxon's. As I went away, he said he would willingly bargain for the reputation of Suckling or Lovelace, and alluded to "the foolish facility of Tennysonian poetry." Said he was dreadfully cut up by all he had gone through.

Then, again, there is another allusion to Tennyson. He—Mr. de Vere—had been out with Wordsworth to buy spectacles and then returned to tea:

Alfred Tennyson came in and smoked his pipe. He told us with pleasure of his dinner with Wordsworth—was pleased as well as amused by Wordsworth saying to him, "Come, brother bard, to dinner," and, taking his arm, said that he was ashamed of paying Mr. Wordsworth compliments, but that he had at last, in the dark, said something about the pleasure he had had from Mr. Wordsworth's writings, and that the old poet had taken his hand and replied with some expressions equally kind and complimentary. Tennyson was evidently much pleased with the old man, and glad of having learned to know him.

At another time he found Tennyson in a bad mood:

On my way in paid a visit to Tennyson, who seemed much out of spirits and said he could no longer bear to be knocked about the world, and that he must marry, and find love and peace, or die. He was very angry about a very favorable review of him. Said that he could not stand the chattering and conceit of clever men, or the worry of society, or the meanness of tuft hunters, or the trouble of poverty, or the labor of a place, or the preying of the heart on itself.

He complained much about growing old, and said he cared nothing for fame and that his life was all thrown away for want of a competence and retirement. Said that no one had been so much harassed by anxiety and trouble as himself. I told him he wanted occupation, a wife, and orthodox principles, which he took well.

Of Wordsworth, who was his friend as well as his master, Mr. de Vere writes:

He strikes me as the kindest and most simple-hearted old man I know, and I did not think him less sublime for inquiring often after you (his sister), and saying that you were not a person to be forgotten. He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. As for quality, a sort of thinking aloud, a perpetual purring of satisfaction. He murmurs like a tree in the breeze; as softly and as incessantly; it seems as natural to him to talk as to breathe. He is by nature audible, as well as visible, and goes on thus, uttering his being just as a fountain continues to flow, or a star to shine.

In his discourse I was at first principally struck by the extraordinary purity of his language, and the absolute perfection of his sentences; but by degrees I came to find a great charm in observing the exquisite balance of his mind, and the train of associations in which his thoughts followed each other.

He does not put forward thoughts like those of Coleridge, which astonished his hearers by their depth of vastness, but you gradually discover that there is a sort of inspiration in the mode in which his thoughts flow out of each other and connect themselves with outward things. He is the voice and nature the instrument.

Our own Professor Charles Eliot Norton was one of Mr. de Vere's friends, and there are a number of letters in the book addressed to him. One entry in Mr. de Vere's diary tells how he brought Tennyson, "murmuring sore," to Hampstead, to see Mr. Wordsworth. Rogers came, and there was an amusing scene in the garden, Rogers insisting upon Wordsworth's naming a day to dine with him, and Wordsworth stoutly exhibiting his mountain lawlessness, stating that he would dine or not as it happened, or as it suited his convenience, and saying that he was sure he would find the best accommodation of every sort at Mr. Rogers', whether Mr. Rogers was in the house or not.

Mr. Rogers at last replied: Well, you may as well tell me at once to go to the devil; I can only say that my house, its master, and everything in it are heartily at your service—come when you will.

Of Macaulay, who was a guest at a certain dinner party, he says:

Macaulay is far from being ill-conditioned, but he is rather bluff and good-humored than genial. His mind is evidently a very robust one; it has also ardor enough to fuse together into new combinations the mass of strange and disorderly knowledge with which his great memory litters him.

It has also a self-confidence which belongs to narrowness, and an utter inappreciation of all matters which it cannot wield and twist about, but which greatly increases his energy and apparent force, but I could observe in it no trace of originality, depth, breadth elevation, subtlety, comprehensiveness, spirituality—in one word, none of the attributes of greatness. He is, however, a strong man, and will do his day's work honestly before his day is done. I should think he despises falsehood, and likes, if not truth, at least the exhilaration of a hunt after truth or the animation of the battle for the cause of truth.

M. C. M.

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